THE LARGEST SELLING FIFTY CENT MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD
THIS PRINTING 665,000

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE
1943

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
CANADIAN PRICE FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

Pledge Your Support
BUY WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

ARTICLES
NORMAN ANGELL
LAWRENCE N. GALTON
CURT RIESS
PORTER HENRY
THOMAS F. VANCE, JR.
ROBERT W. MARKS
MICHAEL MARTIN
HARRY SALPETER
DAVID GREY

FICTION
RICHARD SALE
LOUIS PAUL
MANUEL KOMROFF
ROY DODGE
ALFRED POLGAR
RODERICK LULL

ART
MARCEL VERTÈS
FREDERICK HAUCKE
ALEXANDER LEYDENFROST
PAUL C. MAXWELL
WILLIAM PACHNER
DERSO & KELEN

PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTON BRUEHL
GEORGE HURRELL
HENRY WAXMAN
JON ABBOT

VERSE
PHIL STACK

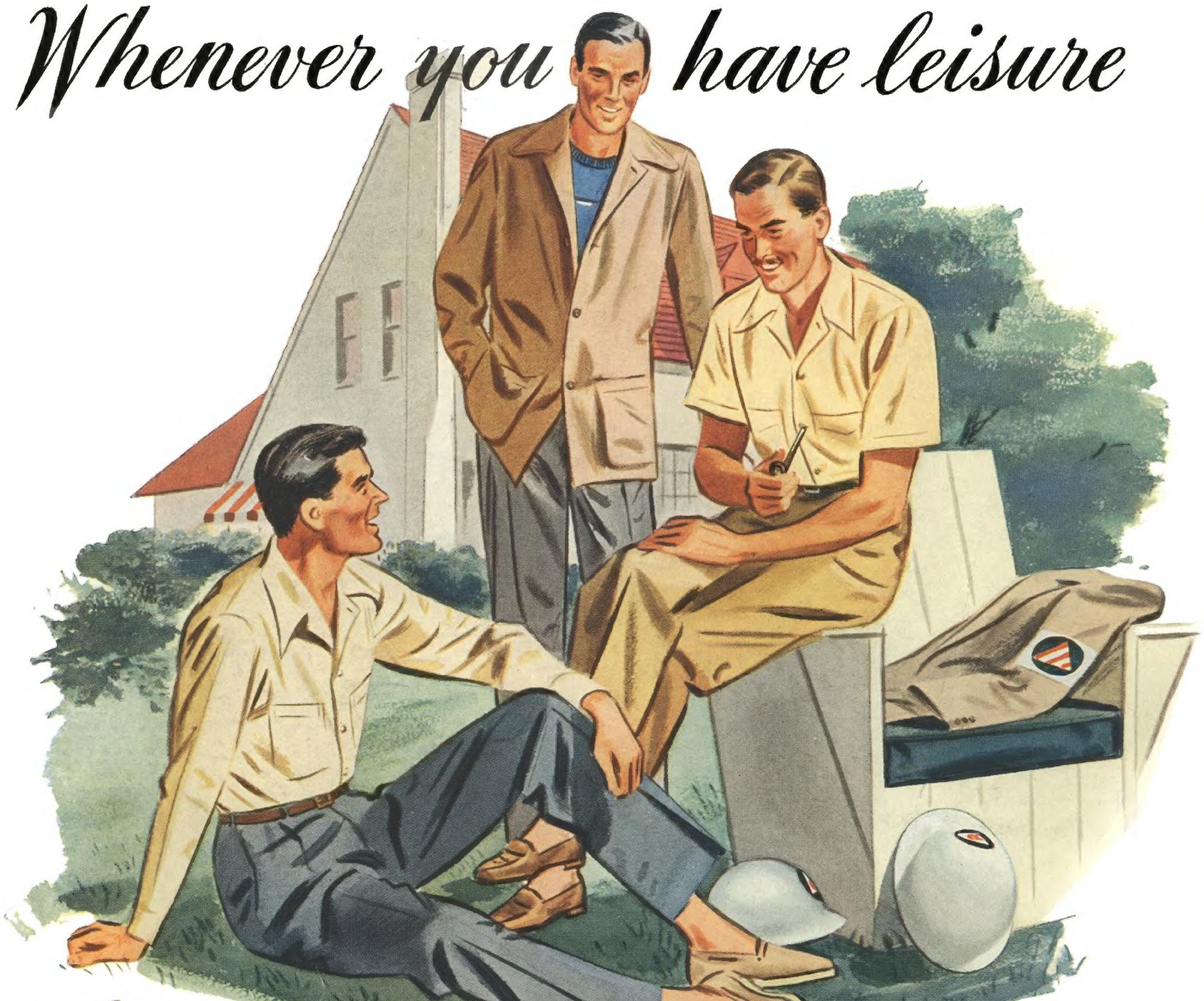
SPORTS
HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
S. E. BILIK, M.D.
ARTHUR MANN
MARK COX
VIC RENSBERGER
THOM YATES

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
WM. LYON PHELPS
LAWTON MACKALL
ILES BRODY
BRUCE PATTERSON
O. E. SCHOEFFLER

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
VARGA
HOWARD BAER
PAUL WEBB
D. McKAY
B. SHERMUND
IRVING ROIR
GEORGE WOLFE
R. C. DELL
ERIC ERICSON
LAWRENCE LARIAR
L. S. SODERSTROM
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 170

Whenever you have leisure



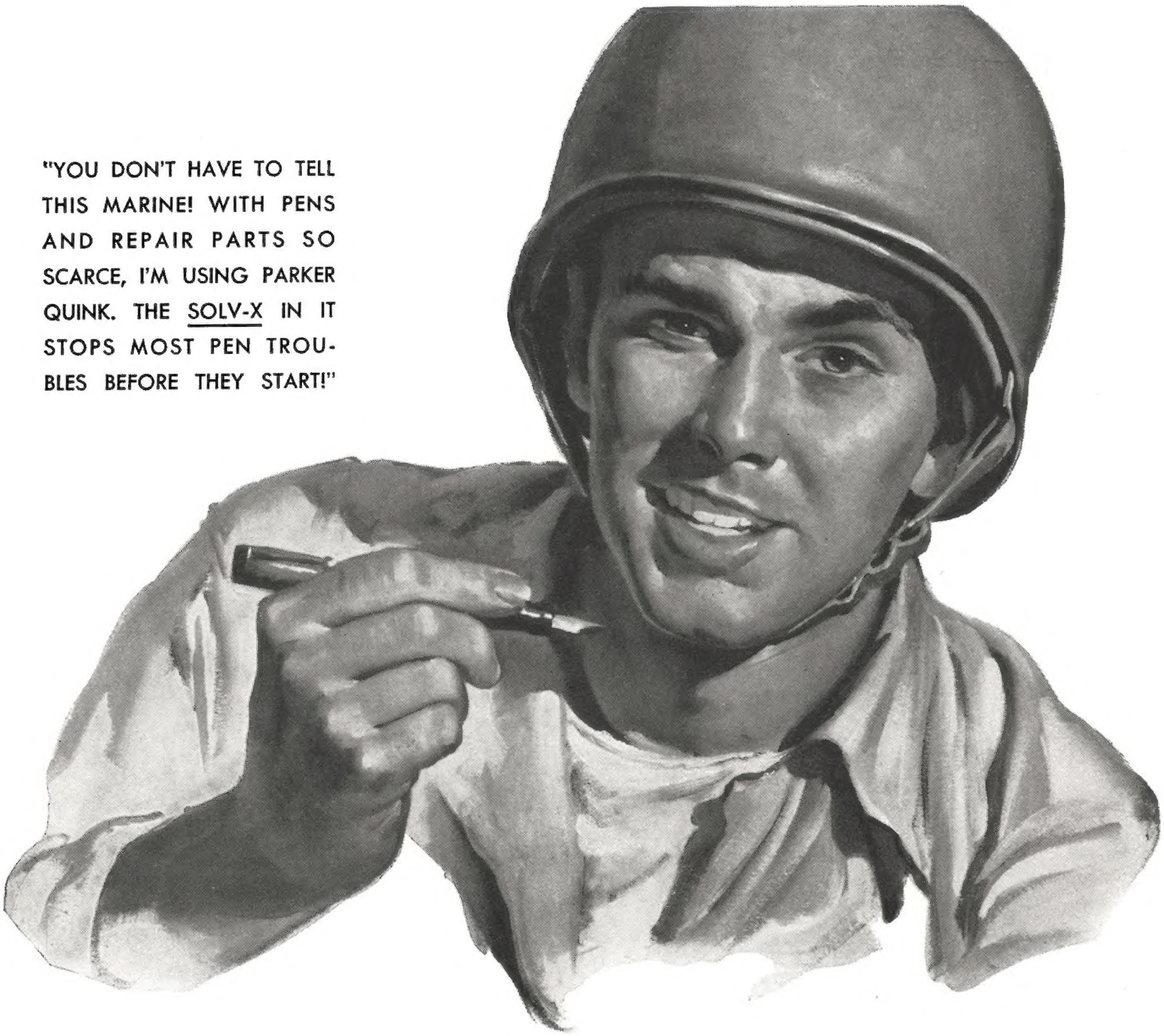
You'll get more out of those leisure hours if you freshen up in Manhattan and Mansco Sportswear. You'll enjoy the touch of the soft fabrics against your body, and the comfort of the graceful, easy fit. You'll feel right in the styles and colors because they've been created with superb he-man taste.

It's patriotic to relax whenever you have leisure. So, when you change your pace, be sure to change to really refreshing sportswear. It makes all the difference in the world!

Manhattan AND *Mansco*
SPORTSWEAR

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL THIS MARINE! WITH PENS AND REPAIR PARTS SO SCARCE, I'M USING PARKER QUINK. THE SOLV-X IN IT STOPS MOST PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START!"



Fountain pens and repair parts are newest war casualties!

UNCLE SAM has now cut fountain pen production nearly two-thirds. And with repair parts also scarce, your pen needs the wartime protection only Parker Quink can give.

For Parker Quink alone contains *solv-x*. This secret ingredient eliminates the cause of most pen failures.

Prolong the life of your pen with brilliant, smooth, quick-drying Parker Quink. The *solv-x* flushes away gum and sediment left by inferior inks.

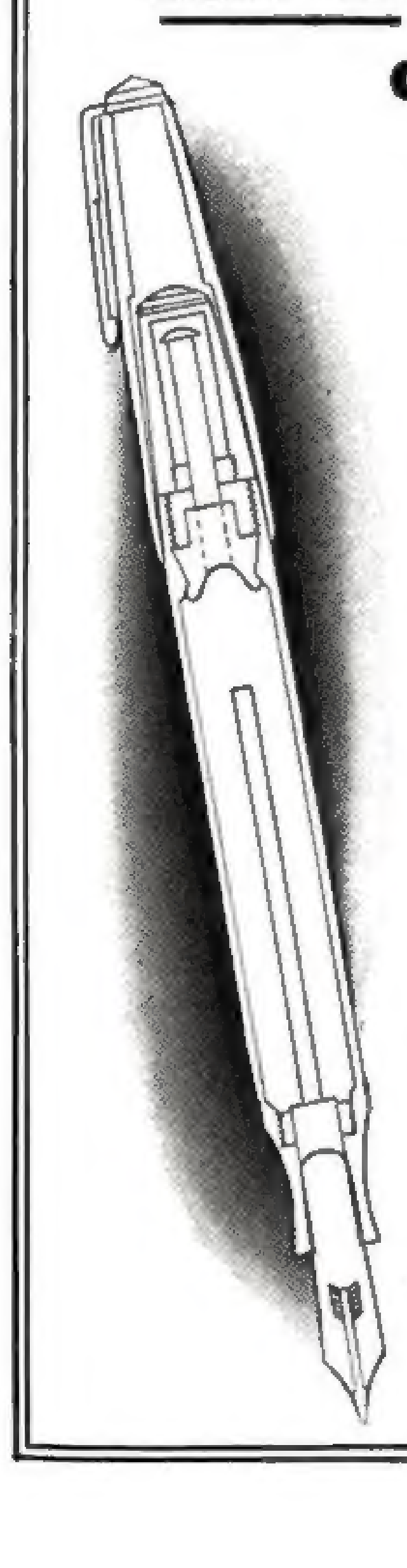
It prevents the corrosion of metal parts and deterioration of rubber caused by highly acid writing fluids.

Quink is perfect for steel pens, too! The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

* * * * * * * * * *

FOR V··· — MAIL "Micro-film Black" *New Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. 15¢, 25¢ and up.*

New Parker Quink containing solv-x protects fountain pens at these 5 vital points:



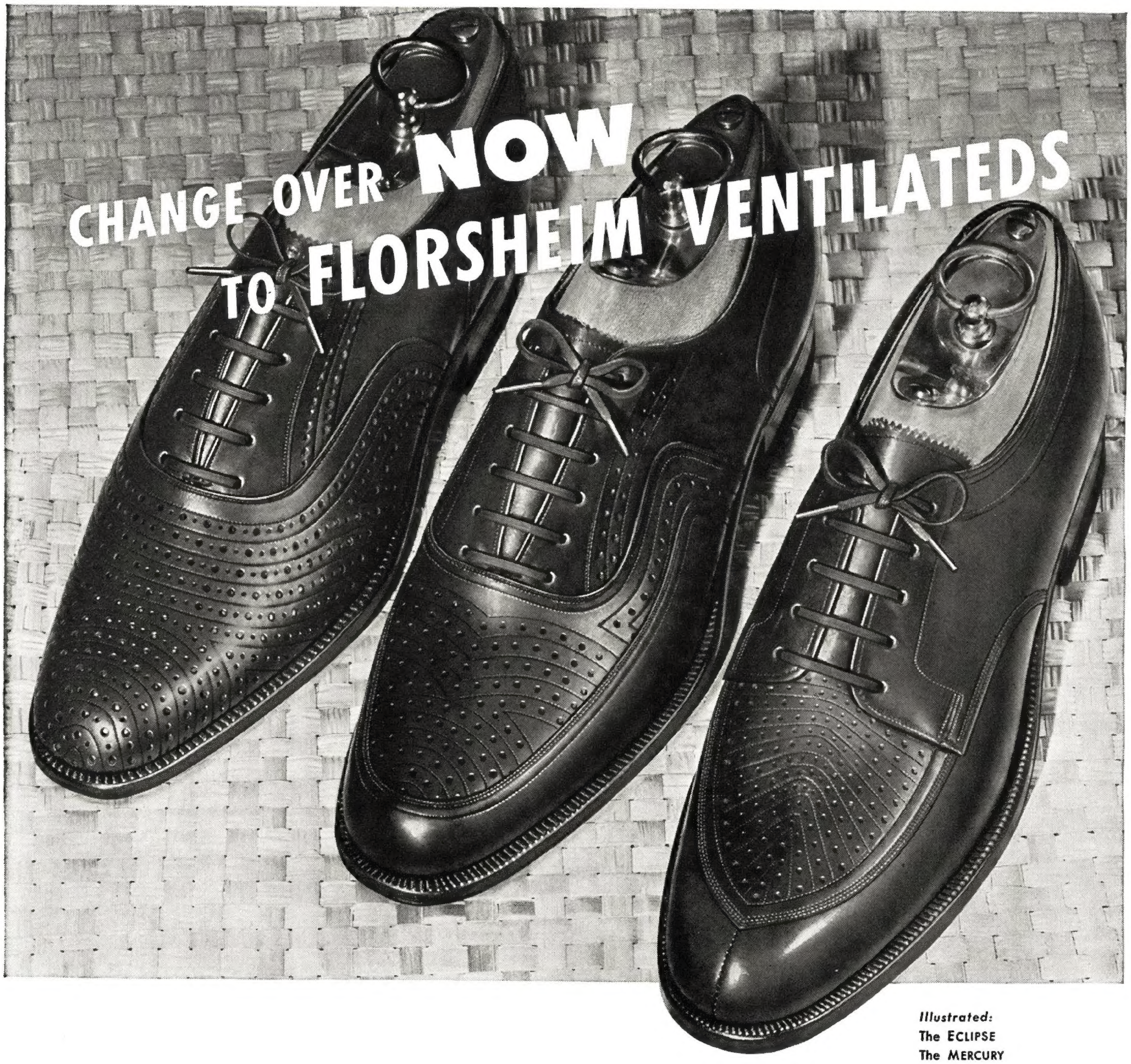
1. Protects rubber . . . lengthens the life of sac or diaphragm.
2. Dissolves sediment and gum left by other inks. Cleans as it writes.
3. Prevents clogging of feed.
4. Safeguards base metal parts . . . prevents corrosion.
5. Assures quick starting and even flow.

PARKER
Quink
REG. T. M.
Contains solv-x
Permanent Blue Black

PARKER Quink

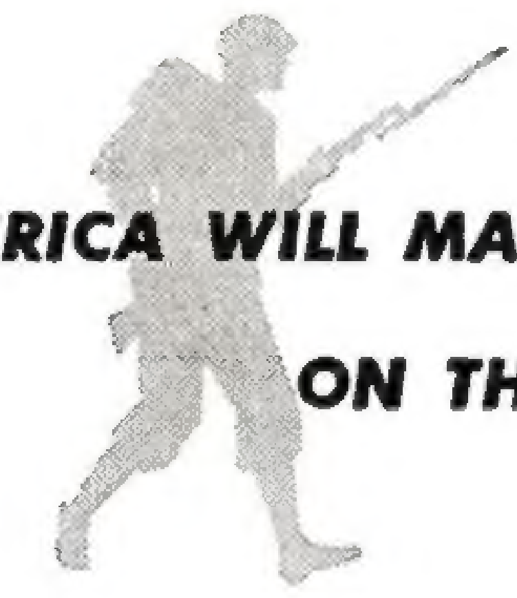
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

Copr. 1943, The Parker Pen Company



Illustrated:
The ECLIPSE
The MERCURY
The EXMORE

Give your winter shoes a rest . . . It's good judgment and a patriotic duty to make your summer shoes do a double job for you, this year and next . . . to give you cool summer comfort *Now* . . . to conserve your heavier shoes for wear next winter.



AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

Most Styles
$10.50 and $11

Florsheim *Shoes*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publisher: **David A. Smart**
Edited by **Arnold Gingrich**

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1943 by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1943

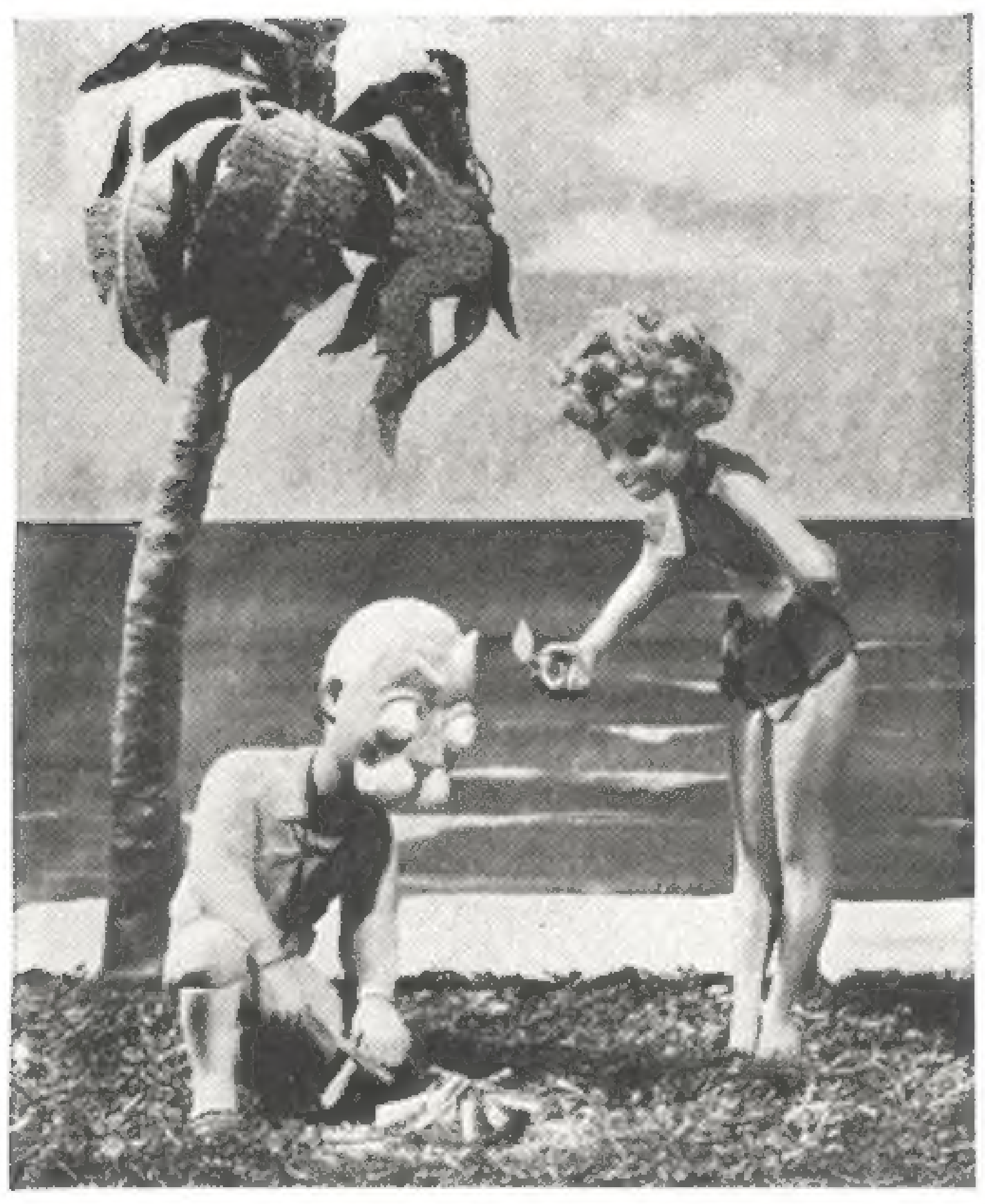
Page

ARTICLES

If Not Empire, Then What?.. *England, damned for colonialism and imperialism, asks where the United Nations would suggest she let go* ..... Norman Angell 27
The Substitute for Manpower.. *Versatile electrons can open doors, smell out submarines, direct the fire of guns and prevent sabotage*... Lawrence N. Galton 35 ℞
The End of Atlantropa.... *Exposing pre-Hitler plans for a German-ruled continent to be created by merging Europe, Africa and part of Asia*...... Curt Riess 48 ℞
Deferment for 300 Dollars.. *Only historians know of the favoritism, racketeering corruption and violence of conscription in the Civil War*........ Porter Henry 54 ℞
Patient, Please Be Patient.. *Observation in a hospital can work both ways, and one articulate customer has a soul-satisfying last word*... Thomas F. Vance, Jr. 56
Pearl Harbor Won't Happen Twice.. *More civilians are needed to share the excitement and high seriousness of the Ground Observers Corps*. Robert W. Marks 68

DEPARTMENTS

Correspondence: The Sound and the Fury.. *Just between us idiots*.............................. 10
Contributors: Backstage with Esquire.. *Prodigy to Maestro*.............................. 21
The Lively Arts: Short Hooray for Hollywood. *Panegyric for* Casablanca *and* Air Force. Gilbert Seldes 85 ℞
Potpourri: Ad Libbing with Esquire.. *How and where to plant your fish*............ Bruce Patterson 86
Theatre: First Nights & Passing Judgments.. *Critic writes his own plays*....... George Jean Nathan 88
Books: Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf. *From* Heathen Days *to* The Story of Dieppe. William Lyon Phelps 93
Edibles: Man the Kitchenette.. *Sauces,* Espagnole *and* Allemande...................... Iles Brody 95
Potables: Every Man His Own Butler.. *The importance of building a drink*......... Lawton Mackall 98
Wearables: Tying for Conservation.. *Patriotism the easy way*..................... O. E. Schoeffler 100



FICTION

The Captain's Bill of Goods.. *He was chained to a desk job while his ship, the* Jacksonville, *faced the guns of the big Nazi cruiser*............. Richard Sale 28 ℞
Sergeant Smoot Loses a Bet.. *Private Randolph hardly looked like a match for ten German soldiers, so Hyler had some tall training to do*......... Louis Paul 36
The New Class at Ryden.. *When the Nazi teacher explained the New Order to his Dutch pupils, he didn't expect such a change*.......... Manuel Komroff 47
The Temper of Savage Love.. *This Eskimo was obviously devoted to his young bride but was not a telescope rifle worth the parting?*.............. Roy Dodge 53 ℞
The Elegant Overcoat..... *Madame's pet aversion was this handsomely coated, gentle Czech refugee, who was always in arrears with his rent*..... Alfred Polgar 66
Only to Serve the Gun.... *At such a time the headmaster of the military academy could not use the easy oratory he knew was expected*........ Roderick Lull 73

PERSONALITIES

Doenitz: Domination by U-Boats.. *Nazi submarines have done lots of damage but all has not gone according to the Grand Admiral's plan*.... Michael Martin 38
Indefatigable Frederick Haucke.. *The artist is his own most fascinating psychological problem, and he may paint himself through it*...... Harry Salpeter 79
Hodes: He's Your Lawyer.. *Barnet Hodes defends his three million Chicago clients against ambulance chasers, hostesses and barking dogs*........ David Grey 82

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design............ *Temptation of a Boy Scout*.................. *Modeled by* L. S. Soderstrom
Varga Girl............... *A Prophecy of Peace*.......... *Verse by* Phil Stack; *Painting by* Varga 33
American Beauties, Western Style.. *Maria Montez*................ *Color Photograph by* Hurrell 51
The Papillon............. *Dumbo of dogdom*.............. *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 52
The B-26 Martin Marauder.. *Makes the Japs cry Uncle Sam*... *Painting by* Alexander Leydenfrost 57
Planes of the Last War.... *An historical scrapbook*................ *Drawings by* Paul C. Maxwell 58
American Beauties, Eastern Style.. *Dusty Anderson*............. *Color Photograph by* Jon Abbot 63
Glories of the United Nations.. *The Russian Girl*................ *Painting by* William Pachner 64
Time Waltzes On.......... *Current events, sunny side up*...................... *by* Derso & Kelen 69
One Rare June Day...... *From a zanie's eye-view*........................... *by* Howard Baer 70
Hollywood's Best Bet..... *Dolores Moran*................. *Color Photograph by* Henry Waxman 72
Four Paintings.......... *By courtesy of the Perls Galleries, New York City*... *by* Frederick Haucke 78
The Exploits of Esky...................... *Pictured by* E. Simms Campbell; *Storied by* Beep 80
The Belles of Vertès...... *Play, pastoral and dimout fashions*......... *Drawings by* Marcel Vertès 102
American Service Ribbons.. *Worn for liberty and valor by the Army, Navy and Marines*........... 137
The Esquire Canteen..... *The girls at the Copacabana*....... *Color Photograph by* Anton Bruehl 138

SPORTS

Keep Active to Keep Alive.. *The war is helping to break down that old bugaboo about strenuous exercise for men over forty*............ S. E. Bilik, M.D. 30
Tunney's Hour of Travail.. *Tracing Comdr. Gene Tunney's prejudice against contact sports to his memory of a bloody fight with Harry Greb*... Arthur Mann 50
Robby, All-Around Coach.. *A. J. Robertson, baseball, basketball and football coach, has wrought miracles at Bradley Polytechnic Institute*.......... Mark Cox 65
The Esquire Sports Poll.. *Majority rules for compulsory military training in schools and against women as pro athletes*....... Herb Graffis & Ralph Cannon 74
The Hoosier Swimmaster.. *Bud Sawin, creator of women swimming champs, excels through his study of technique and knowledge of psychology*.. Vic Rensberger 76

BRIEFS

The White Men of the Mountains.. *In Africa one sees such things*.......... Comdr. Attilio Gatti 60
More About the Cummings Plan.. *Now you take women's pocketbooks*.......... Parke Cummings 61
Stars in the Service....... *Our athletic heroes on fighting fronts*.................. Ralph Cannon 100
The Sporting Scene....... *On the charm of lady wrestlers and ball players*............. Herb Graffis 105 ℞
Army and Navy Mascots.. *Parapussies to Kangaroos*......................... Henry C. Nicholas 128
Soldier Slanguage .... *Translating the serviceman's patois*...................... Thom Yates 133
Three Practical Jokers................. Joe Bryan III, Roscoe Fleming and Bennett L. Williams 134
Hang On to the Boat..... *Brief for the better part of valor*.............................. 143
Pioneering in Your Own Pantry.. *Astonish your family with curds and whey*........... Earl Selby 144
The Old Bare-knuckle Days Were Best.. *Arguing against boxing gloves*........ Jack B. Creamer 145

TRENDS IN DRESS

Clothes and Accessories, *sketched by* Pachner, Goodman, Hughes, Saalburg, Fellows ... *beginning on* 31

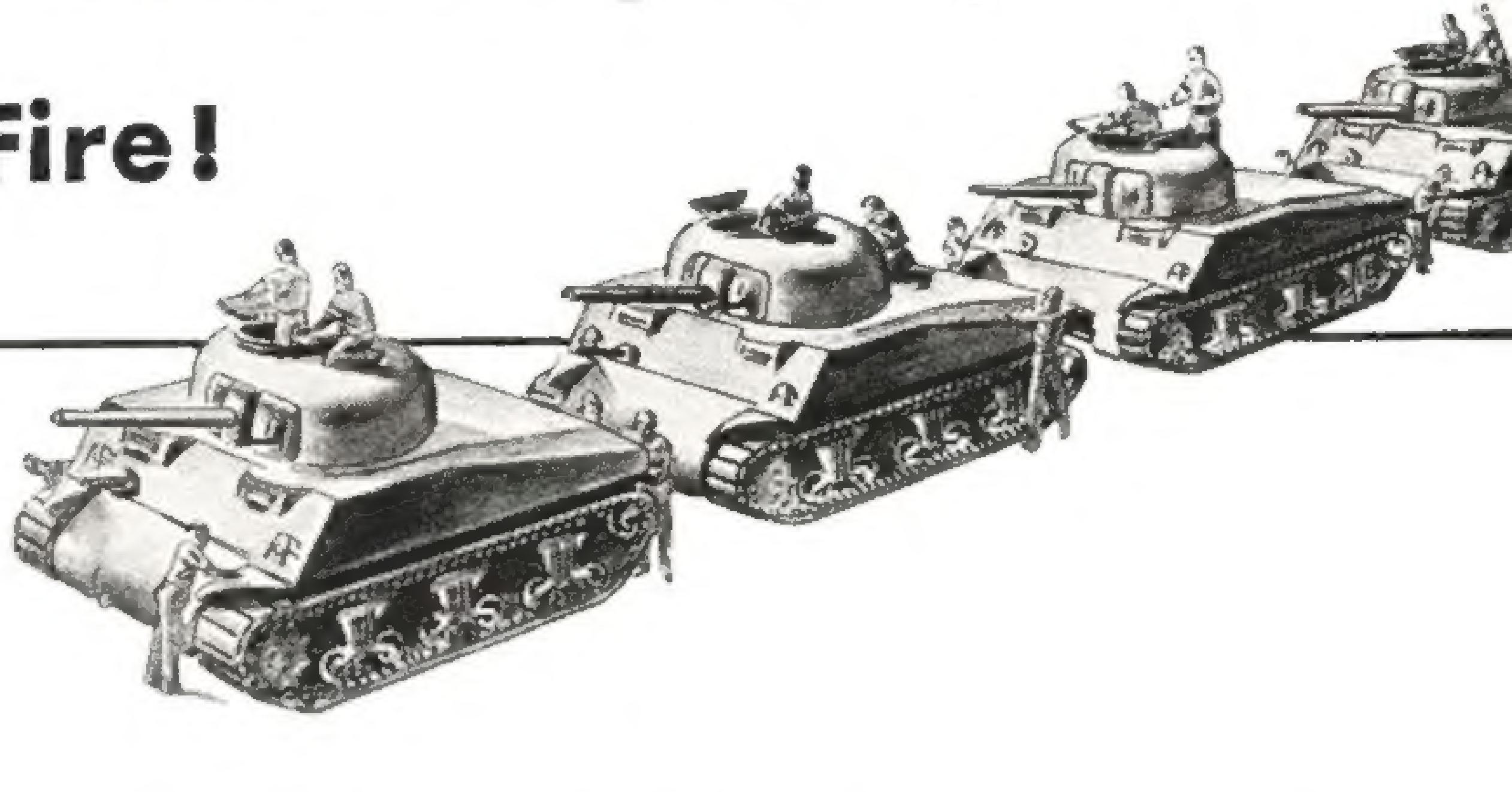
ESQUIRE
June, 1943
Vol. XIX, No. 6
Whole No. 115 T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or provision for carrying charges if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

The Toughest

Fords Ever Built!

Hard-Hitting M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers Built, Armored and Powered by Ford — Praised by Army for Performance Under Fire!



THE Ford line for 1943 features the toughest Fords ever built—known in the Army as 32-Ton M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers.

But whatever you call them they're *Fords* through and through . . . Armored with Ford Steel . . . Powered by a V-type Ford tank engine . . . Built by Ford workmen with the skill, precision and cost-cutting ability learned in building more than 29,000,000 Ford Cars and Trucks.

Ford-made tanks *alone* are built, armored and powered by the same manufacturer! And like their peacetime predecessors, these wartime Fords have won the praise of the men who use them. In the words of one high Allied commander—"The Medium Tank M-4 is the answer to a tank man's prayer!"

Exact production is a military secret but these *models* are pouring off the lines in fleets. M-4 Tank output is far ahead of schedule. What's more, there's plenty of *extra capacity* to produce even more if required.

This is just one instance of the way the men who built *your* Ford are doing today's big job. Others are the precision mass-production of aircraft engines for which Ford has received the Army-Navy "E", Liberator Bombers, Jeeps and Amphibian Jeeps.

Measured by any yardstick these wartime achievements of the Ford organization would be counted great. But we feel that *no effort short of Victory is enough.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

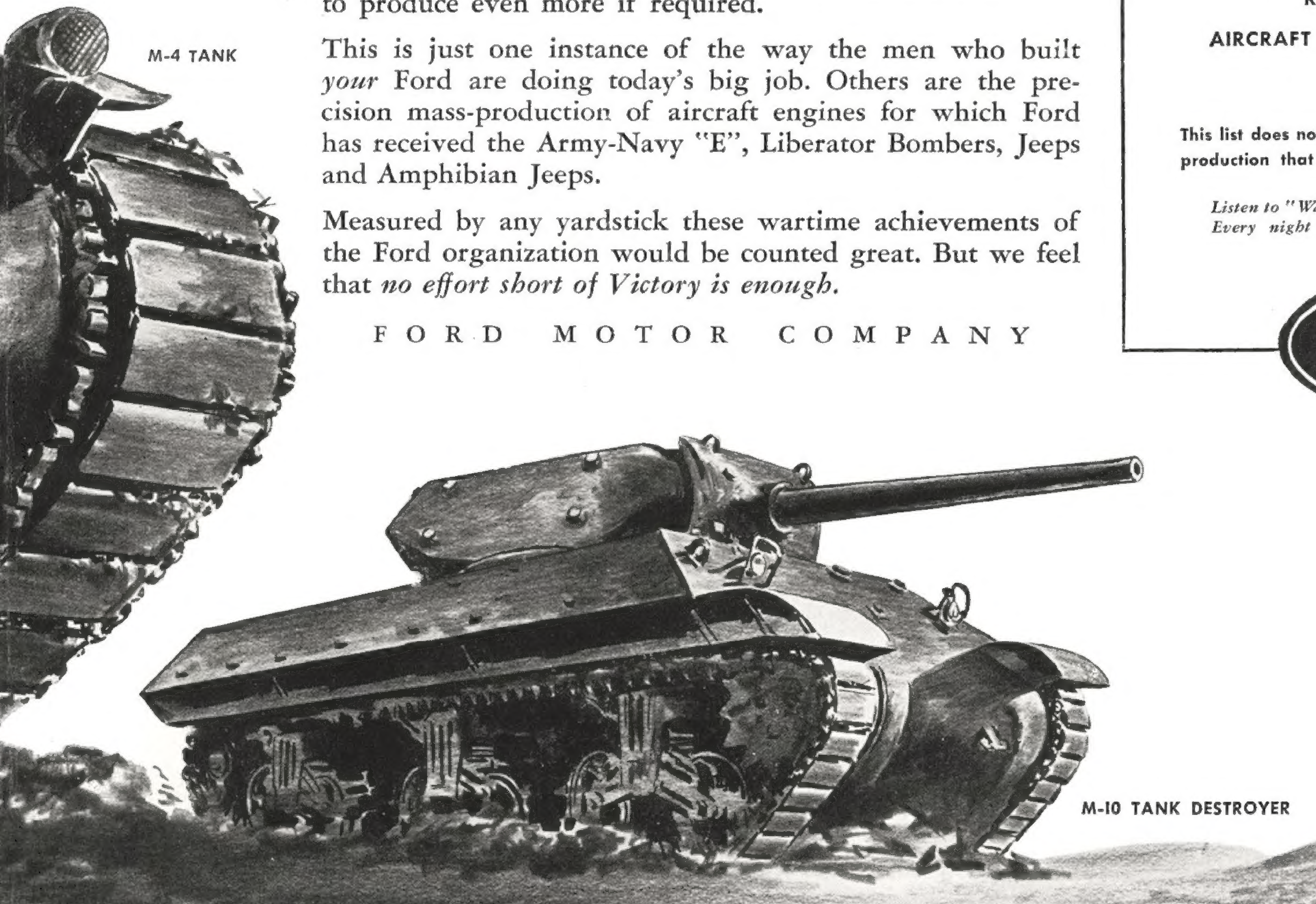
FORD MASS-PRODUCTION LINES DELIVER FLEETS OF WEAPONS

M-4 TANKS • M-10 TANK DESTROYERS
PRATT & WHITNEY AIRCRAFT ENGINES
CONSOLIDATED LIBERATOR BOMBER PLANES
TRANSPORT GLIDERS • JEEPS
UNIVERSAL CARRIERS • AMPHIBIAN JEEPS
ARMY TRUCKS • TANK ENGINES
TRUCK AND JEEP ENGINES
TURBO-SUPERCHARGERS • GUN MOUNTS
RATE-OF-CLIMB INDICATORS
AIRCRAFT GENERATORS • ARMOUR PLATE
MAGNESIUM CASTINGS

This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

Listen to "Watch The World Go By" featuring Earl Godwin. Every night 8:00 p.m. E.W.T. on The Blue Network.

Ford



FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

FULL PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

EDITORIAL: Interim report on the welfare of necessity's offspring

It was just a couple of months ago that we first acquainted you in this space with the new set of problems confronting this magazine as a result of the WPB paper-limitation program. We pointed out at the time that it would be necessary to make a considerable reduction in the weight of the paper stock, in order to effect the required tonnage curtailment. We also hinted at the new necessity for watching our margins, crowding our columns, and weighing our words, more carefully than ever before.

With our usual dour flair for serving such announcements gloomy side up, we probably made the whole thing sound pretty grim, although we do seem to recall saying something to the effect that we honestly hoped and believed that you would like the magazine, in its war-affected form, better than ever.

Since then there have been two issues to give you a chance to begin keeping score on the changes that have been made in the course of putting into effect this new program which, as we termed it at the time, was sired "by WPB out of necessity."

Well, to begin with, a glance back to the table of contents on page 5 will show you that there are now sixteen pictorial features—a quantity greater than we have ever amassed in one issue in the past, except for the big holiday numbers. And all but two of these, mind you, are pictorial features over and above the regular diet of cartoons. Nor have they been put in at the expense of the cartoons, for a tally as you leaf through this issue would total well over seventy cartoons, or almost twice as many as your half dollar used to get you back in those good old days from, say, 1936 through 1939, before anybody ever heard of paper shortages. True, a lot of the cartoons are smaller now, yet the number of full page cartoons in full color is now also almost double what it used to be in those "good old days."

As for the text features, not counting the fashion pages nor the smaller filler items sprinkled throughout the back pages, there are thirty-nine features in this issue. Turning back to page 5 again, you will see that this total of text features includes a new classification sequestered under the designation of "Briefs." These are the new Victory Models on our revised editorial production line. They are pieces that, under our old *laissez-faire* policy governing the use of white space, might have taken from twice to three times the room they now occupy.

For that matter, there is hardly a text feature in this issue that has not had some reducing treatment applied to it here in our shop, from the careful and restrained pruning that was given to Sir Norman Angell's animadversions on page 27 on through to the triple-distilling that was done to the triptych of personality-pieces presented as a related group on page 134 under the generic title of *Three Practical Jokers*. It is within the bounds of possibility that you may get more enjoyment out of the latter than the former, proving all over again that size is no accurate gauge of the potentialities of pleasure.

On the other hand, while we make no secret of the fact that we have squeezed the b-cheeses out of many of the mss. that are the component parts of this issue's prose complement, in order to compress the maximum quantity and variety of reading-entertainment into the minimum of space, still we have in every case tried to temper our deletions with both discernment and discretion. Certain types of factual articles and action-stories can be cut or condensed in such a way as to make them actually more palatable to the average reader, whereas the same amount of editorial dehydration would be ruinous to the kind of article or story that depends chiefly on its style or its atmosphere for its charm. With space at a premium and with the avowed intent to make up for space limitations by trying to give a greater variety-show in the space available, it is only natural that we should now tend to concentrate more and more on stories and articles of the active type, that can be told swiftly and crisply, and to minimize our use of the contemplative type that are gaited to a meandering pace.

But we have no intention, at this late date, of turning Esquire into a digest magazine, and the change of pace that is evidenced throughout the issue is an indication that the varying lengths of the various features will be determined, not by any Canute-like attempt to defy the law of gravity, but by the same common-sense rule that Lincoln laid down for the length of men's legs, that they should be, no matter how long or how short, in any case just long enough to reach the ground.

So you will find, in this issue as in future issues, pictures and cartoons both big and little, and stories and articles both long and short. But in these days when we are all coming to expect to pay more to get less, we venture to predict that you will be pleasantly surprised by how many you get of both. At any rate, we ourselves have been pleasantly surprised, in making up the issues under the new restrictions, to find how much more could go into the given space, without undue evidences of crowding.

We hope you like what we're doing, because that's our only reason for doing it. But if you don't, there's at least no restriction whatsoever on your right to tell us so, nor any limit on the length of your letter telling us how to use our limited space to your greater satisfaction. #

A NOTE ON FATHER'S DAY

Each June, for the past five years, Esquire has been beating the drum to honor Dad on Father's Day.

And, one of the nicest things about past Father's Days, from a publishing standpoint, is that they've always offered us a chance to give your Dads a year of Esquire at a special Father's Day gift rate. However, this year, as with so many other things, wartime restrictions have increased production costs (paper, metals, inks). And that means that we (and you) will have to forego that special rate for the duration. In fact, we're pretty thankful that we can bring you Esquire at the same pre-wartime rate in spite of those increased costs. (At last count, 54 other magazines had been forced to raise their regular rates.)

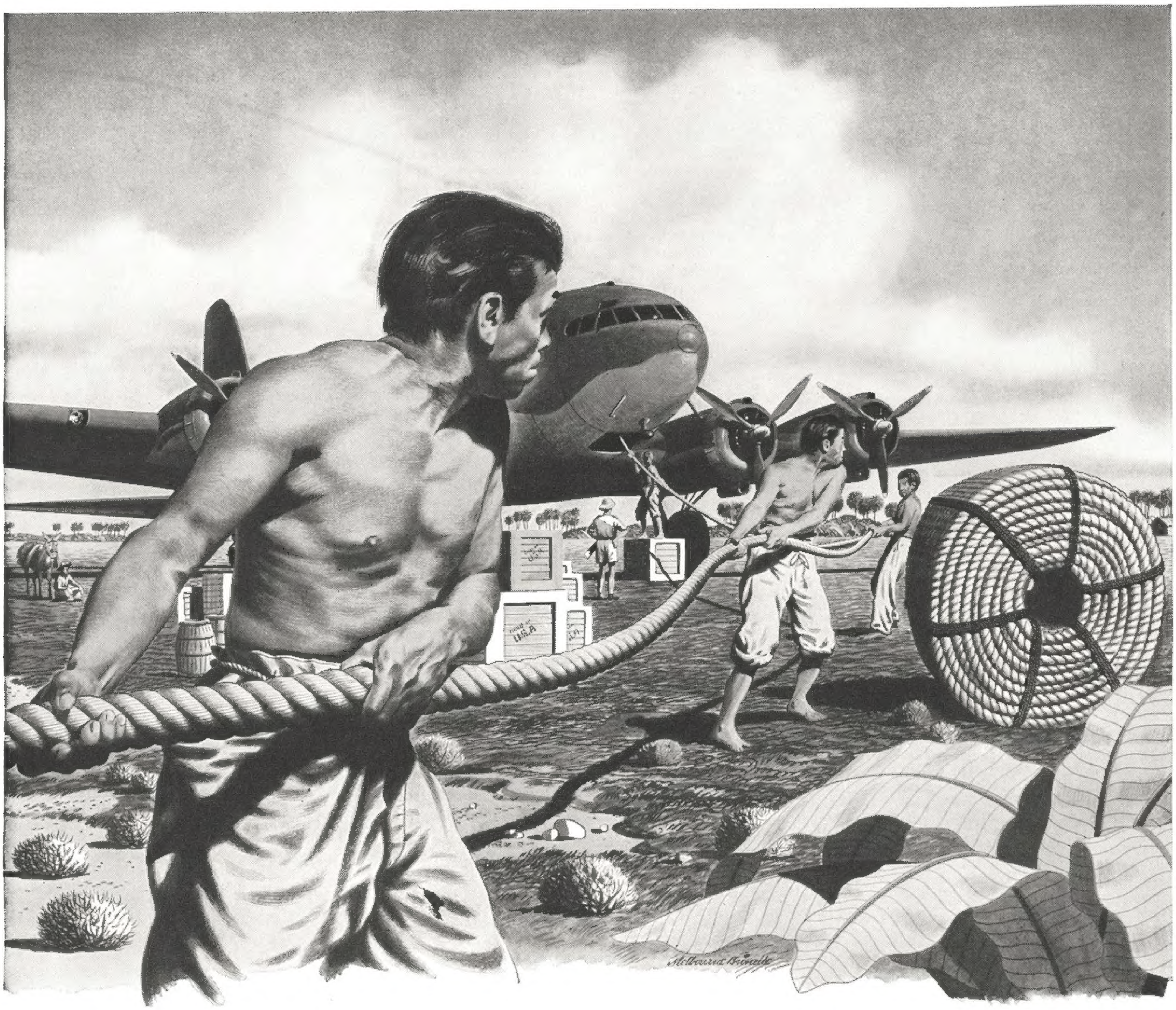
But this doesn't mean that we're forsaking the drum beating for Father's Day. This year his holiday falls on June 20th and we'll be greeting it with our habitual hullabaloo. With the load Dad is carrying this year... raising crops, carrying the gun, and making the stuff guns fire . . . he's deserving of an "E" on his day.

For those who want to remember Dad on June 20th with Esquire, our circulation department has had the consideration to bind an order blank into this issue. But that's as far as they could go, under this year's abnormal circumstances. For, with one exception, even Father's Day gift subscriptions must go through this year at the regular rate.

However, for those fathers in the armed services, we've tossed all the savings we could scrape together into one big pot and have come out with a special military rate of $3.50. Since they're the ones who need Esquire most, theirs should be all the concessions.

So, despite paper cuts, manpower shortages, and wartime curtailments, we're still cheering for DAD.

Government support has been given the airlines in part to prepare them to serve the needs of National Defense. This is another in a series of messages telling how TWA is fulfilling its obligations to the nation in wartime.



9-INCH HAWSER ON AN URGENT MISSION

In modern warfare, anything can be critically important—even a piece of rope. So urgently did our forces at an overseas station need two massive coils of 9-inch hawser that they were turned over to TWA for immediate delivery by air transport. This shipment of rope had top priority.

The coils each measured 4½ by 5 feet. To get them through the two-foot hatch of the Army Stratoliner, TWA operations men had natives uncoil the stiff rope at full length. Then, tugging in rhythm, the workers fed it through the forward opening, neatly re-coiling it inside. And the Stratoliner delivered the 2300 pounds of top priority rope on time.

Each day, in emergency over-ocean transport service for the Army's Air Transport Command, TWA men are devoting experience gained in commercial airline operation to the urgent needs of a nation at war.

TWA Services Performed for the Armed Forces: Over-Ocean Air Transport Operations—Army Aircraft Mechanic, Radio Operator and Radio Mechanic Training—Communications Engineering Projects—4-Engine Flight Crew Training—Military Aircraft Modification—North American Air Cargo Service.

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.

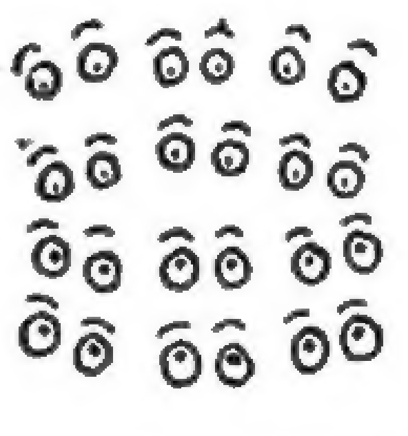
The TWA
TRANSCONTINENTAL
Airline

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BORROWING TROUBLE

As a native Philadelphian I was very much surprised to find in your April issue that basketball is being played in Independence Hall. Mark Cox in his article *The World Series of Basketball* states that, "The first tournament finally was held in Philadelphia's Independence Hall." If Mr. Cox's statement is correct our forefathers must be turning over in their graves at the thought of basketball being played in these hallowed halls.

All joking aside, Mr. Cox is probably referring to Convention Hall in Philadelphia. If in the future more care is not taken in preventing maligning revered historic institutions, it will be necessary for me to discontinue borrowing my friend's copy of Esquire. Appreciating your cooperation in this respect, I am



Yours truly,

Ambridge, Pa. **David H. Struble**

P.S. My sentiments in this letter are also echoed by 12 other fellows who borrow this magazine from my friend. In the future your magazine articles will be watched by 26 eyes.

A MARINE LANDS ON JACOBS BEACH

In a recent Esquire your Sports Poll debated the military value of boxing and generally commented upon the ills of boxing as a sport.

The ability to box is of basic value in such hand to hand combat as took place on Guadalcanal. The basic boxing needs augmentation to the extent of teaching judo, jiujitsu, wrestling and knife fighting.

The basic value of boxing is that it teaches the instinctive moves that may mean the difference between living and dying in bush and jungle warfare. An enemy charges with knife or bayonet. Instinctively the trained boxer side steps correctly and counter punches correctly. The counter punching hand carries a weapon. The attacker thus side stepped dies. Men who side step and counter punch correctly live to tell about it. Those that fail to do that do not live. It is that simple and fellows who tell you boxing has no military value simply do not know what is going on in hand to hand combat.

As to boxing declining in public interest. Cities like Washington, D.C. are drawing capacity houses, turning people away, in spite of the fact that the talent is mediocre compared to what was offered to slim crowds in the pre-war days. There is a tremendous public interest in combative sport these days.

Boxing's chief ill is that one promoter, Mike Jacobs, supported by the New York State Commission, has most of the champions sewed up so that they can box only for him. This monopoly naturally kills attractive cards in States where the monopoly does not function.

Since most good boxers come from States other than New York and the boxing monopoly injures boxing in States other than New York the monopoly is not even smart. Forgetting that boxing is a sport and neither a business nor a racket, it is never smart to throttle the goose that lays the golden eggs.

There is a New York State law which forbids the promoter having a financial interest in a pugilist, directly or indirectly.

National control and national unity in boxing would straighten things out. Big gates and title bouts are not essential. Boxing itself is very much so. It ought to be taught in schools, colleges, boys' clubs. Boys who never intend to take part in public matches should be taught to handle their fists and feet and to make use of the combat instincts developed by boxing. It may save their lives.

Sincerely,
Harvey L. Miller
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps
Portsmouth, Va.

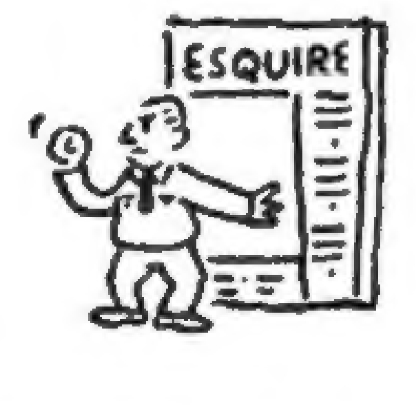
P.S. The oversigned has been identified with boxing as a boxer, trainer, referee, sports editor, promoter, since 1903. Former boxing coach, University of Maryland; former President, National Boxing Association.

The highest ideals for boxing's future exist and are nurtured in the National Boxing Association. These ideals have ofttimes been kicked around. That, however, is no reason to condemn either the NBA or its ideals.

PROTECTING ESKY FROM HIS OLD FRIENDS

Criticism is all right, but when it assumes the proportions of a dagger, even in the hands of "an old friend," it's time for a just-plain acquaintance to howl.

Your Salamancan, in the April issue, is typical of the only thing really wrong with Esky; to wit, George Jean Nathan. "Old Friend" slashes at Dr. Phelps, literary critic without peer, then stabs viciously at the epicurean groin of Iles Brody. All of which is odiously reminiscent of the poisonous dramatic frosting on Nathan's hypercritical cake. In one breath, your theatre-lover (gad!) defends S. N. Behrman's asinine *Pirate* on the basis of its being a "Luntish lark," and in succeeding breaths he spreads halitosis into every theatre on the once-White Way. Then, while the Salamanca *amigo* lays Esky at the embalmer's door, Georgie Nathan completes his case against the drama with a bit of ill-tempered snarling at the Theatre Guild.



The hissing from Salamanca and the prompting pit contribute nothing to an otherwise perfectly swell magazine. It seems, forsooth, that a little culling is in order . . .

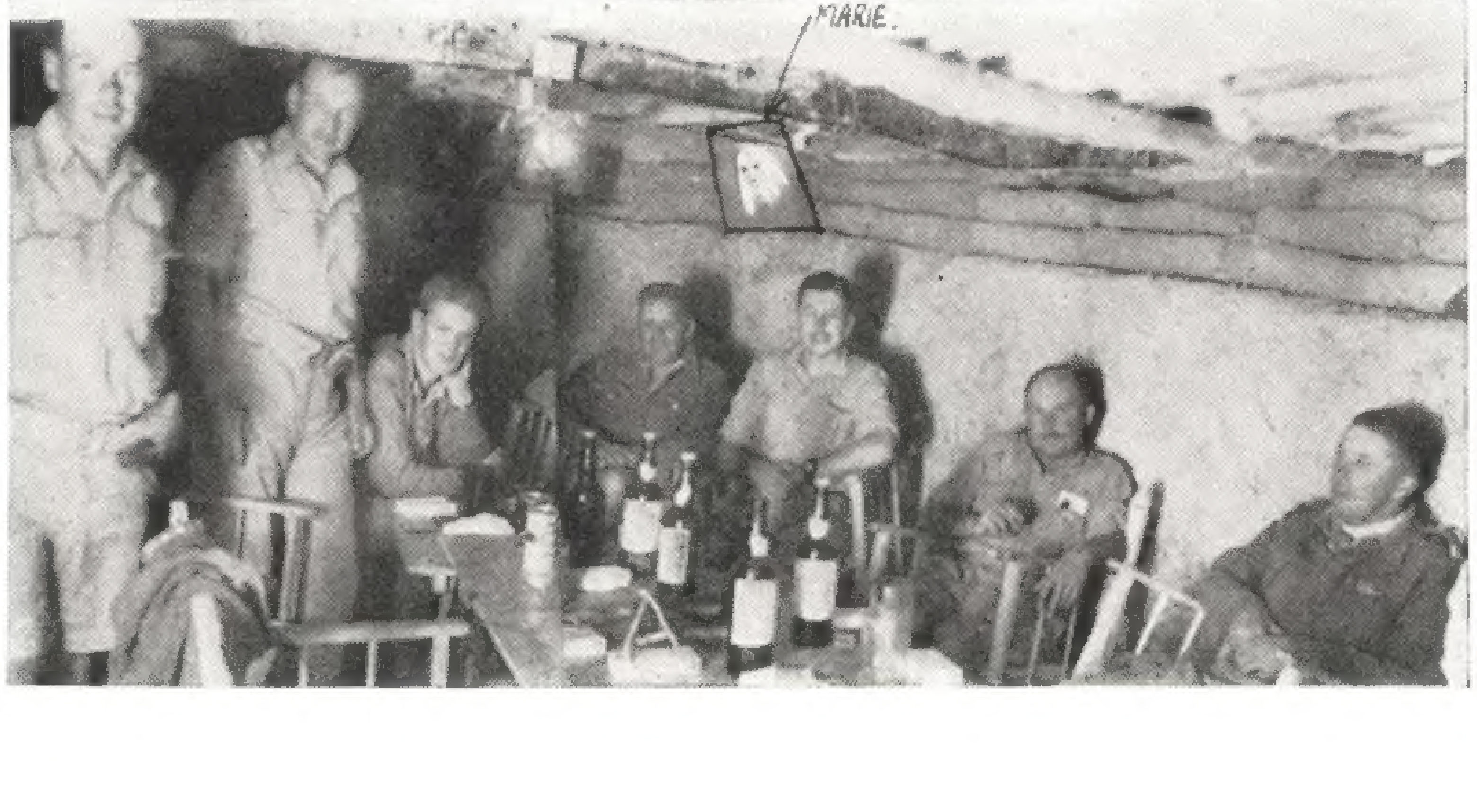
Yours for more of William Lyon Phelps and Iles Brody and Joe Abrams and Manuel Komroff and Curt Riess and Lawton Mackall.

Tech. Sgt. P. J. Whitten
A.A.F.F.G.S.
Kingman, Arizona

BATTLE HISTORY OF A VARGA BEAUTY

We, the Officers of this Battery, beg to approach you on a matter of grave importance to us.

About eighteen months ago, there was printed in Esquire a Varga painting of a girl in Red Cross uniform. As soon as we saw this picture we made this girl our Guardian Angel and called her Marie. It was about when we were departing for the Western Desert.



Marie travelled in a place of honour in the Battery Commander's Armored Car, which was naturally called Marie.

She was to the fore in all our battles, viz., Bardia, Sollum, Halfaya, Tmimi and Gazala, and was one of the first across the Bardia fortifications. When not on the move she always held a place of honour in the Officers' Mess (see photo annexed).

Her cool complexion was always an inspiration to us when "hot under the collar," but now comes the tragedy!

In the heat of the battle Marie's car was destroyed by enemy action, and attempts to save her proved of no avail. Alas! She was burned like Joan of Arc.

We still mourn her loss, as she has been recorded in our Battery records as: "Marie"—killed in Action, Devils Cauldron, June 13th, 1942.

Attempts have been made, without avail, to purchase another copy in Egypt, and now, Sir, we appeal to you to obtain, for us, another copy.

We apologize for taking up your valuable time, on what may appear, to you, to be a trivial matter, but what is to us—"poor Desert Rats"—an all-absorbing subject.

A. Browne, Major

For Officers and men of 3rd Field Battery, 1st Field Regiment South African Artillery.

Editor's note: Varga's feelings, on reading this letter and autographing a reprint of the drawing in question, were anything but trivial.

THE JAM SESSION DR. GOFFIN BEGOT

After I read Dr. Robert Goffin's Jazz article, I settled back as comfortably as is possible for a soldier to settle back, and waited for comments with a knowing grin.

Frankly, I was surprised. At least one comment on the article was intelligent—a fair reply to Goffin's indiscretion in picking Goodman, Shaw, and James. Personally, I'm not too fond of Johnny Dodds—the darling of reader Exner—but I find him more exciting a performer than Goodman or Shaw, at least. I was further surprised that neither Dr. Goffin nor the aforesaid reader Exner mentioned Jess Stacey—unquestionably the most creative of them all—as the best pianist. But all that is quibbling—both men have damn good ideas of what it's all about.

But—the President of the Newark Hot Club! Now there is a character! As far as foreigners' handling American Jazz goes—they've been doing it very nicely for years with many excellent musicians and some of the finest of writers—Delounay, Spike Hughes, Timme Rosenkrantz, Panassié, Hilton Schleman, yes—and Robert Goffin to name a very few.

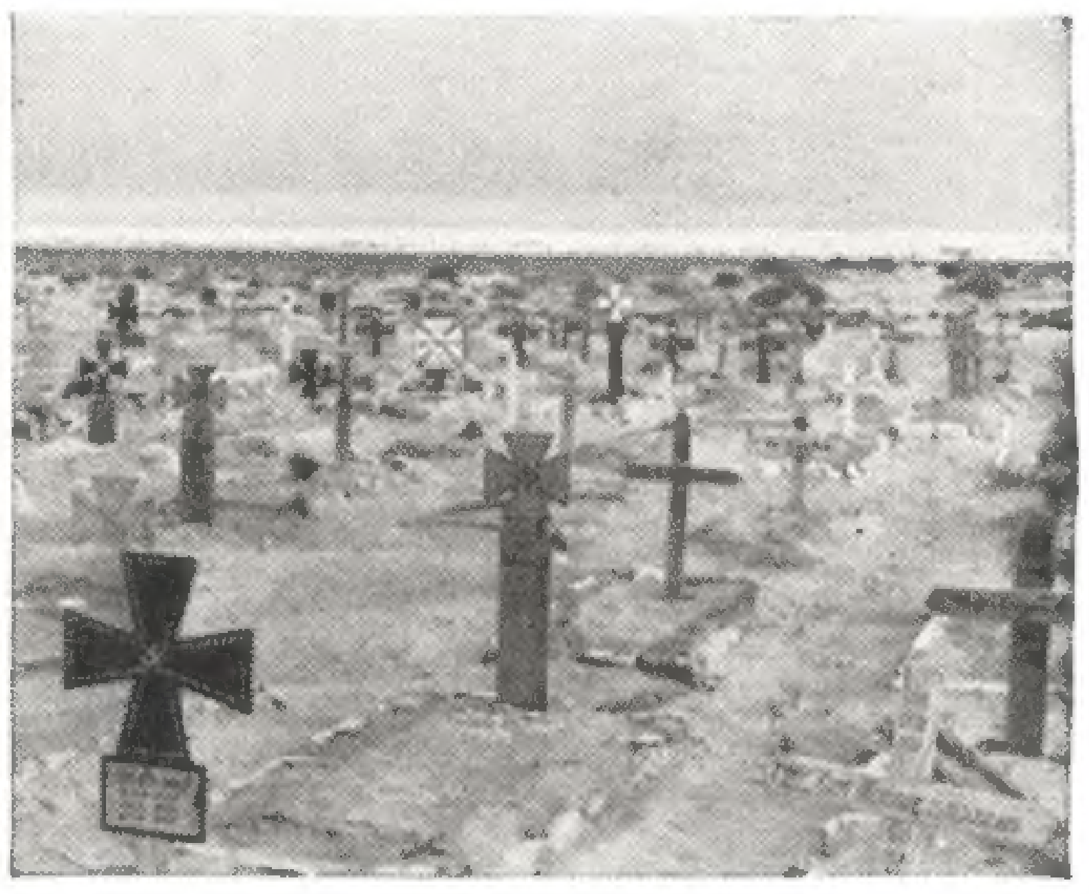
It is a question to me, how deep President Bacon's knowledge of "le jazz hot" extends beneath the surface —it is a further question to me—how dare he take an established authority like Goffin over the coals for an obscure error like the reversal of Hayes Alvis's name.

But please, someone, give President Bacon back his reefers—God how he needs them.

Sincerely,
Cpl. Ted Chandler
Fort Geo. G. Meade, Md.

GRATITUDE FROM THOSE TO WHOM IT'S DUE

Just a few lines to express my extreme gratitude for your services. Believe me when I say, I and my friends more than live for your magazine. The day it arrives you can hear cries of "butts" which mean "next on it after you" in the Army slang.



Normally the first section we all turn to is the swell sport write-ups. The major sports over here are of course under the British influence and they constitute soccer, rugby and a few other games which makes a red-blooded American boil.

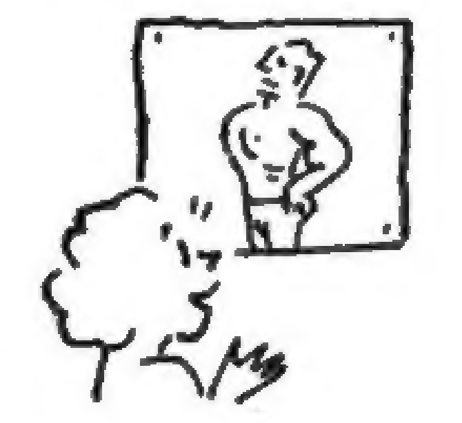
I am enclosing a small snap that will fill a lot of thoughts, over here and over there. Of course as our Grandpappy used to say, "the only good Indian is a dead un," the same applies to this picture. If only the first cross bore the name of the infamous paperhanger.

Thanks again and keep the magazines coming. At least through that medium we know what things are like at home in a friendly way.

Sincerely,
Steve V. Cope, Warrant Officer
United States Armed Forces
in the Middle East.

FIRST CALL FOR SOME PIN-UP GUYS

I'm mad and I mean damn mad. Of course I'm a mere woman and jealous without a doubt. You see I can remember when the face and chassis weren't so hard to gaze at, though of course they couldn't come up to a Varga gal. Now after ten years of cooking, dishes, cleaning, washing, ironing, mending, sewing, canning, penny-pinching, child-bearing, etc., I look like something in a bad dream. Oh, sure, I know lipstick's cheap, but who makes with the lipstick when the baby has flu, or slings the mascara when there's the threshing crew to feed? But do I get my picture on the wall in hubby's den? Oh, no. Just something from Esquire. Some day soon there ain't gonna be any dinner on the table or socks in the drawer. Mama will be out getting herself some glamour with Papa's hard-earned cash.



Now, how about forgetting to camouflage that bay window, and let's see some good-looking figures of a man instead of the cheviots or British warms. I want something to hang up in my den to leer at too. After all, the brute could look a darn sight better himself.

Bangor, Maine **Revolt Coming**

P.S. If I signed my name, would I hear about this from you-know-who!

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
OLD FASHIONEDS

An Old-Fashioned idea worth cultivating

THE SEED PACKET signpost standing at the head of the row gives you a hint as to the kind of Old-Fashioned idea we're talking about . . .

It's simply this: To achieve a true Old-Fashioned masterpiece—an Old-Fashioned that will blossom into matchless perfection before your very eyes—you must be sure to use that finest of all whiskies . . . Four Roses!

Here is the way to make this greatest of Old-Fashioneds grow:

Muddle ½ lump of sugar, 2 dashes of bitters, a twist of lemon peel in a little water. Add an ice cube and then the crowning glory . . . the heart and soul of this superb Old-Fashioned . . . 1½ jiggers of that smooth, flavorful, glorious Four Roses!

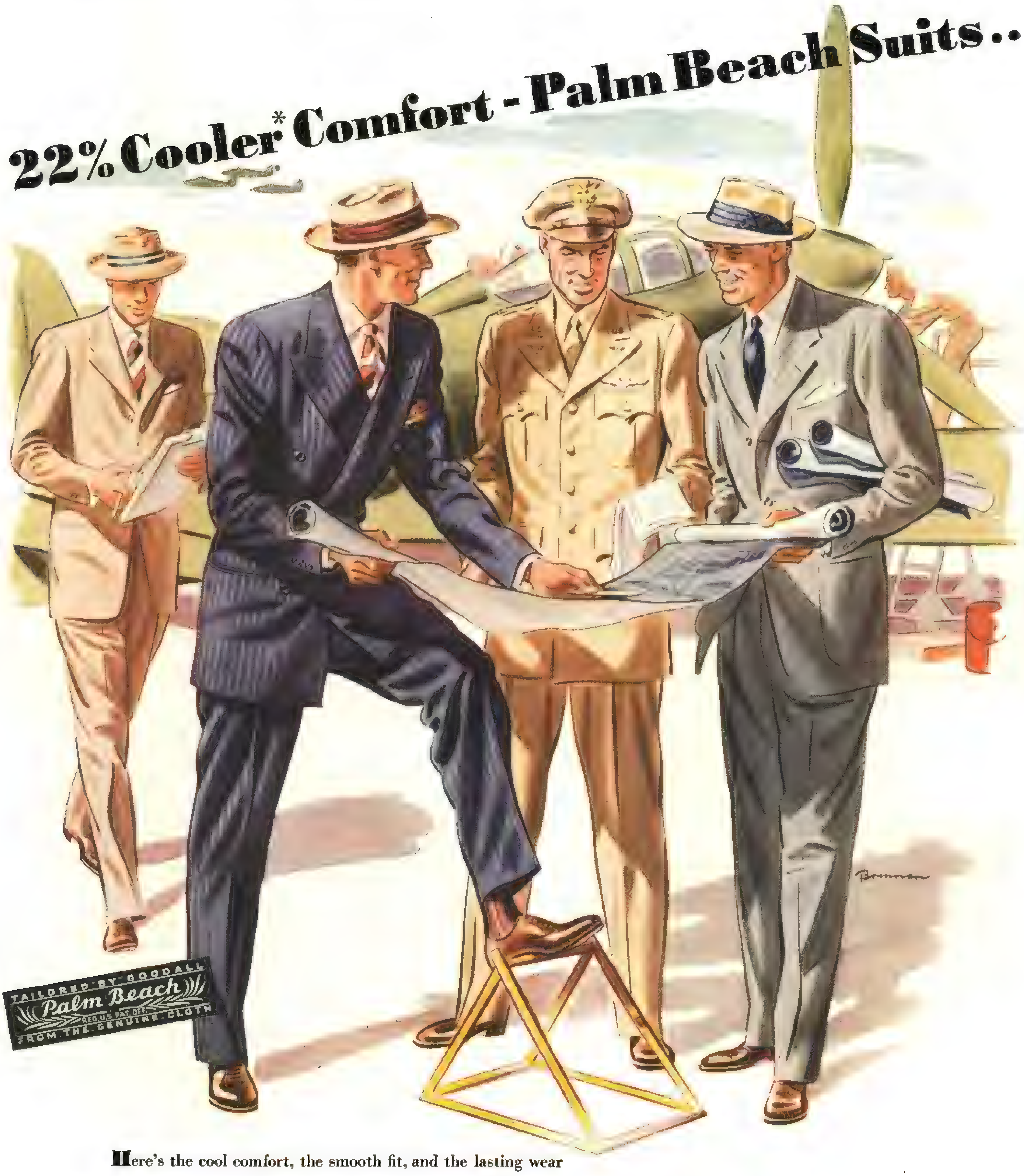
There, sir, is an Old-Fashioned worth cultivating!

FOUR ROSES

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Practical business patterns for wartime—durable, good-looking and

22% Cooler* Comfort - Palm Beach Suits..



Here's the cool comfort, the smooth fit, and the lasting wear you seek in a summer suit. For Palm Beach fabrics average 22% cooler,* by independent tests, than any of 22 other suitings; and Palm Beach stylists have developed smart style without heavy pads and "heat-trap" inner-linings. Actually washable!...and still well-fitting. In all colors...solid tones and patterns...at your city's finest stores. Also available ...Palm Beach evening wear, slacks, Army and Navy officers' uniforms.

COSTLY, SPRINGY, ANGORA MOHAIR. *It's the base fiber in Palm Beach. Gives coolness, freedom from "matting," amazing wear. Blended with other cool fibers and woven the Palm Beach way (1600 "open windows" to the square inch) to admit 22% more air (on the average) to cool your skin.*

Palm Beach

$19^50

REGULATION ARMY AND NAVY
OFFICERS' UNIFORMS $19.95

THERE IS STILL A RUBBER CRISIS IN 1943

It is true that you no longer need a ration certificate for recaps.

It is true that the Government has cut through all red tape to make it easier for every citizen to keep his war car rolling for essential driving purposes.

If you wear your tires down too thin so that they cannot be recapped... if you fail to keep your tires properly inflated and in good repair... the whole rubber situation could change overnight.

You would need new tires and the entire objective of the Government's campaign would be missed.

There can be no let-down for the military needs.

There is not a man, woman or child in America that wants to take an ounce of rubber needed for a son or a brother at the front.

To go from the present recapping program to the building of new tires would mean that our armed forces would have to do without the equipment they need.

It is the intent of our Government to put more and better planes into the air; more and better tanks on the ground; more and better ships on the seas than anything that the Axis can produce.

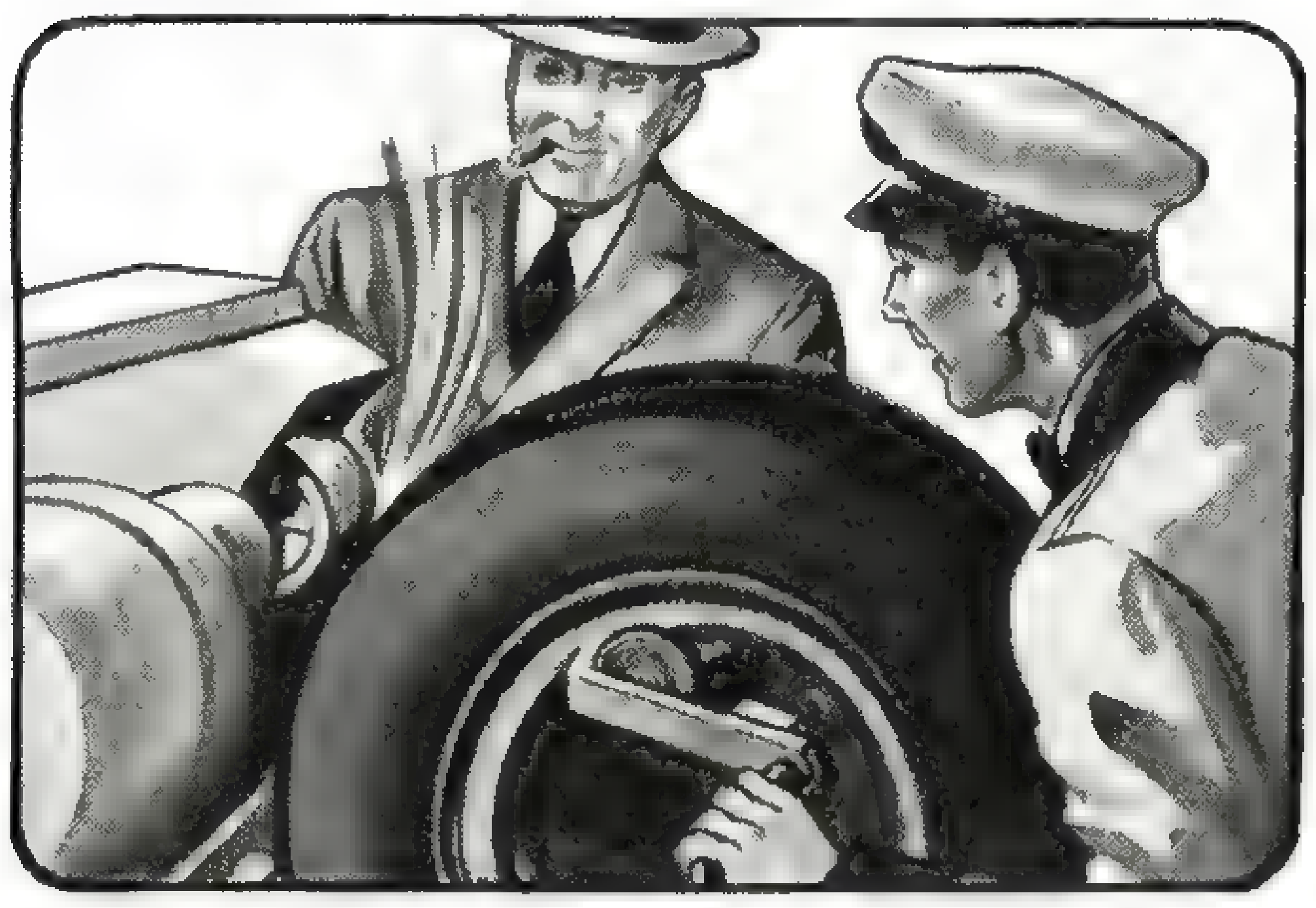
This is not only to win the war, but to shorten the war—and to save the lives of American boys.

You make this possible by doing your share ...by not allowing your tires to wear down too thin...by driving under 35 miles per hour...by keeping your tires inflated properly...by seeing that the necessary repairs are made when they should be.

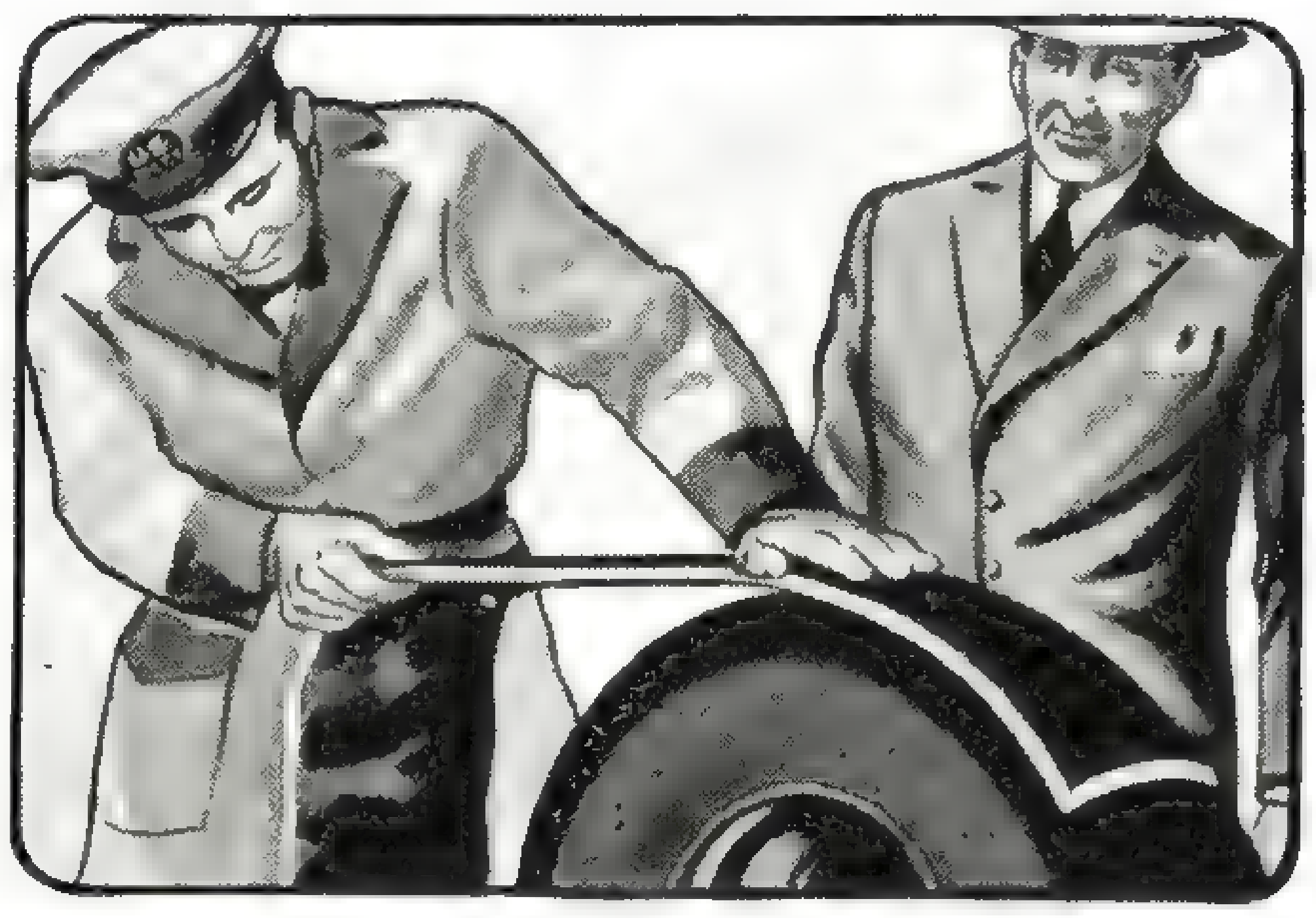
The Baruch report stated that we were going to hit the bottom of the rubber stockpile in 1943. That bottom comes nearer and nearer.

Recognizing this fact the Government has worked out a program that will still keep our cars rolling for essential driving.

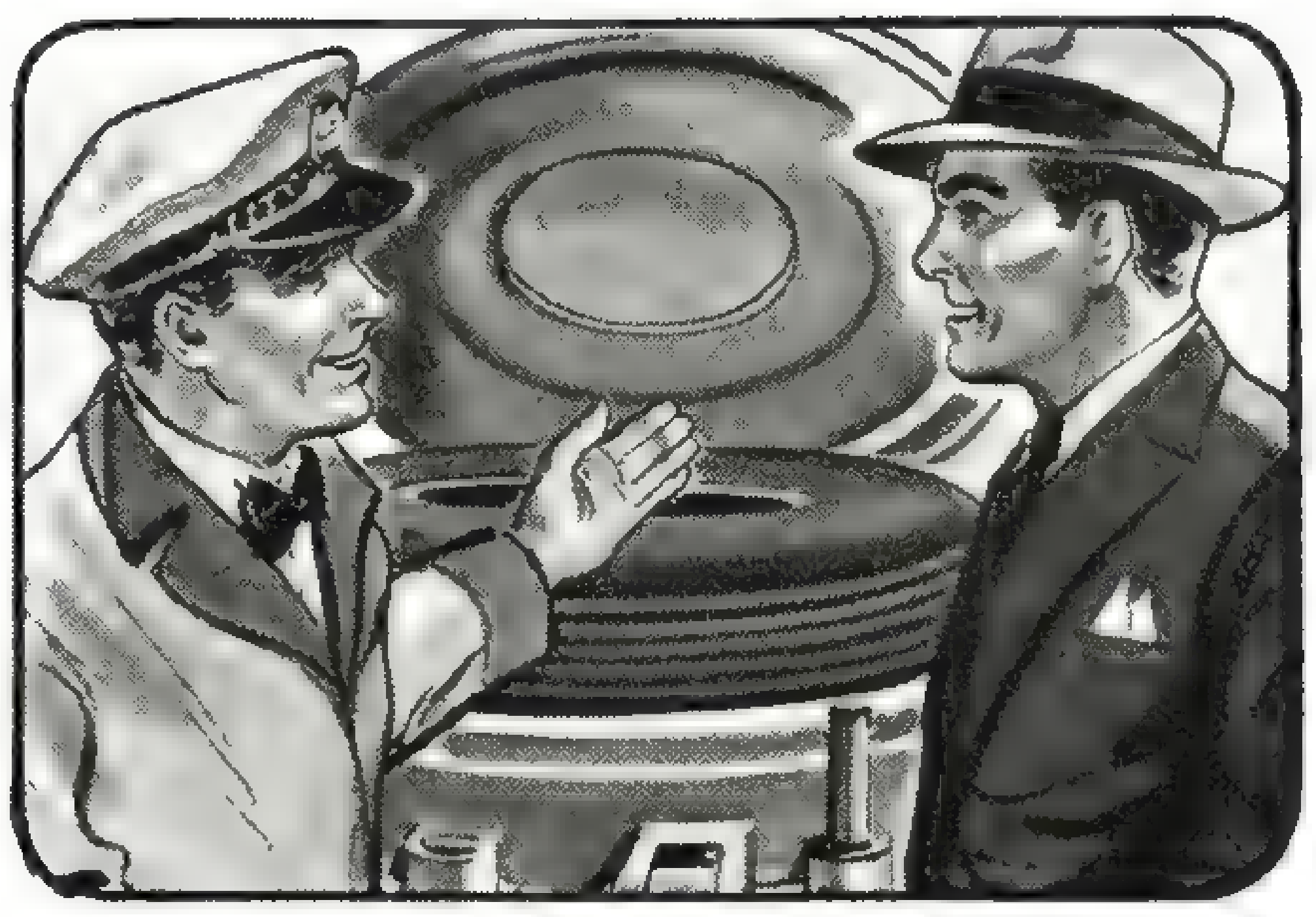
Let's do our part.



RECAPPING 1. After a *thorough inspection* of the tire inside and out to determine whether it is fit for recapping, all necessary repairs are made. The old tread is then buffed smooth to prepare it for a coat of special rubber cement.



2. *The new tread,* called "camelback," is carefully applied to the sticky surface of the tire and rolled down under pressure to squeeze out any air bubbles that could cause trouble later on. This "camelback" is made from *reclaimed* rubber processed from the scrap rubber.



3. *The "cure"* bonds the new tread to the old. Great skill is needed in maintaining the rigid factory controls necessary. Such quality recapping, using wartime materials, will give good service if air pressures are kept up to 32 lbs. and speeds kept down below 35 m. p. h.

Things you can do to save every ounce of rubber left in your tires

1. Never drive unless it is absolutely necessary.
2. Never drive alone...Share your car.
3. Have your tires recapped *in time* to save them.
4. Have your tires inflated every week or two.
5. Baby your tires...Start and stop slowly; slow down on curves.
6. Avoid curbs, ruts, especially pavement-breaks, now more serious because of wartime necessity.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK CITY • IN CANADA, DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.

Everything for the front—for a better America tomorrow

IN LOOKS—IN TASTE
MYERS'S RUM

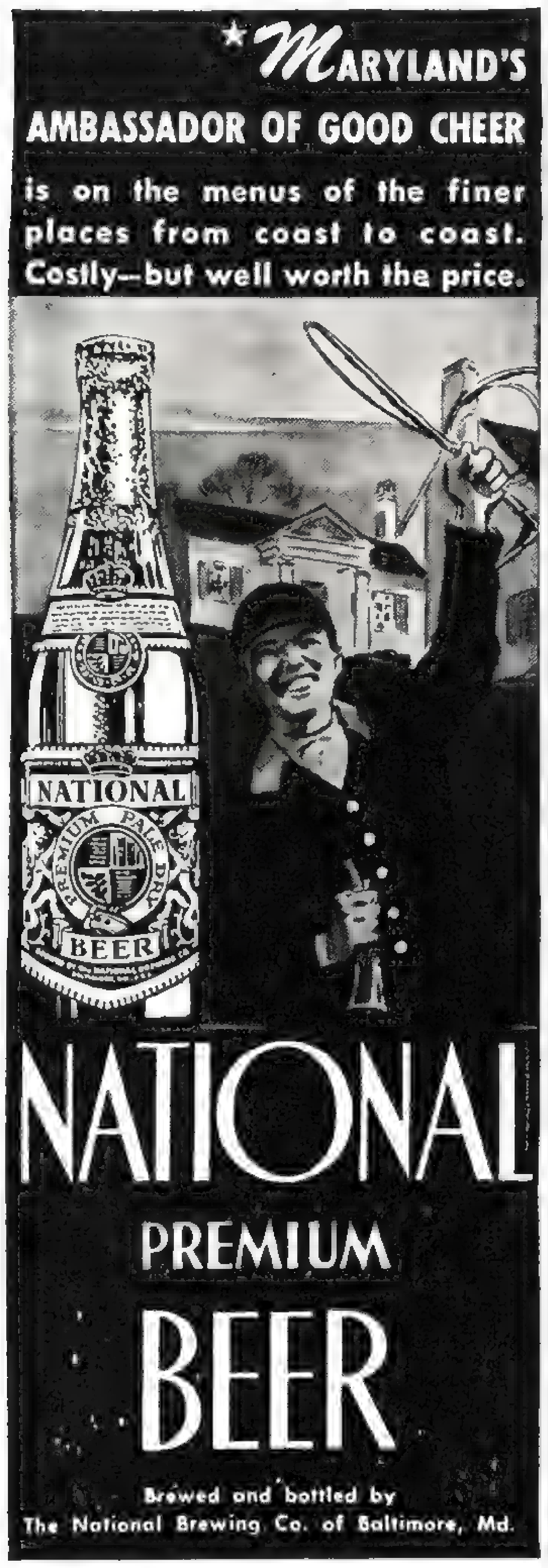
You can't match this ORIGINAL *Dark* Jamaica Rum

You'll enjoy *both* the deeper, richer colour of a Rum Cocktail made with *Myers's—and* its more mellow, full-bodied flavour! When ordering—or serving at home—remember:

The Rum Must be
MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch"
Brand
100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA
97 PROOF

Write for recipe booklet
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Agents, U. S. A.
Dept. F-6, 57 Laight Street, N.Y.


***MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER**

is on the menus of the finer places from coast to coast. Costly—but well worth the price.

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

Brewed and bottled by
The National Brewing Co. of Baltimore, Md.

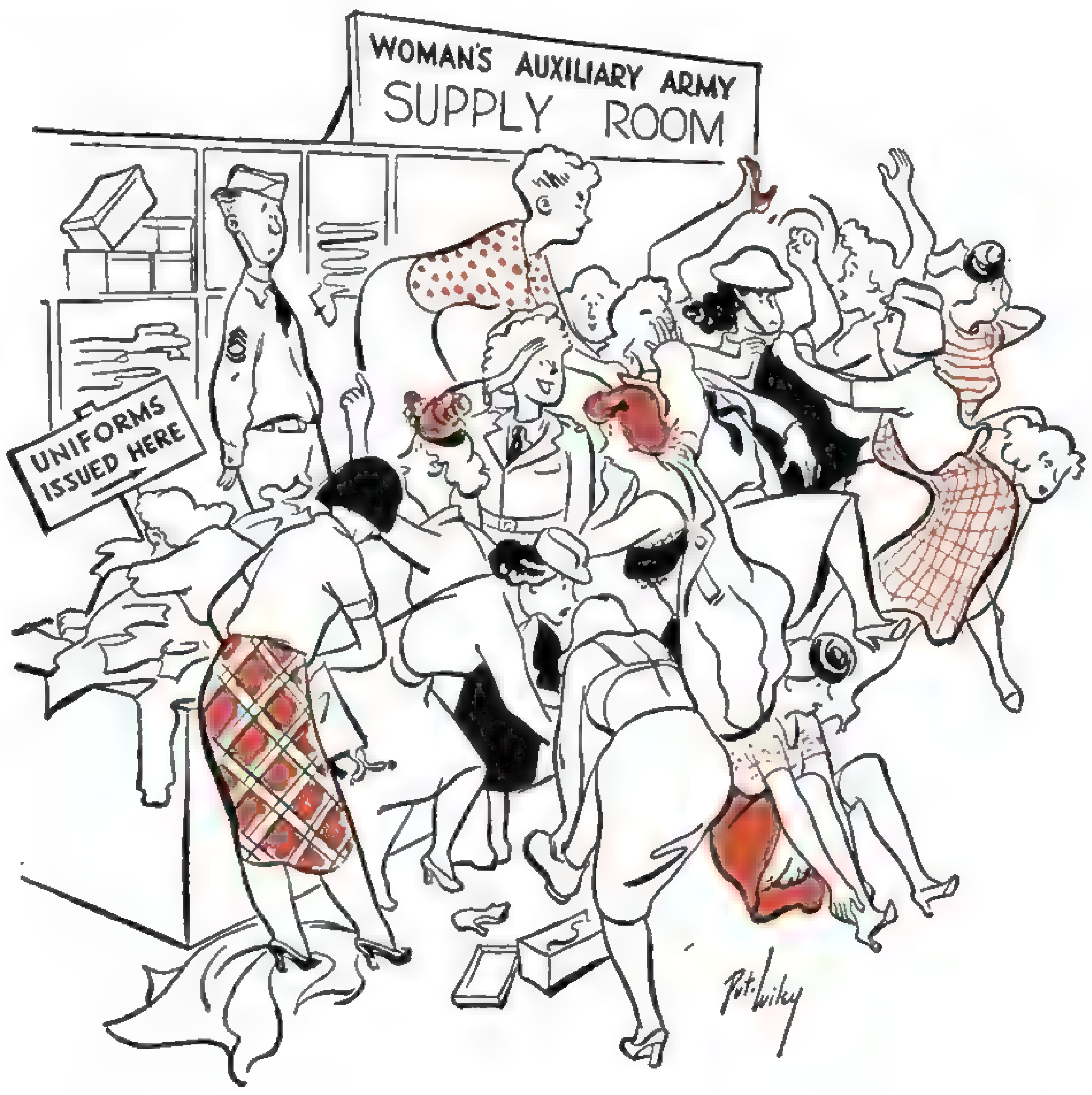
Painting the Town with Esquire

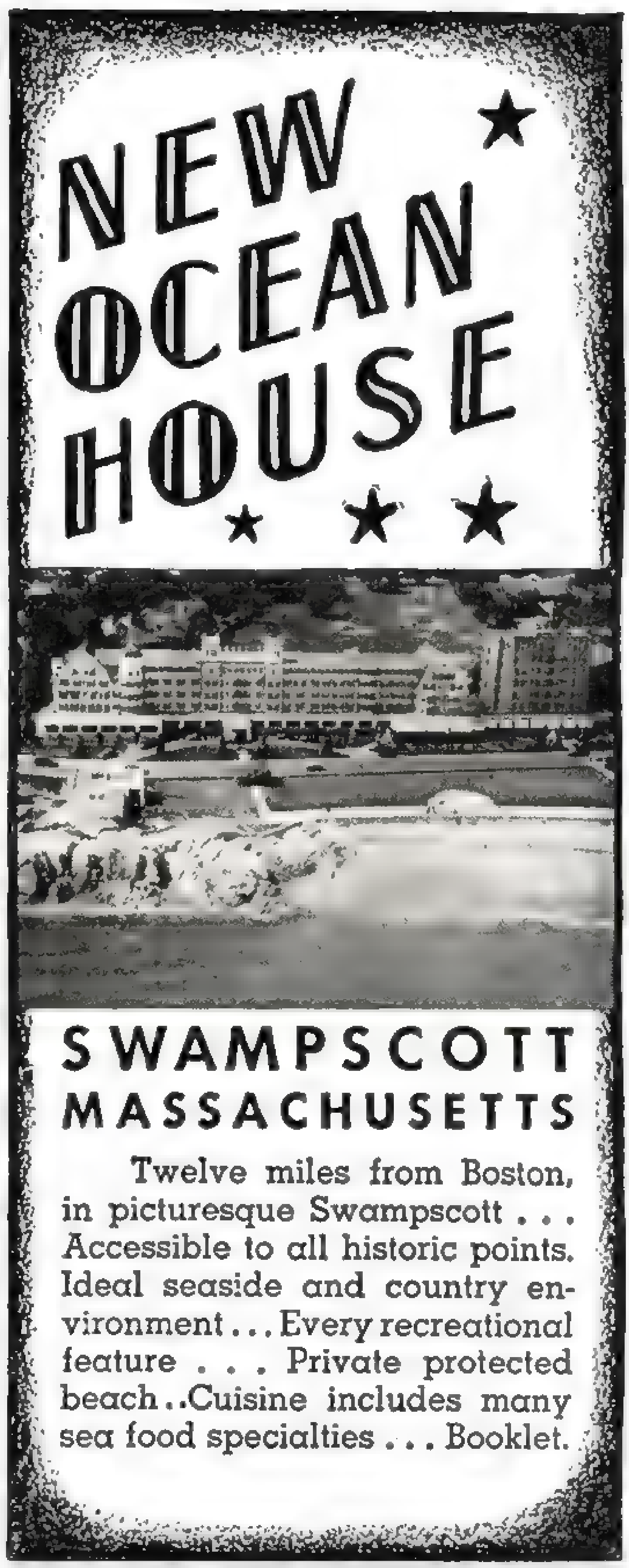
TAKING a deep breath of up-above-Broadway ozone, Harry (Jive-Gabriel) James blows the Astor Roof open on May 17th, prompting rafts of people to rush in... Monte Proser's Copacabana needed a quiet, smooth-spoken chap to restore it to its samba-sirened serenity after the storm and wham of Sophie Tucker, and Jimmy Durante answered the ad. Since he nosed in, the place has been a sweet shambles, resounding with stomach mirth. Though the management doesn't insist that the entrance carpet be used as a prayer rug in pleading for tables, it's a routine that desperate wanters-in indulge in.

SOILED LOOKS from their neighbors are drawn by diners-out who fail to do a complete job of plate cleaning... New version of the match game at Jim Moriarty's Barberry Room (19 East 52nd). You match the stars in the ceiling with bubbles in your glass... If the pop-orbed worthy you see on the front of this magazine ever gives up his cover-glory for the sake of a woman, it will be for one of the Conover Cover Girls who sigh at the Versailles ... Crafty way of avoiding the transportation scrimmage twixt dinner and theater is to dine—and succulently—at Jack's, about a dozen doors west of Eighth Ave. on 46th St. Jack himself, sterling fellow, well-cellared in American wines, will see that you make your curtain regardless of how you repine at being thus uprooted.

WOW-MINDED Dave Wolper has installed Duke Ellington as maestro at the Hurricane, heading a "Mood Indigo" revue ... Doughty Irish Joe King, who took over a redolent old rathskellar (3rd Ave. at 17th) and turned it into a favorite haunt of 100% collegians, is now a Lieutenant in Uncle Sam's Bomber Service, brother Bill King hosting his stead to the same gang, which is now mostly in uniform. What Joe is dishing to the Japs ain't potato balls ... Neat batch of bimbos beflutter the floor at the intensively frequented Riobamba, where gliding gets nice goading by piano-slickster Nat Brandwynne and his bandstand associates. Which reminds me—Waiter, another brandy and soda.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.




NEW OCEAN HOUSE

SWAMPSCOTT MASSACHUSETTS

Twelve miles from Boston, in picturesque Swampscott ... Accessible to all historic points. Ideal seaside and country environment... Every recreational feature ... Private protected beach..Cuisine includes many sea food specialties ... Booklet.

REVUE 8:45 11:45 2
OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1.50
The Montmartre of New York
Jimmy Kelly's
181 SULLIVAN ST. — AL. 4-1414

WHEN THEY GOT A WHIFF OF LONDON DOCK TOBACCO THEY LET ME SURROUND THEM

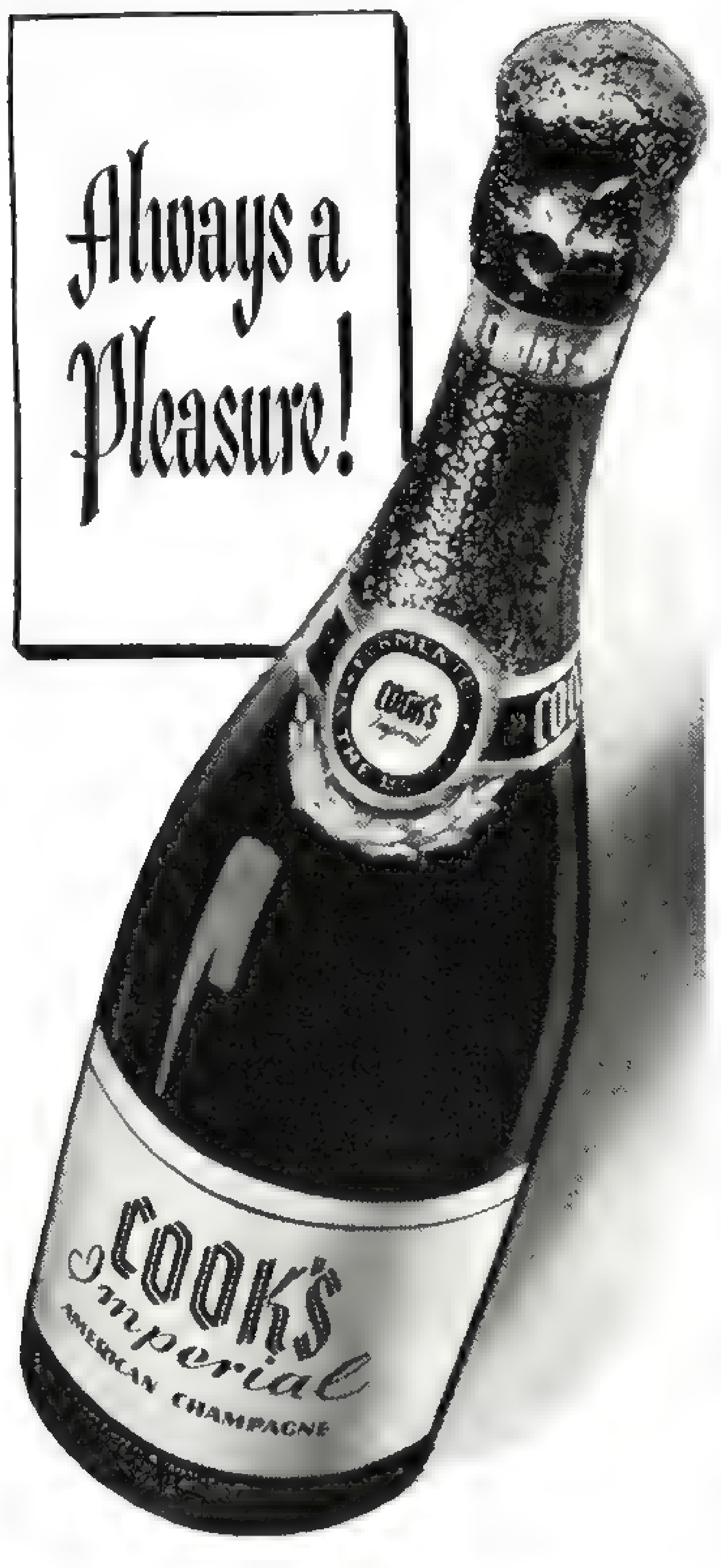
AMERICA'S FINEST AROMATIC

2 Ounce Package
40¢
$3.00 per lb.
Sample 10c

Send 10c to
London Dock Div.
128 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo.

London Dock
Aromatic
SMOKING MIXTURE

Christian Peper · St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852



EXTRA DRY * BRUT * SPARKLING BURGUNDY

American BURGUNDY • SAUTERNES
RHINE • CLARET • PORT • SHERRY
MUSCATEL • TOKAY • CHABLIS

AMERICAN WINE CO • ESTAB'D 1859 • ST-LOUIS

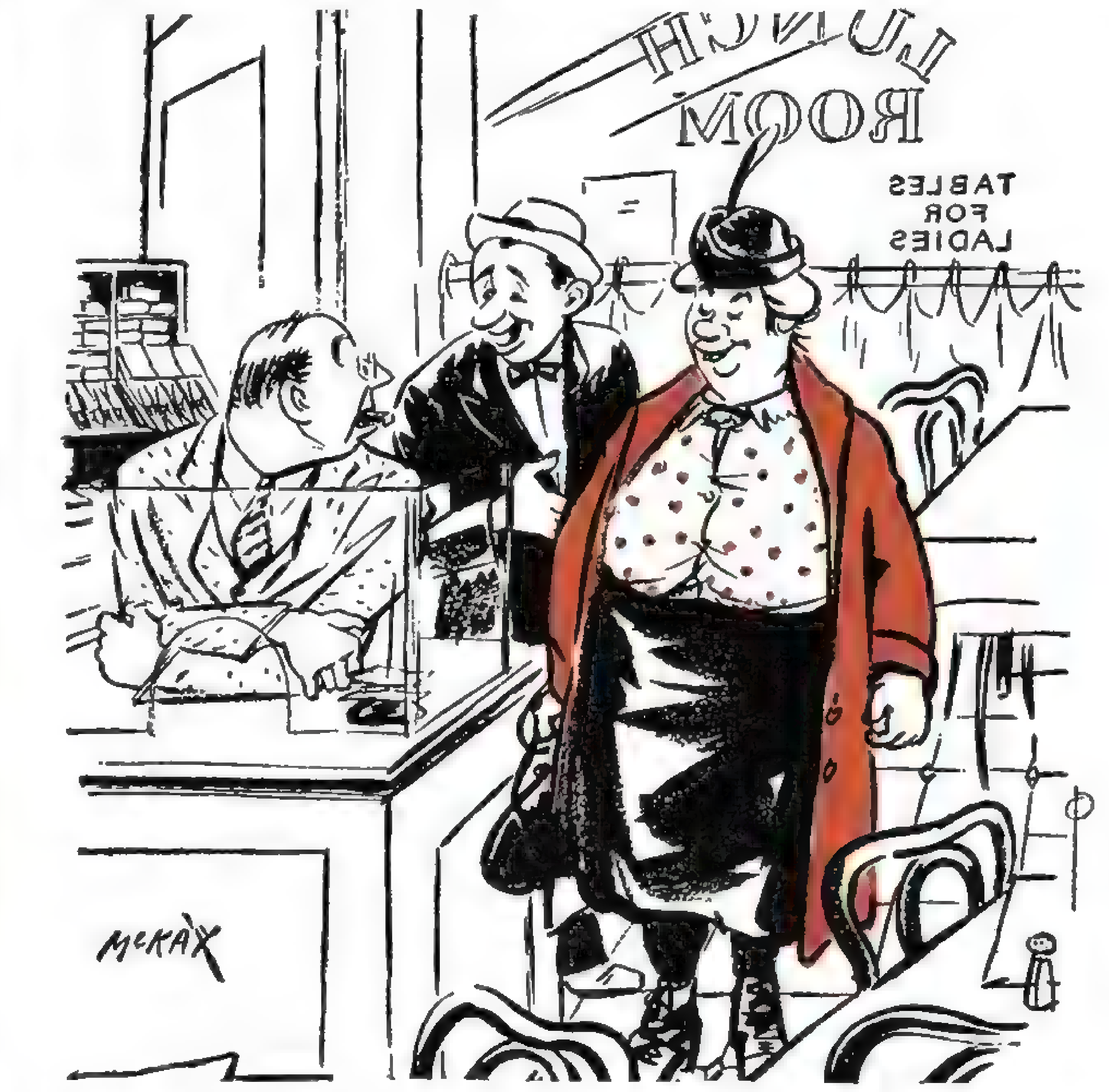
Painting the Town with Esquire

MUST BE SOMETHING distinctly heady about the soil and climate of the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, judging by the way the old Waldorf-Astoria sprouted and flourished there. And no sooner was that fabulous hostelry plowed under than an Empire State Building sprang up as permanent marker of the spot where Oscar first fed the peacocks of Peacock Alley.

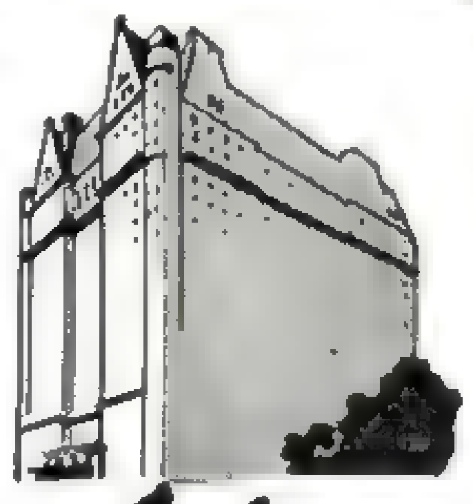
WE BEGRUDGE, though, the moans that were wrung out of us by the Waldorf-Astoria's pseudo-demise in 1929 when pomp and circus prance ceased and furnishings were sold to souvenir hunters—we buying a silver dish-cover, blazoned with the wreathed W-A, as a memento of Boldt-Boomer splendors. We should have known that an institution so hale and hospitable wasn't thinking of dying and leaving its world clientele in the lurch: Waldorf-Astoria ideas of comfort, cuisine, and service had simply outgrown the facilities of the once peerless edifice. Instead of extinction, there was to be transmigration to greater scope, occupying one solid block on Park Avenue – tallest, most voluminous, most complete hotel that the mind of management, cahooting with a corps of architects, ever devised and integrated into an entity which functions like a well-oiled watch. Here Oscar recently took bows on his fifty years of Waldorfing. Prexy Lucius Boomer, surrounded by associate migrators, could have written his authoritative book *Hotel Management* without ever emerging from under the twin towers.

ALL of New York's noted hotels are replete to the eaves with roomers and boarders, especially on weekends. So if you're an out-of-towner, don't defer booking yourself a cot . . . Missers of the now shut (forever?) Rainbow Room are cheered to find its maître d'hôtel Josef and its head-waiter François in control of the refined fodder ministrations at the Casbah, Central Park South's North African nifty; and Rainbow cellar-key toter Auguste, now expounding the wine list at the Café Louis XIV overlooking the Rockefeller Center Victory Garden . . . Besides, lofty dining and dancing ambitions can be superbly gratified at the Hotel St. Regis whose Viennese Roof is now open, with maître John Kroll in charge, and there's no place enchantinger.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Avenue, New York. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.



"Look, boss, I found a new waitress! She's not crippled, understands English, and has no desire to work in an aircraft factory!"



Home
ON THE PARK

For a busy three days in Manhattan . . . or a summer's sojourn . . . you'll find the Plaza the pleasantest place to make your temporary home.

The park location makes it restfully quiet, and you have subway and bus lines at the door for quick transportation around town.

Air-Conditioned Units Available

Sensible Tariff
From $4 per person (2 in a room)
From $6 for single rooms
Suites from $12

The PLAZA
Facing Central Park at 5th Ave. and 59th St.
New York

Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

The worlds finest DRY GIN

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
Imported Dry Gin
PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

Jerry Wald
IS AT THE
HOTEL
NEW YORKER
Plus a new ICE SHOW that's terrific!

Compared to somebody we know

the SPHINX...
is an old blabbermouth

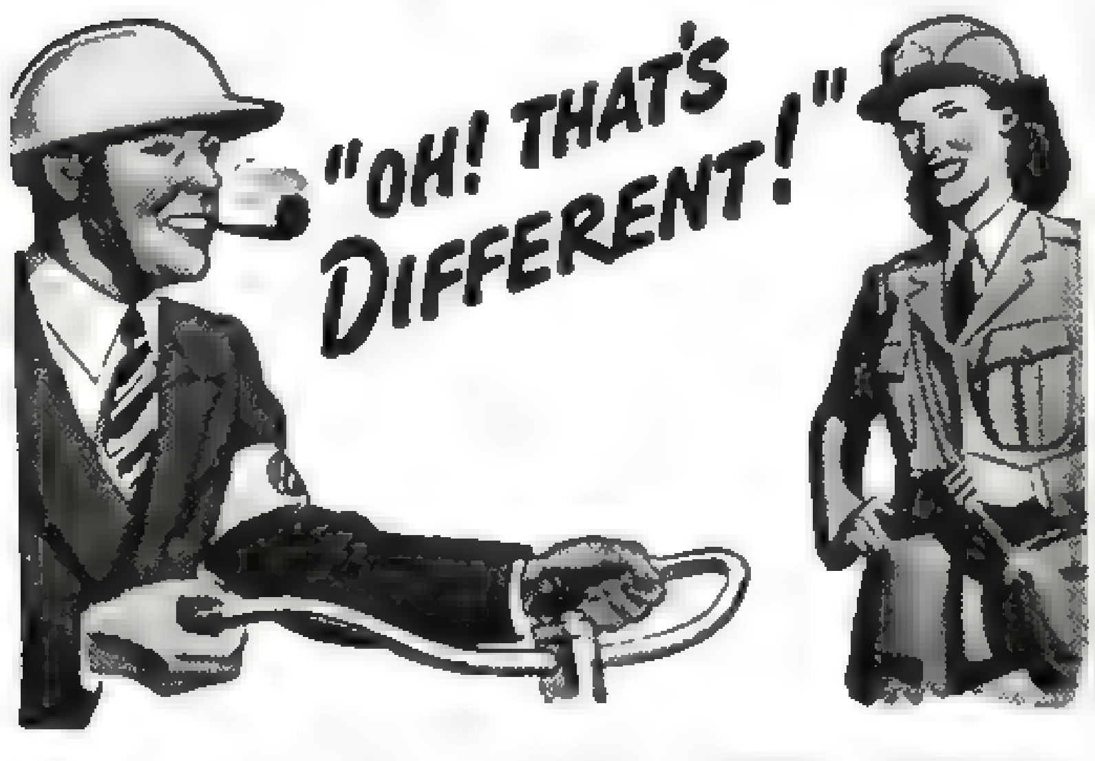
All right, so we're exaggerating a trifle. But for over a hundred years the Angostura formula has been, and still is, one of the world's most closely guarded secrets. Formula passed from father to son, we hear, probably with no end of ritual. Their wives can nag and nag but nary a word is uttered.

Write for Free Mixing Guide.

BUY WAR STAMPS
ANGOSTURA Dr. Siegert BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
BUY WAR BONDS
ANGOSTURA-WUPPERMANN CORPORATION
304 EAST 45th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

"Still puffing that pipe, Jack?"

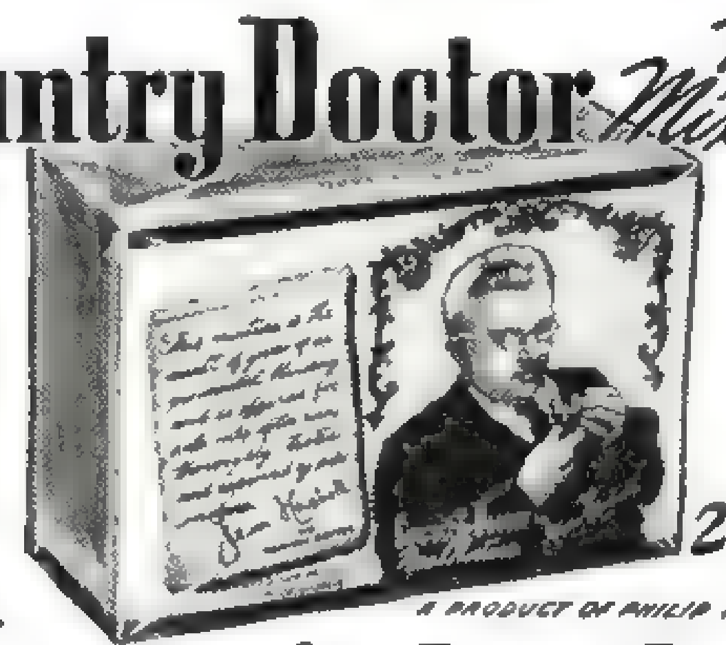
"Sure—it's COUNTRY DOCTOR PIPE MIXTURE"


"OH! THAT'S DIFFERENT!"

Yes, Country Doctor IS DIFFERENT. On duty or off, at work or play, you'll find it soothingly cool with not a bit of bite or burn. Years of careful testing and blending of eight of the world's finest tobaccos produced superbly fine Country Doctor Pipe Mixture.

COSTS ONLY A PENNY A PIPEFUL

Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*


25¢
A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

For particular Pipe Smokers

If your dealer doesn't have it, write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

ARE YOU TALL ENOUGH?

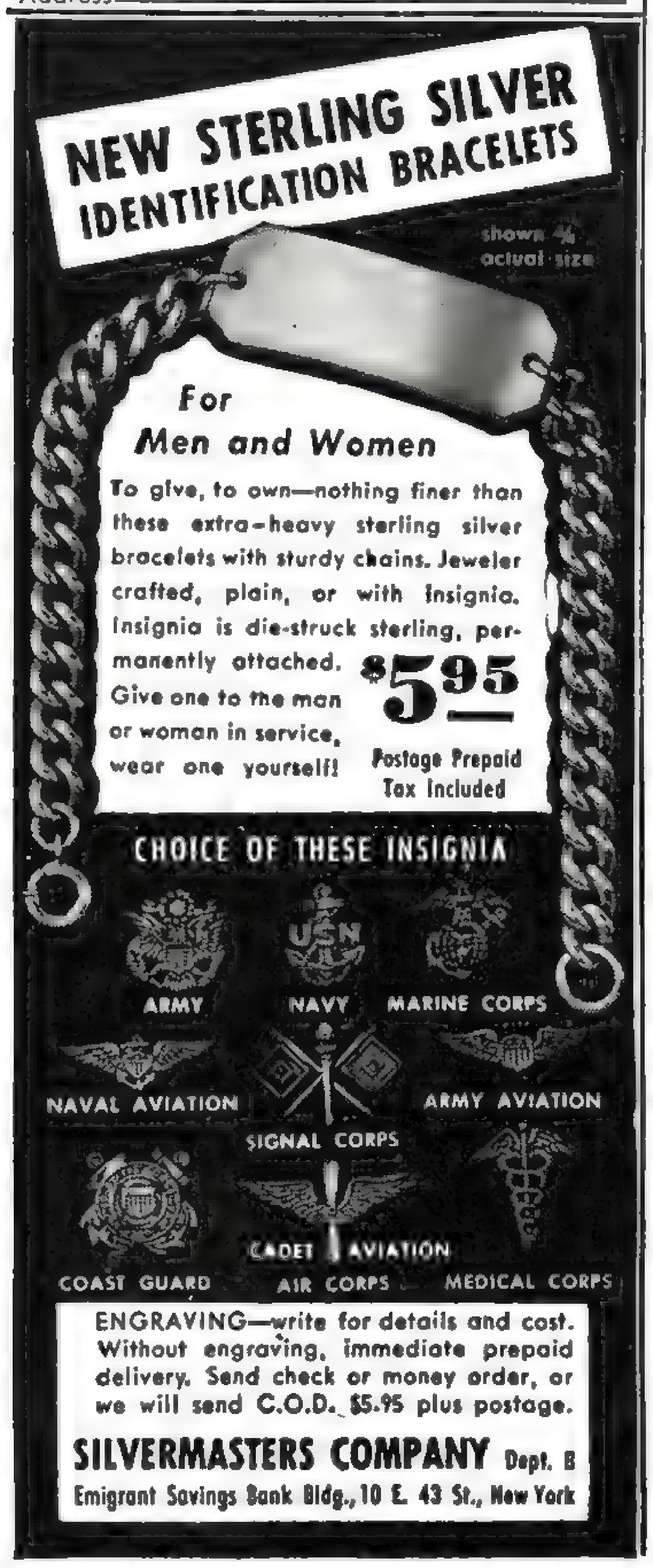
Every man can use an extra inch or two.

For free information on how you can be taller, write . . .

Joseph Burger, 2067 Third Avenue
(near 113th Street) Dept. 130, N. Y. C.

Name ________________

Address ________________


NEW STERLING SILVER IDENTIFICATION BRACELETS

shown ¾ actual size

For Men and Women

To give, to own—nothing finer than these extra-heavy sterling silver bracelets with sturdy chains. Jeweler crafted, plain, or with insignia. Insignia is die-struck sterling, permanently attached. Give one to the man or woman in service, wear one yourself!

$5.95 Postage Prepaid Tax Included

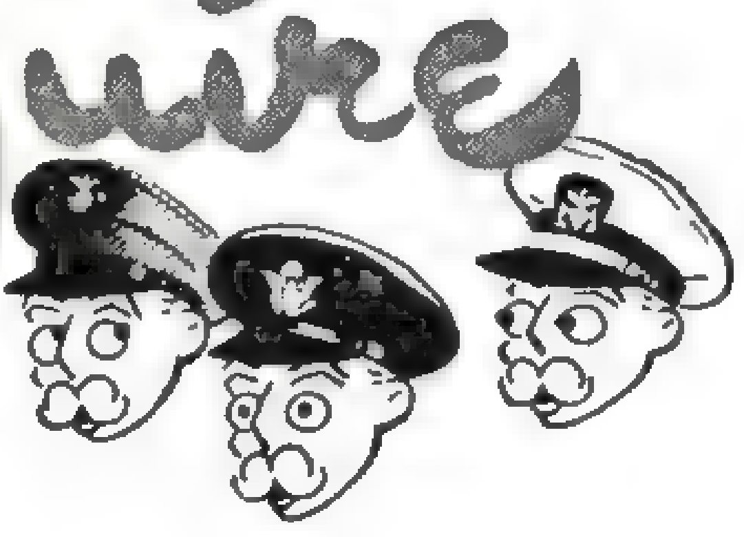
CHOICE OF THESE INSIGNIA

ARMY · NAVY · MARINE CORPS · NAVAL AVIATION · ARMY AVIATION · SIGNAL CORPS · CADET AVIATION · COAST GUARD · AIR CORPS · MEDICAL CORPS

ENGRAVING—write for details and cost. Without engraving, immediate prepaid delivery. Send check or money order, or we will send C.O.D. $5.95 plus postage.

SILVERMASTERS COMPANY Dept. B
Emigrant Savings Bank Bldg., 10 E. 43 St., New York

Talking Shop with Esquire

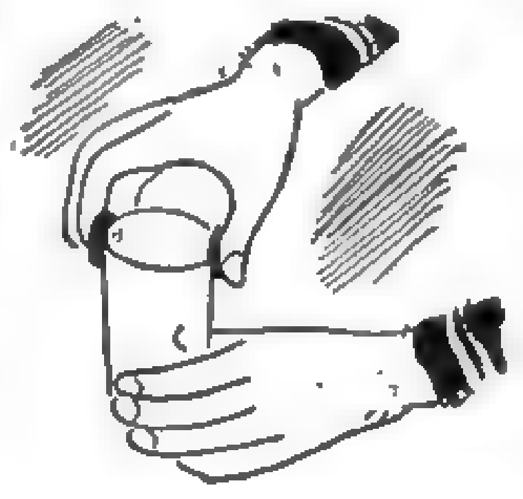


STRICTLY NON — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

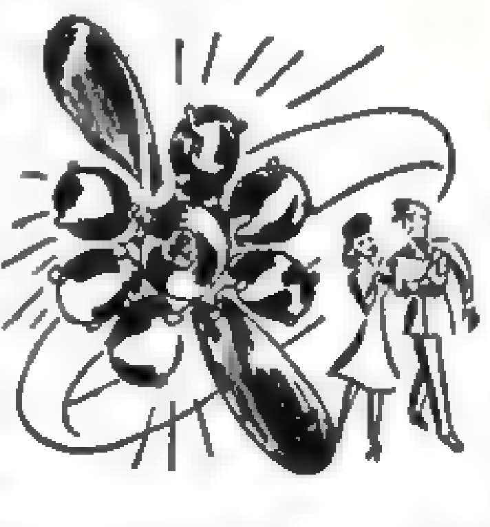
SYNTHETIC JAG. In case you guys tucked away in camps or somewhere afloat have forgotten how good a shot of bourbon tastes, along comes "Aunt Martha" and whips up a whiskey cake that you can buy to satisfy your cravings. Fruit cake school, with pecans, spices and a goodly swig of Kentucky's finest bourbon to lend tantalizing flavor. Lasts for months without going stale. Brandy boys will go for huge chocolate covered cherries filled with genuine brandy; or rum flavored cup cakes for the rum hounds.

PUT IT THERE, BROTHER. Corporal Besosa from Camp Oxford, Mississippi, sends out a rush call: "I'm no moan and groan artist, but can't you tell people to send us some decent coat hangers, preferably folding." Best hangers we've found are of lightweight wood, size 3" x 7" when folded, swell for packing. Standard size when opened out. Another type, of "shoulder-shaped" wood, (non-folding) has a bar for trousers.

SNAPSHOTS UNDER GLASS. She's probably always begging for a new snapshot of you. Send it to her in a novel frame. It's a circular paper weight, only you slip the snapshot beneath the solid block of convex glass, which magnifies your body beautiful or your puss to startling proportions. Bigger and better than ever, folks!



COIN MANEUVER. You can't "sweat it out" . . . you've gotta know how to do this trick. Balance two nickels on rim of a glass (on opposite sides) then ask your buddy to pick up both coins between thumb and index finger of one hand at the same instant! Just one of 35 different stunts, coin tricks, brain testers and pencil games that come in a nifty pocket-size game package called "At Ease". All can be done with props found around your barracks, service club, ward room or what have you. Good way to do a little pay day pilfering if *you* own the right answers.



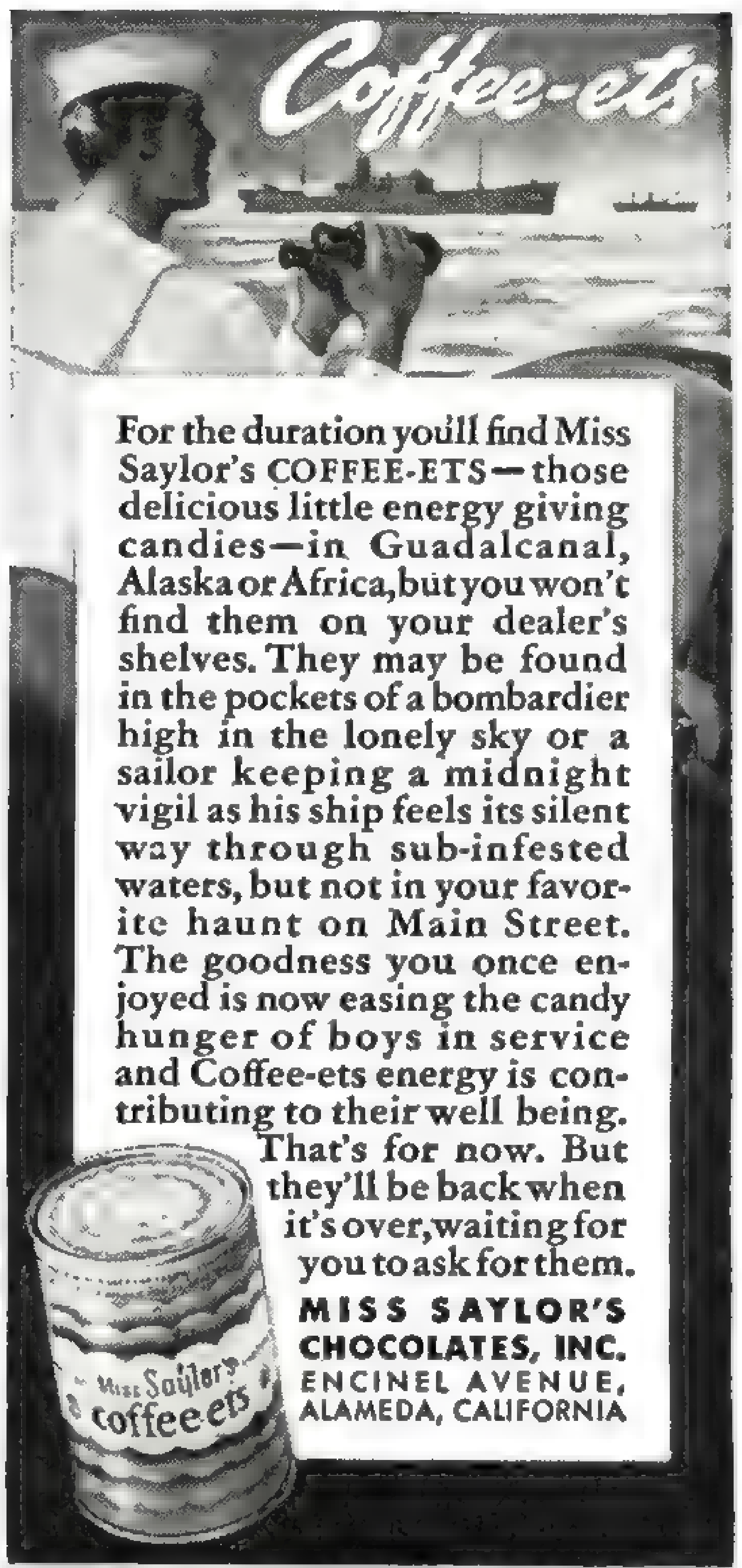
JEWELED INSIGNIA RINGS. If she's very special, she'll rate one of these gold insignia rings set with precious stones. Pictured is the airforce ring with diamond-set gold propeller flanked by 3 goodly sized rubies and 3 sapphires. Red, white and blue, get it? Also comes in navy and army insignias.

"OUT, DAMNED SPOT". If Lady McB. had but known about this new government approved cleaning fluid specially concocted to remove gore, grease and grub from khaki! No rings. No aroma. Can even be used to remove spots on leather. Officers will find it does a swell job on those perishable "pinks".

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



For the duration you'll find Miss Saylor's COFFEE-ETS—those delicious little energy giving candies—in Guadalcanal, Alaska or Africa, but you won't find them on your dealer's shelves. They may be found in the pockets of a bombardier high in the lonely sky or a sailor keeping a midnight vigil as his ship feels its silent way through sub-infested waters, but not in your favorite haunt on Main Street. The goodness you once enjoyed is now easing the candy hunger of boys in service and Coffee-ets energy is contributing to their well being. That's for now. But they'll be back when it's over, waiting for you to ask for them.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ENCINEL AVENUE,
ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

35mm. PERFECTLY PROCESSED 90c

36 exposure rolls (except "Mercury") fine grain developed (Eastman DK-20) and beautifully enlarged to 3" x 4", 90c. Cartridge reloaded with Eastman Plus X, 35c. 18 exposure rolls, 55c, reload 20c. Films permanently protected by revolutionary CRYOLYTE Process. Fast service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free mailing bag, sample print. Write:

TECHNIFINISH LABORATORY
35mm Candid Camera Specialists
641-645 Brown Street, Rochester, N.Y.

GAY, GLAMOROUS

GIFTS FOR GALS

NEW *Vertes* CUSTOM SCARFS

Irresistible gifts for ladies fair . . . huge, brilliant scarfs designed by **VERTES** and gorgeously printed by **WESLEY SIMPSON** in a riot of colors *fast* and *washable!* Worn as turbans, shawls, bandanas, sashes, etc. Beautifully packaged. Postpaid in U. S. A. $3.95

Specify design. Poppies and Leaves illustrated; others: Bluebirds, Pigtails.

RABSONS 111 W. 52nd ST. DEPT. 100. N. Y. C.

New Shoes Need Lexol

● Before wearing new shoes re-oil them with LEXOL. It takes out stiffness, helps break them in, makes them last much longer; some say twice as long. Restore life-preserving oils to new and old shoes every week or two. It pays!

Sold by good stores or remit direct.
Pt. $1. Qt. $1.75 Gal. $4.

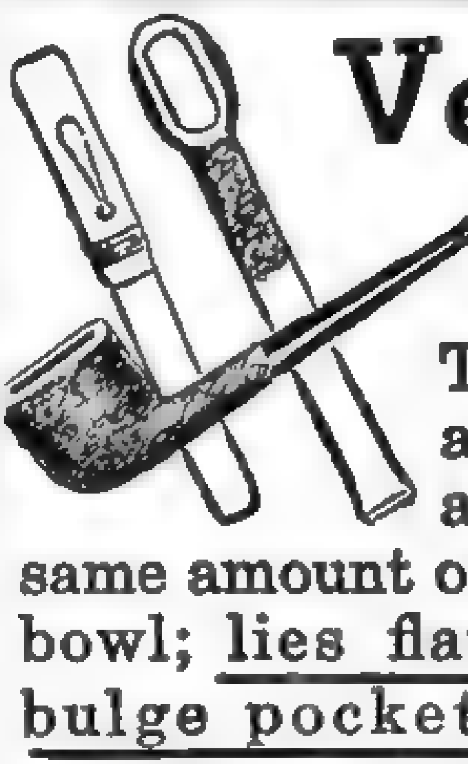
LEXOL
855 SUMMER AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.

Get this Great Catalog of MAGIC

National Magic Company

Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 272 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 50 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $3.00 or more.

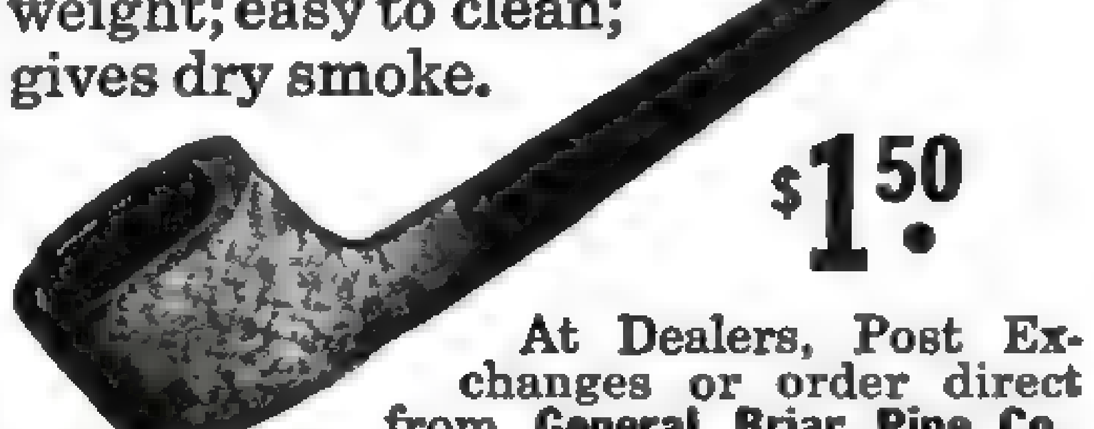
NATIONAL MAGIC COMPANY
119 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.



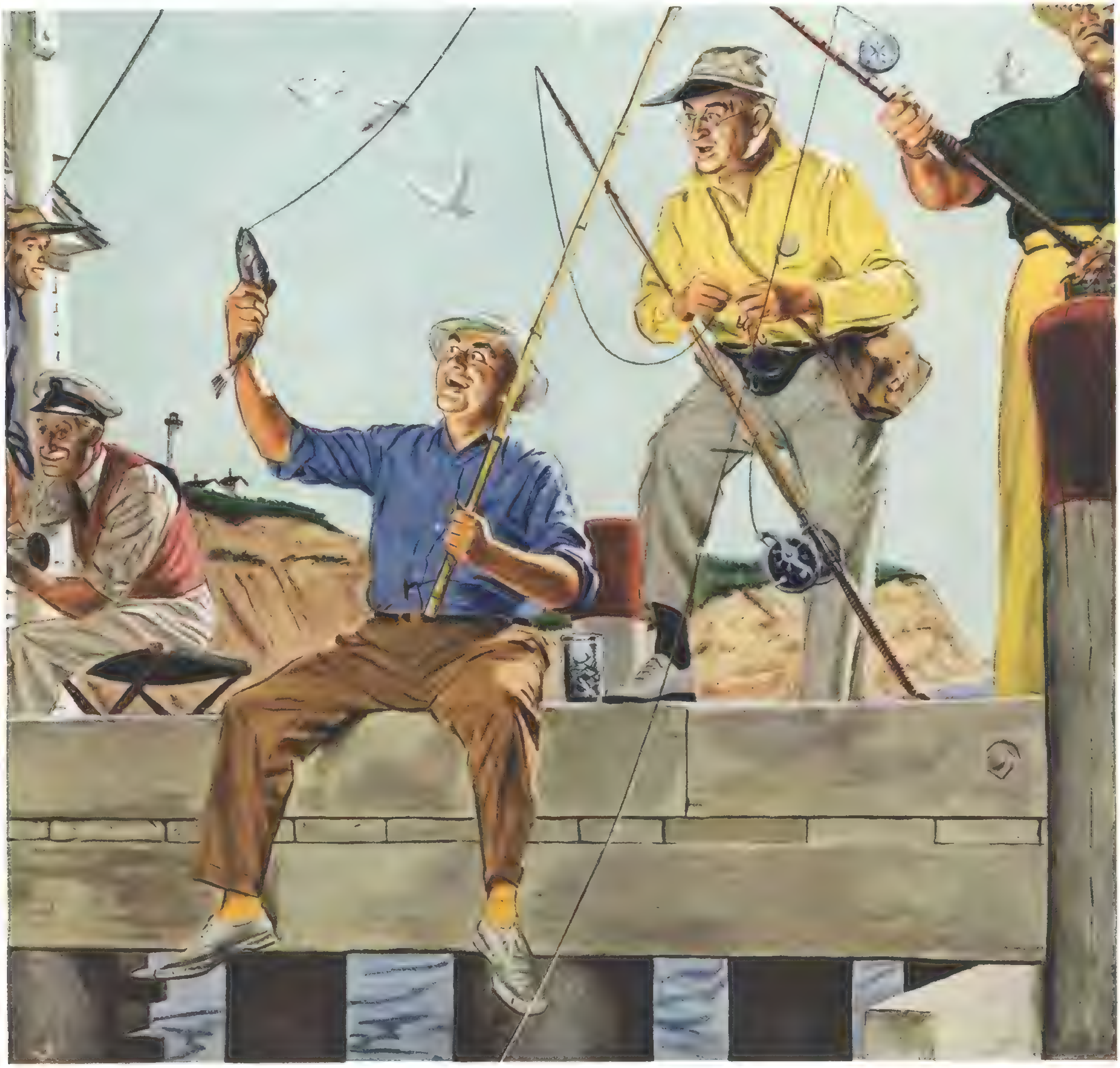
Vest-Pokit Pipe

This handy briar stowaway is no wider than a fountain pen; holds same amount of tobacco as ordinary bowl; lies flat, does not bulge pocket; lightweight; easy to clean; gives dry smoke.

$1.50



At Dealers, Post Exchanges or order direct from **General Briar Pipe Co., 306 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**



Pot Luck, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

A good catch is a sure way to make the best of food rationing. To make the best of the scarcity of fine whiskey, use your Schenley Royal Reserve sparingly. None is being produced today…Schenley Distilleries are doing war work exclusively.

Buy War Bonds Regularly

SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City

Varga Girl Playing Cards

Beat the stampede for the newest decks of VARGA PLAYING CARDS, starring the languorous, long-limbed Varga lass. Not only are these twin Varga Girl decks eye-fillers, but also—printed in full color on two-ply cellulose-coated stock—they're moisture-resistant, cleanable, and durable as the devil. Lay in your supply now at a mere dollar a deck. With every pair of decks you order we'll match you with the 64-page, absolutely free WHAT'S THE SCORE booklet, which includes complete rules for Gin Rummy, a Bridge and Gin Rummy scorepad, and thirty Esquire cartoons

SIZE 2¼" x 3½"—IN FULL COLOR

DECK B
DECK A
Lay these cards on your table!

Hurry, Hurry . . . .
Esky-Card

Giant Esky-Postcards

These thirty-six Esquire postcard-reproductions are going fast, and no wonder. Bigger, better, and more beautiful than ordinary cards, ESKY-CARDS combine the speed-to-write of postcards with the space-to-write-on of full pages. And their hither sides boast of gorgeous *Hurrell glamor photographs*, *Varga Girl drawings*, ESQUIRE *cartoons*, *Bohl watercolors*, *Szyk caricatures*, and *Waxman dog photographs*, all in full color. Printed on deluxe stock with chromecoat covering, ESKY-CARDS can cross the globe and still be sleek as new for locker display pieces. Nab your ESKY-CARDS now, 25c for each set of six, $1 for any five sets.

SIZE 4½" x 7"—IN FULL COLOR

please send me the sets of giant, best-selling ESKY-POSTCARDS checked below, at 25c for each set of six, or $1 for my choice of any five sets

☐ *6 different Hurrells*
☐ *6 different Waxman dogs*
☐ *6 different Bohl Watercolors*
☐ *6 different Varga Girls*
☐ *6 different Szyks*
☐ *6 different cartoons*

SOLD IN SETS ONLY

send me the new VARGA GIRL PLAYING CARDS at $1 a deck, and with every pair of dollar decks, include, free, the WHAT'S THE SCORE booklet.

I want.......pairs of both decks IN DOUBLE BOX at $2 per pair

............"A" DECKS at $1 per deck; ...."B" DECKS at $1 per deck

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

enclosed is $....... payment in full. (U. S. ORDERS ONLY, NO STAMPS PLEASE)

Name...

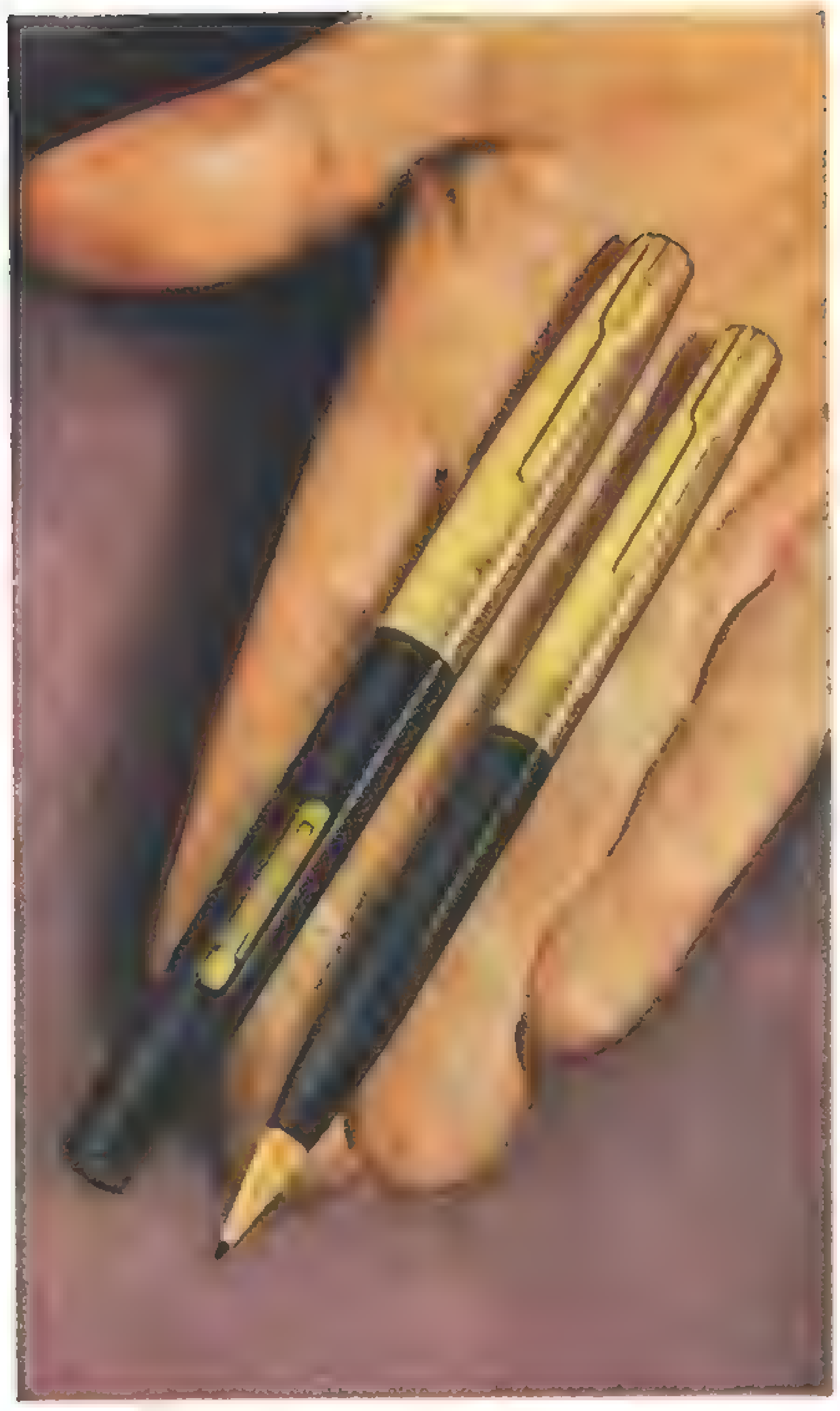
PLEASE PRINT

Address..

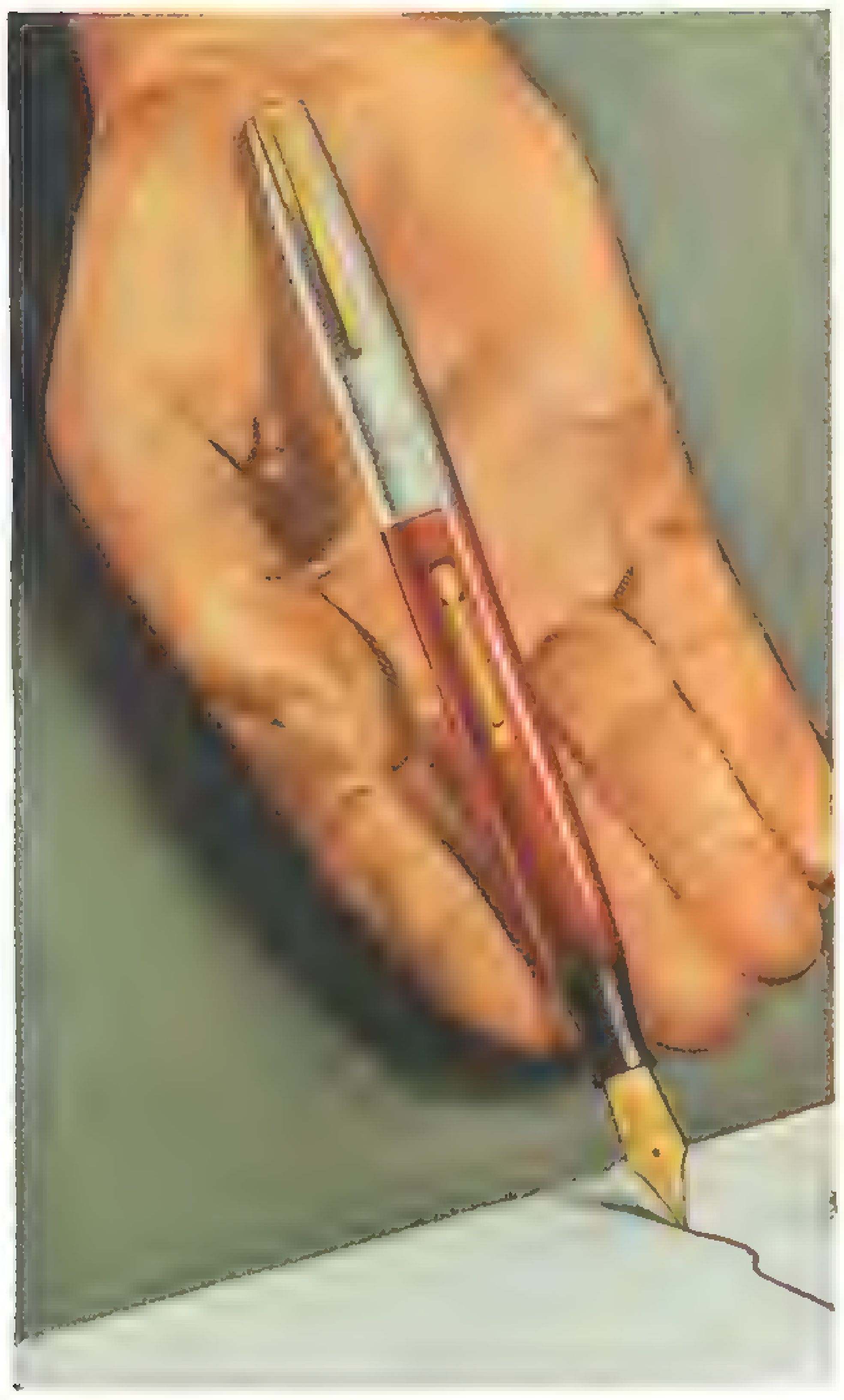
City...............................State...................

"THERE'S A SIMPLE WAY
to buy a good one..."

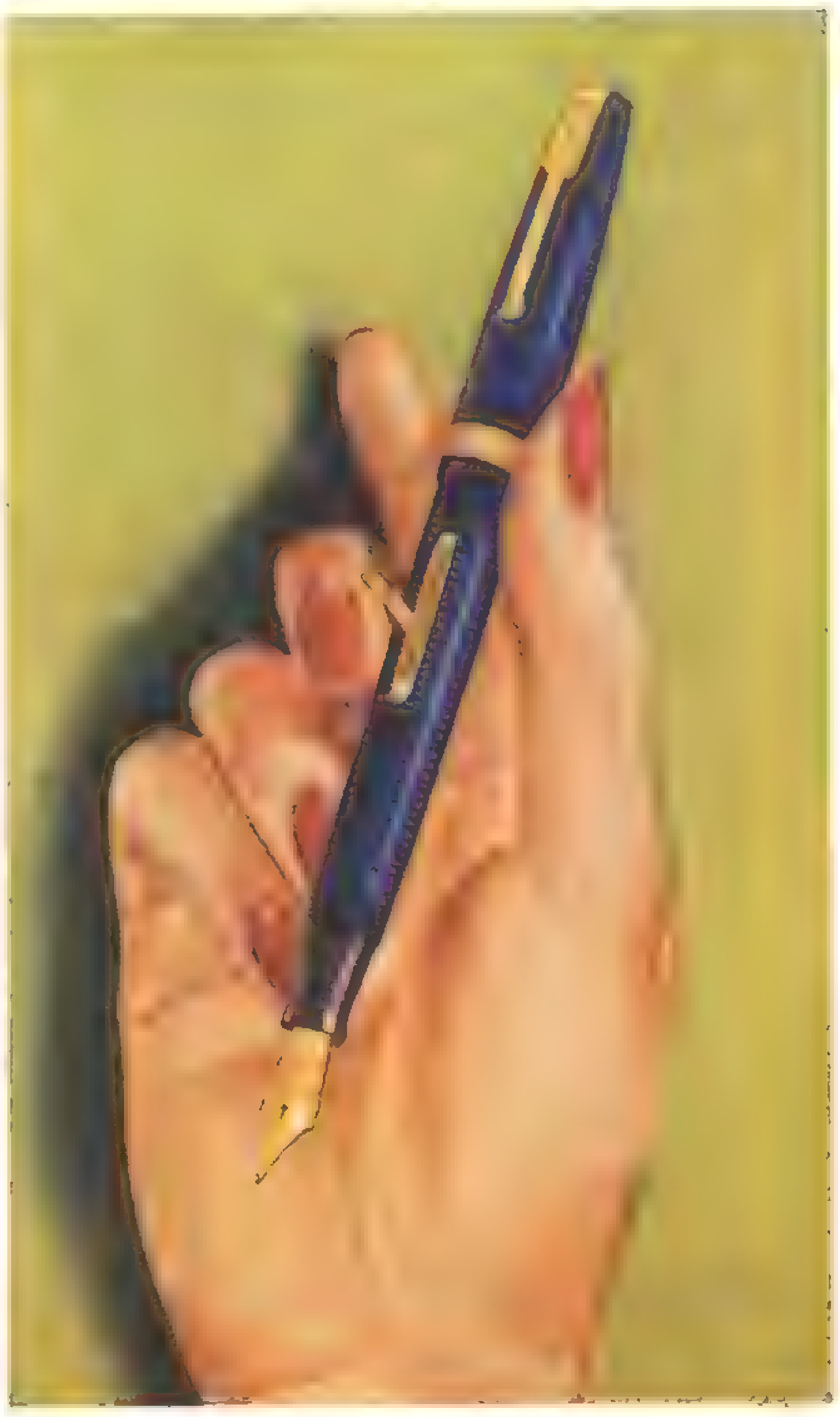
"When you need a pen for yourself or for a Serviceman or student, you may not find the exact style or color you prefer. Fewer are being made, to save vital materials. But *any* Waterman's you buy is a really *good* pen."



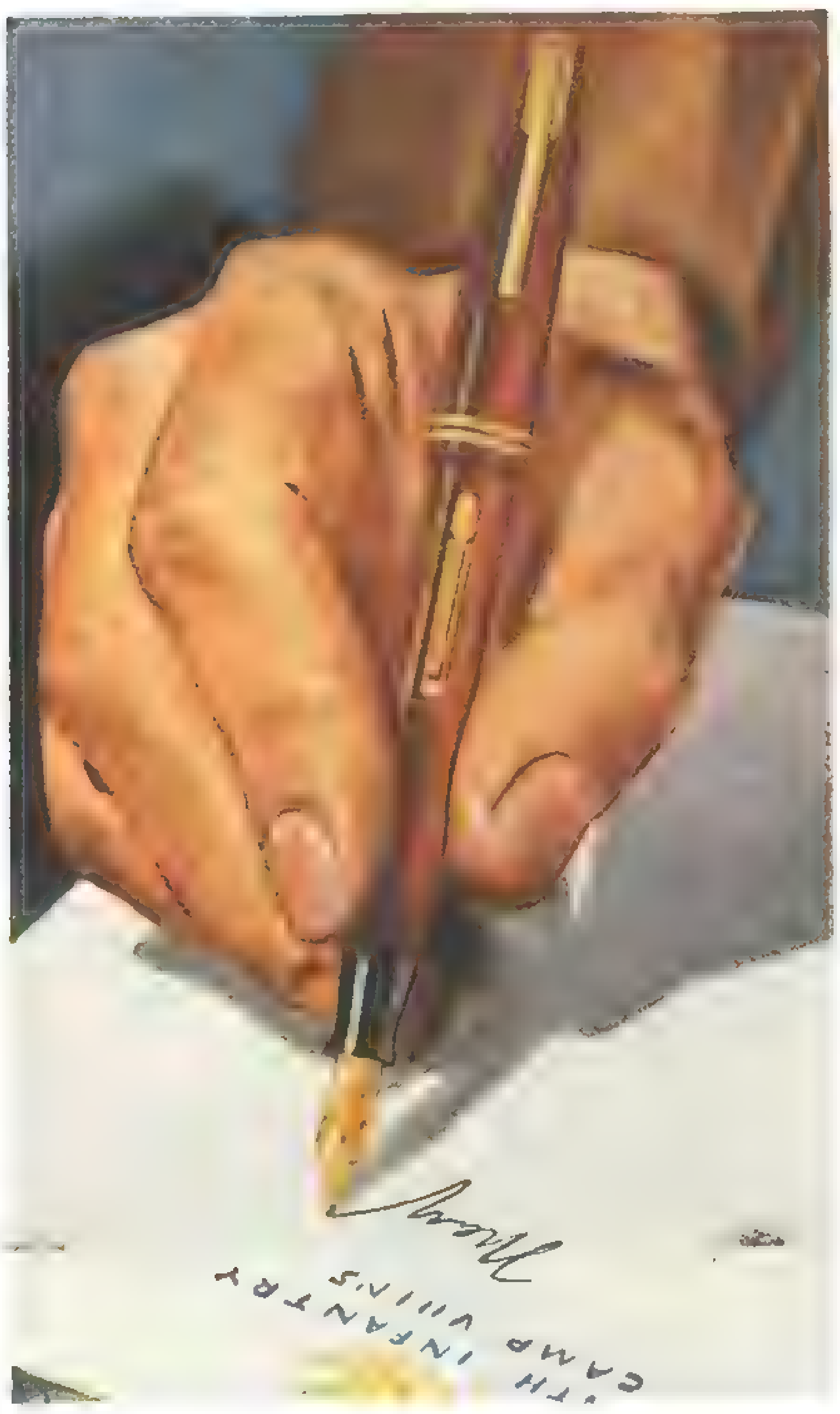
"Take the gold cap line of Waterman's 100 Year Pens*. There's *beauty*—with the barrels in contrasting Jet, Blue or Amber. And there's *value*—for you pay only $13.50 for the pen, or $19.25 for the set with matching pencil."



"Or . . . look at this Silver Cap 100 Year Pen*, in rich Maroon. Like all Waterman's it has a full-sized 14 Kt. gold point, hand-ground for smoothness. And it's so perfectly balanced it writes by itself! The pen alone is $11.00, the set $15.50."



"For greater value you can't equal this regular 100 Year* Waterman's. It holds lots of ink, it has the most simple filling device of any pen made. In Blue, Maroon, Jet or Amber, it's priced at $8.75, or $12.50 for the set."



"Military men prefer Waterman's—because all Waterman's have top military clips—and all Waterman's have the Inkquaduct feed for instant writing any time, any place. This is the great Commando 'built to take it and never fail.' Blue, Jet, Maroon or Amber, $5."

PROTECT YOUR WATERMAN'S...or *any* pen with Waterman's Ink, the ink proved safe through 50 years. 8 smart colors including Permanent Black for sharp, easy-to-read V-Mail...Washable Blue for home or school . . . famous Blue-Black for general correspondence. In Tip-Fill bottle, just 10¢.

Waterman's INK
BLUE BLACK
permanent black
Waterman's INK

Just look for the Name
Ideal UNION MADE **Waterman's**

**All Waterman's 100 Year Pens are guaranteed for 100 years against all but loss or wilful damage when returned to the factory with 35¢ to cover insurance and handling. L. E. Waterman Co., 55 Broadway, N. Y. C.*

Seagram's
7
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS INC
LAWRENCEBURG, IND

Reflections

Time's short for recreation, now,
So when we play or rest,
The things that Jack and I enjoy
Have got to be *the best*...
"Here's looking at you!" signifies
The confidence we've placed
In Seagram's savory Seven Crown–
Reflection of good taste,
For *character* is what we seek,
In whiskey as in friends,
And *character* is what we find
In Seagram's blend of blends!

Seagram's 7 Crown

Golden reflection of great blending... Seagram's savory Seven Crown... light and delicate in taste, yet rich and deep in flavor. Blended of Seagram's most carefully conserved whiskies... smoothed and toned with mellow pedigreed soft-stilled neutral spirits... unparalleled among American whiskies.

MOST PLEASING *to the Palate*–LEAST TAXING *to the Taste*

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Victor Rensberger

Victor Rensberger is a Hoosier from Goshen. He studied journalism at Indiana University where he was a Big Man On Campus, did graduate work at Wisconsin, and jumped from job to job in and between Chicago and New York until he found in Indianapolis the "prettiest girl he ever saw," married and settled down as copy editor on the *Indianapolis News.* For three years he has been assigned to that paper's sports desk, and he also edits the travel pages and does an occasional music review.

•

Educated at Brown, Columbia and Northeastern Law, Thomas F. Vance enlisted in Battery A, 103rd F.A. in the last war. After a disagreement with a horse, which the horse won, he was discharged for physical disability. Following an operation and a year's rest, he got back in the Army but was unable to join his regiment in France. After the armistice he was discharged (his second honorable discharge from the same war). In 1938 he had a general breakdown as a result of spinal arthritis, and he says: "In the Winter of 1938 I spent three months in a U.S. Naval Hospital at Newport, where I was diagnosed and qualified for a small pension. This made a total of fifteen months as a bed invalid. The doctors gave me little hope. Mainly through the efforts of my wife I reached Miami, still on my back. I am now about sixty per cent rehabilitated and the doctors say I will be fully cured in another year or so. I am firmly convinced that only the Grace of God and my wife's loyalty enabled me to live to write *Patient, Please Be Patient.*"

Thomas F. Vance

•

Alfred Polgar, who writes about a Czech refugee on page 66, knows something about Nazi terrorism from his own experience. Famous in his native Austria as a writer and publisher, he was living in Berlin in 1932, but had to flee the following year from the Nazis. In 1938, he left Austria for Paris, whence he escaped through a series of miracles to Spain, and finally to this country.

•

Porter Henry was a Sigma Chi and Editor of the humor magazine at Washington University. Graduating into the unappreciative world of 1943, he did turns as a convention manager, magazine peddler, travel promoter and floorwalker before getting a job on the St. Louis *Star-Times.* Subsequently he worked on the Cincinnati *Post* and the St. Louis *Globe-Dispatch,* with unhappy intermissions in publicity, and is now rewrite man on the New York *Daily News.* He is married to a blonde who can rumba as well as cook, and has a year-old daughter.

Porter Henry

•

Sir Norman Angell, the Nobel prize-winner, was once an American farm hand. Born in England in 1874, he attended school at St. Omer. Coming to California, he worked on a ranch, was a cow-puncher, a prospector, a cub reporter on the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the St. Louis *Globe Democrat.* Back in England, he worked under Lord Northcliffe, and in 1910 he wrote *The Great Illusion,* which argues that empires do not make their slum dwellers rich. It was not, however, the doctrine of a peace-at-any-price pacifist. He was both advocate and critic of the League of Nations, and one of the founders of England's Union for Democratic Control. He has always championed cooperation with Soviet Russia though not a Marxist. He was a member of Parliament representing the Labor Party from 1929 to '31. His most recent book, *Let the People Know,* is published by Viking.

•

Richard Sale is a thirty-one-year-old New Yorker, now commuting from his farm near Greenwich. He says: "I take delight in my nine apple trees, my overloaded grape arbors, my cherry tree which the robins thoroughly pilfered this spring and the myriad plump green tomatoes on my vines which will be wizzled by frost before they ripen—not to mention the 89 moles which lend a fascinating topography to my lawn. I can't make the minimum 20-20 the Army requires so I'm trying to aid the U. S. Signal Corps as a civilian. My wife saves grease and knits, my six-year-old daughter contributed ten pounds of toys to the rubber drive and worries about tires as much as Prentiss Brown. My three-year-old son can spot aeroplanes better than his old man. I have written five novels, one of which, *Not Too Narrow Not Too Deep* was filmed as *Strange Cargo,* and a series of brash, bizarre mystery novels, including *Lazarus Number 7* and *Passing Strange.*

•

Speaking of *The Temper of Savage Love,* Roy Dodge says: "Tukshu has been in my mind since a winter spent on the Yukon and in Nome in 1911." He enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1917, tried empire building in Cleveland; then became successively—a tax specialist for the Northern Pacific Railway, tax consultant for several associations, and State Statistical Coordinator for the WPA in Seattle. After that there were other jobs as Field Appraiser and Supervisor, and now he is Deputy Assessor for Whatcom County in Washington. He has three children, four grandchildren, a Dodge car, a B card and A-1 rating at the State Liquor Store.

•

Since graduation from Rutgers, Lawrence N. Galton has been in advertising and sales promotion and is now sales promotion manager for one of the big electrical manufacturing companies which, because their products go into everything from medical equipment to electronic devices, satisfied his yen for knowing whys and hows. He lives in New York but longs to go back to a small town in New Jersey, which he feels makes him a typical New Yorker. He's twenty-eight, single and open-minded.

Lawrence N. Galton

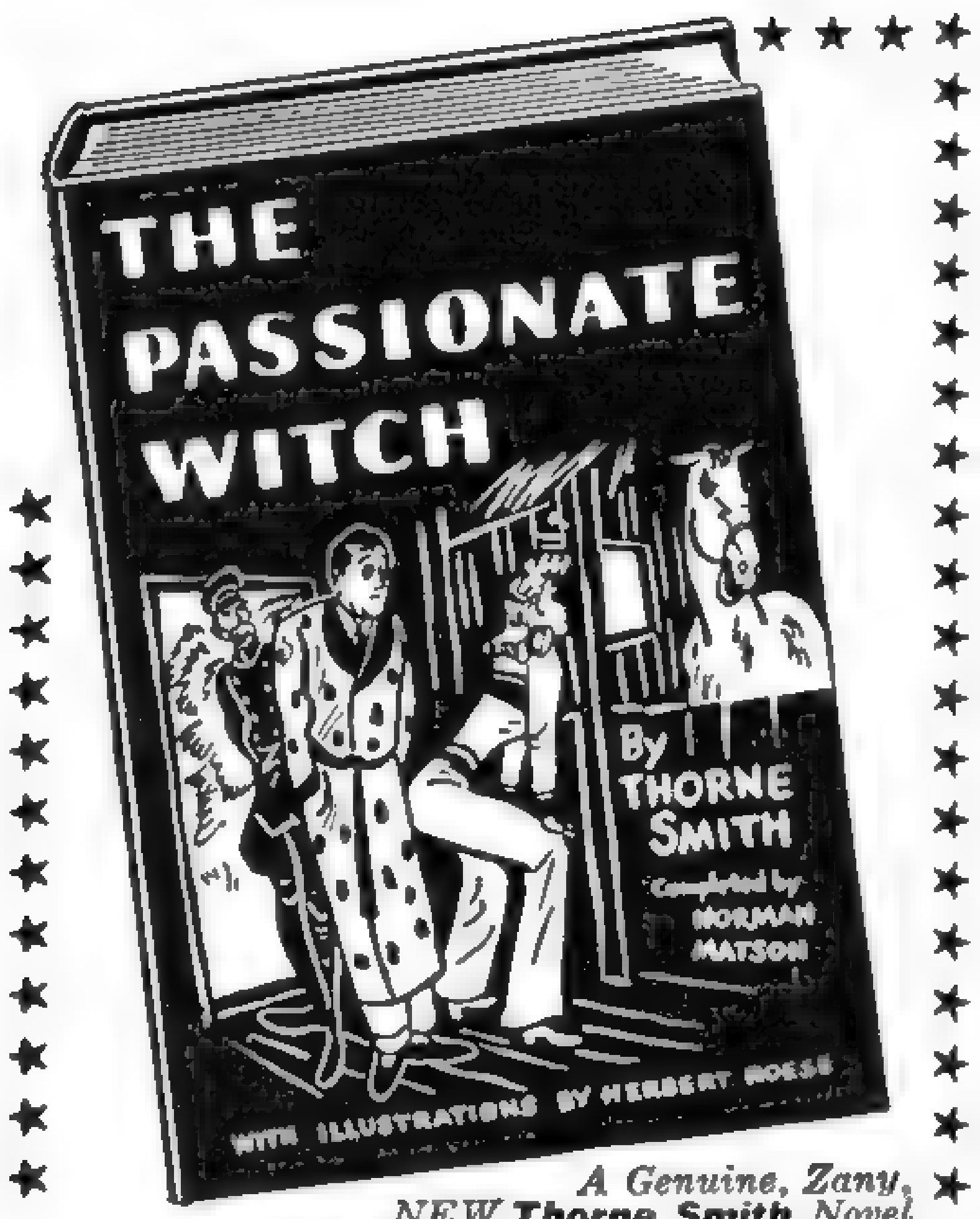
•

After graduating with a degree in physical education, Dr. S. E. Bilik became athletic trainer at the University of Illinois. For several years he was director of physical therapy at Bellevue and New Rochelle. Now he's in the Army—just a Mr. Jones, he appends modestly. He has written many articles on physical education, and his books include *Healthful Living, The Art of Boxing* and *Trainers Bible.*

•

An old Virginian and a graduate of Princeton, Joe Bryan III has been a reporter and editorial writer in Richmond, Nairobi and Chicago. He was Associate Editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* for three years, resigning to live on his farm near Doylestown, Pennsylvania and to free-lance. He is now a lieutenant in the Navy. His ambition is to write like E. B. White. He numbers among his minor inabilities inspiring respect in his children, and describes himself as having a broken nose and some interesting tattooing. #

Joe Bryan III


THE PASSIONATE WITCH
By THORNE SMITH
Completed by NORMAN MATSON
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT ROESE

A Genuine, Zany,
NEW **Thorne Smith** *Novel*

The PASSIONATE WITCH

by Thorne Smith, Completed by Norman Matson

This uproarious novel recounts the remarkable consequences of a marriage of a meek and respectable man with a Grade A Witch! T. Wallace Wooly, Jr., a wealthy widower who lived a quiet and stuffy life on a diet of vitamins and vegetable juices, did not know what he was getting into when he rescued a strange woman, with too, too few clothes, from a burning hotel. In fact, Mr. Wooly was a little bewildered a week later to discover he had taken the lady as his wife. His bride's unconventional antics were eventually to revolutionize Mr. Wooly's life.

Crowded with funny situations, beleaguered characters and inimitable dialogue—the cockeyed scenes and developments reach an epic high—as Mr. Wooly, disguised as Betty's aunt from Perth Amboy, pursues her through a Ladies' Turkish Bath!

267 pages of chuckles; 20 inspired illustrations by Roese *for only* **$2.00**

THE PASSIONATE WITCH is Thorne Smith at his incorrigible best, gleeful, unexpected and uproarious. Obey that impulse—release your inhibitions, roars and guffaws. Mail coupon NOW!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO. Dept. W-44
92 Liberty St., New York, N.Y.

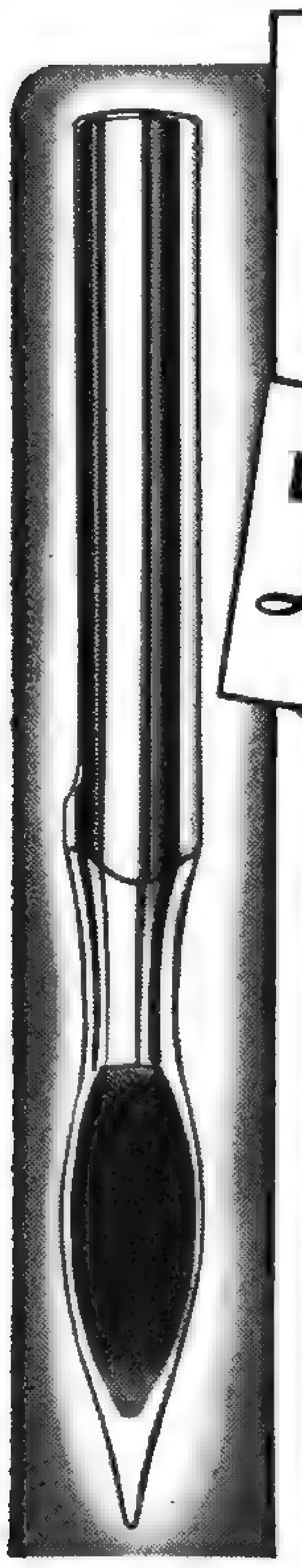
Rush me a copy of **The Passionate Witch.** It's guaranteed to be a riot of fun, or money back.

[ ] I enclose $2.00
[ ] Send C.O.D. for $2.00 plus postage

Name ______
Address ______
City & State ______

GUNS & SWORDS

Are you a collector? A game-and-rumpus-room decorator? Your treasure hunt ends in our catalog, listing 1400 authentic items. Typical values: *U. S. Civil War Cavalry Sabre* . **$5.25**
Old U. S. 45-70 breech loading musket . **$7.50**
To get your 76-page Illustrated Catalog, send 25c to cover postage and handling, to **Robert Abels, E-860 Lexington Avenue, New York City, N. Y.**



4000 PERFECT PLAYS

With **DUOTONE** *Lifetone* **PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE**

Brilliant quality of reproduction, protection for your precious records — both are yours when you use the Duotone Lifetone Needle in your record player. Its precious alloy tip constructed from a union of extremely rare metals is designed to reduce friction — to protect your records from wear — to accurately reproduce the natural beauty of musical tone. Satisfaction or your money back. At your record dealer or write Duotone Company, 799 Broadway.

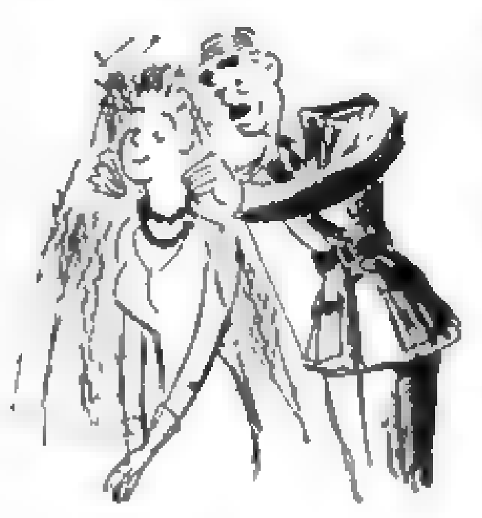
$1.50

IN CANADA — SNI-DOR, Ltd — MONTREAL

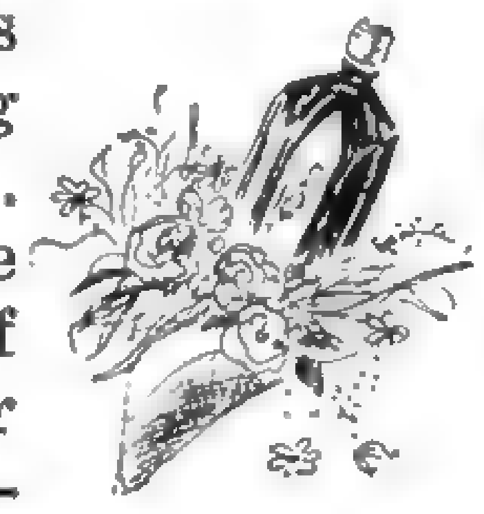
FOR TRUER TONE *Say* **Duotone**
THE WORLD'S FINEST NEEDLES

Talking Shop with Esquire

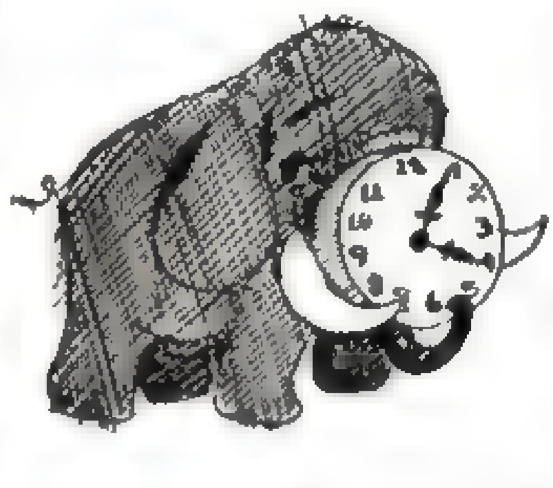
WHEN IN DOUBT, give pearls. You can get really beautiful replicas that have the same lovely lustre and depth of color found in the priceless pearls of the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. One, two and three-strand necklaces are most in demand.



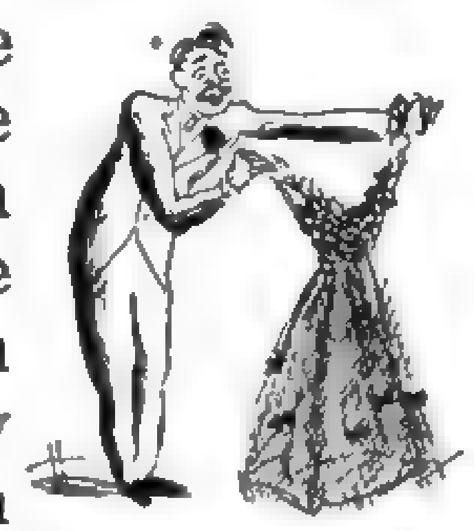
BRIDAL BOUQUET. With romance running rampant these days, a fellow can build a scent-imental aura around his girl by sending her a bouquet . . . in a bottle! Some of the finest of these true flower scents are imported from England and are still obtainable. Each of the bouquet odors is simply named for the flower it is . . . shy, appealing Violet, White Rose, regal and compelling, ethereal Lily of the Valley, delicate narcissus and freesia, disturbingly sweet lilac, and so forth. Each whiff recaptures the beauty and fragrance of the English countryside in Spring. Same firm puts out another perfume, throbbing, haunting Carillon, which, we have it, is purported to be a favorite of lovely Greer Garson.



THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGETS. The little lady who demands the last word in fashionable adornment, will be appeased by the jewelled elephant watch-lapel pin with matching earrings. The pachyderm, rendered in goldplated Sterling silver, studded in rhinestones and synthetic aquamarines, carries an honest to goodness watch between his tusks. Another wise gift is a jewel-set owl, with gleaming ruby eyes. The bird also has a watch inset.

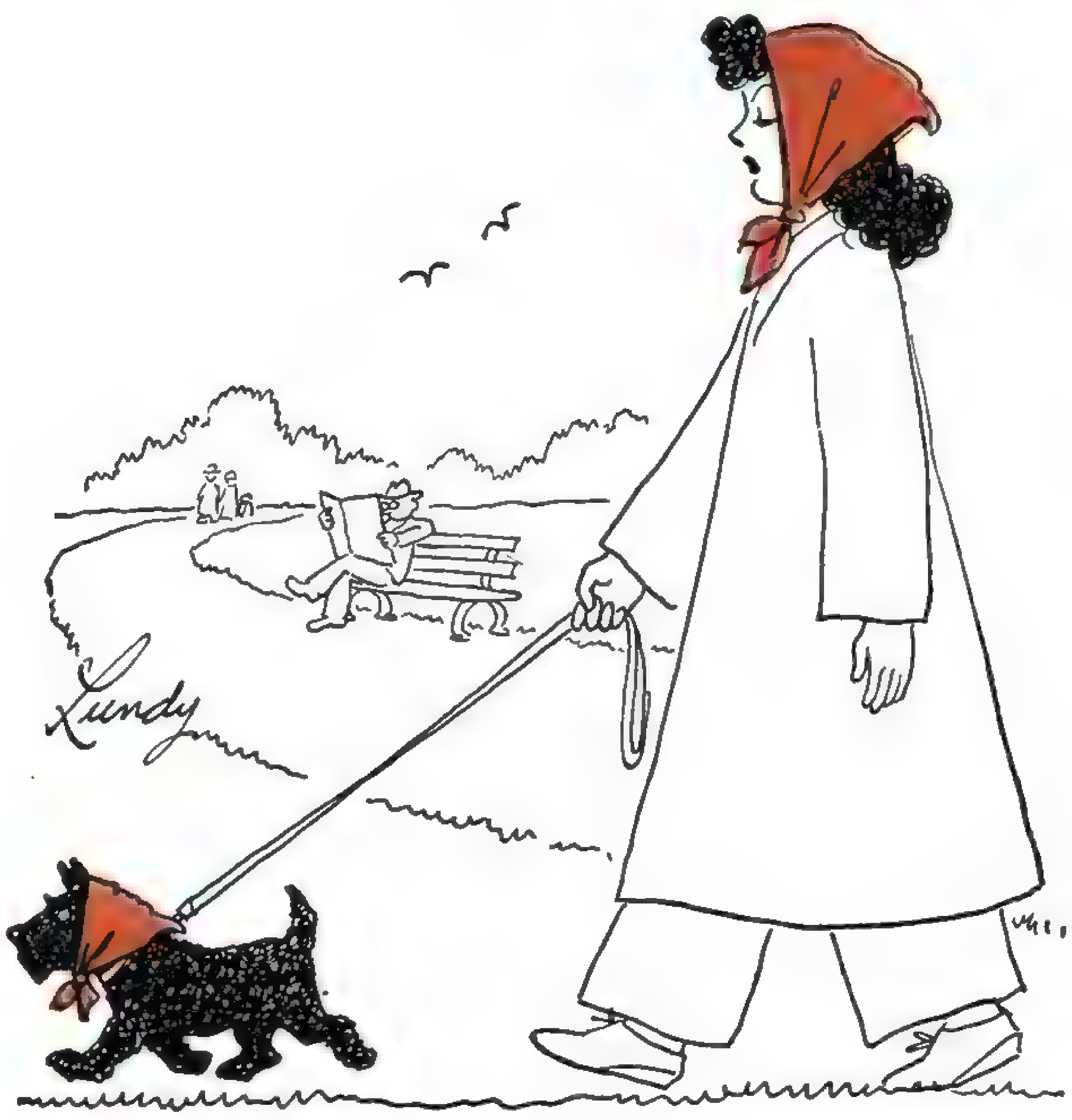


PSST! "THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC". Just to remind you grooms that the black chiffon nightie is good ANYWHERE. We found an effective little number with lace above the equator, chiffon below, and a few little American beauty color velvet bows sprinkled hither and yon. There are black "baby pants", too. So help us, that's what they call them. But make no mistake . . . they're not recommended for a five year old girl.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



FOR LEADERS ON THE **HOME FRONT**

Seven Seas Slacks are made for the kind of Americans who keep their chins up and their belts tightened! Worn with an odd coat, sport jacket, or sweater, they are correct almost anywhere in a wartime America—at work, or at play! Styled for men and women.

50th ANNIVERSARY Seven Seas SLACKS

Moyer MFG. CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
50th Anniversary Year

CUCKOO . . . but CLEVER!

Robust Recordings you'll Relish . . . by

DANNY KAYE

A brand new album of saucy, sophisticated songs . . . malicious morsels of merriment . . . by the supreme screwball of the season . . . **DANNY KAYE!** Biggest break in months for enlightened party-throwers. Amaze and amuse your guests with the saga of the man-milliner, **Anatole Of Paris**; a rare rendition of **Dinah** a la Russe; an electrifying version of **Minnie The Moocher**; strange ideas on **Farming**; **Fairy Pipers**; **Let's Not Talk About Love**; **Babbitt and Bromide**; **Eileen.** 4 double 10 in. discs in albums, postpaid in U.S.A., $3.10.

***Write for FREE Illustrated* PARTY RECORD LIST**

RABSONS 111 WEST 52nd STREET
DEPT. 25, NEW YORK

Improve Your Golf with **MASTERPIECE** GOLF DEVICE

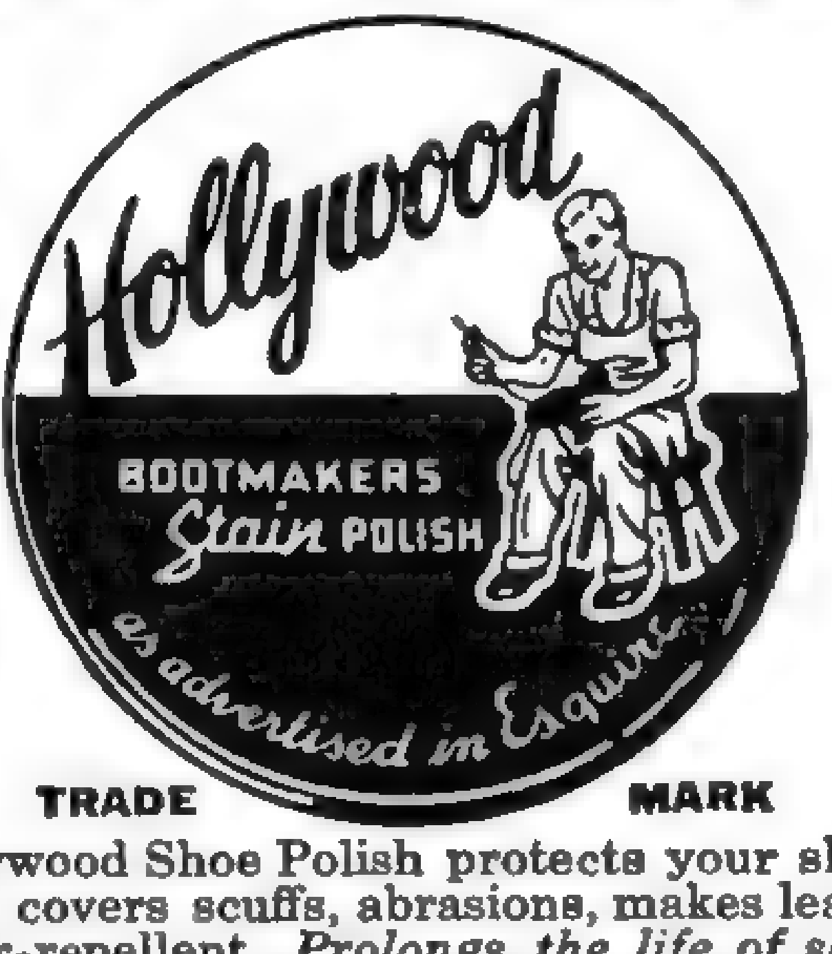
Lengthen your drive. Cut your score. Practice at home! Master your game.

★ ***Liquid center recovered balls—excellent value— $8.00 doz.***

SPORTS CENTER INC.
561 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Enclosed is $______ for ______
MASTERPIECE golf devices
Name ______
Address ______

ONLY $5.00

GOOD SHOES DESERVE
HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISH



TRADE MARK

Hollywood Shoe Polish protects your shoes, dyes, covers scuffs, abrasions, makes leather water-repellent. *Prolongs the life of shoes.* Gives beautiful luster and bootmakers stain. Antique Walnut, Redwood, Tan, Dark Brown and Black. Sold by **Flagg Bros.** stores in principal cities. **25c. *jar.***

Send $1.50 for complete set of 5 colors, sent postpaid, if not sold by your shoe merchant. Unconditionally guaranteed.

FRENCHEE CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. M RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

Sweater time!

WORK
LOAF
100% WOOL

Lamb Cuna

Here's your easy-going companion for warm days and cool evenings. A light, comfortable Lamb sweater to go with slacks or under a suit coat. In smart colors ... tailored to fit and wear for a long, long time. At Better Men's Stores.

THE Lamb KNIT GOODS CO.
COLON, MICHIGAN

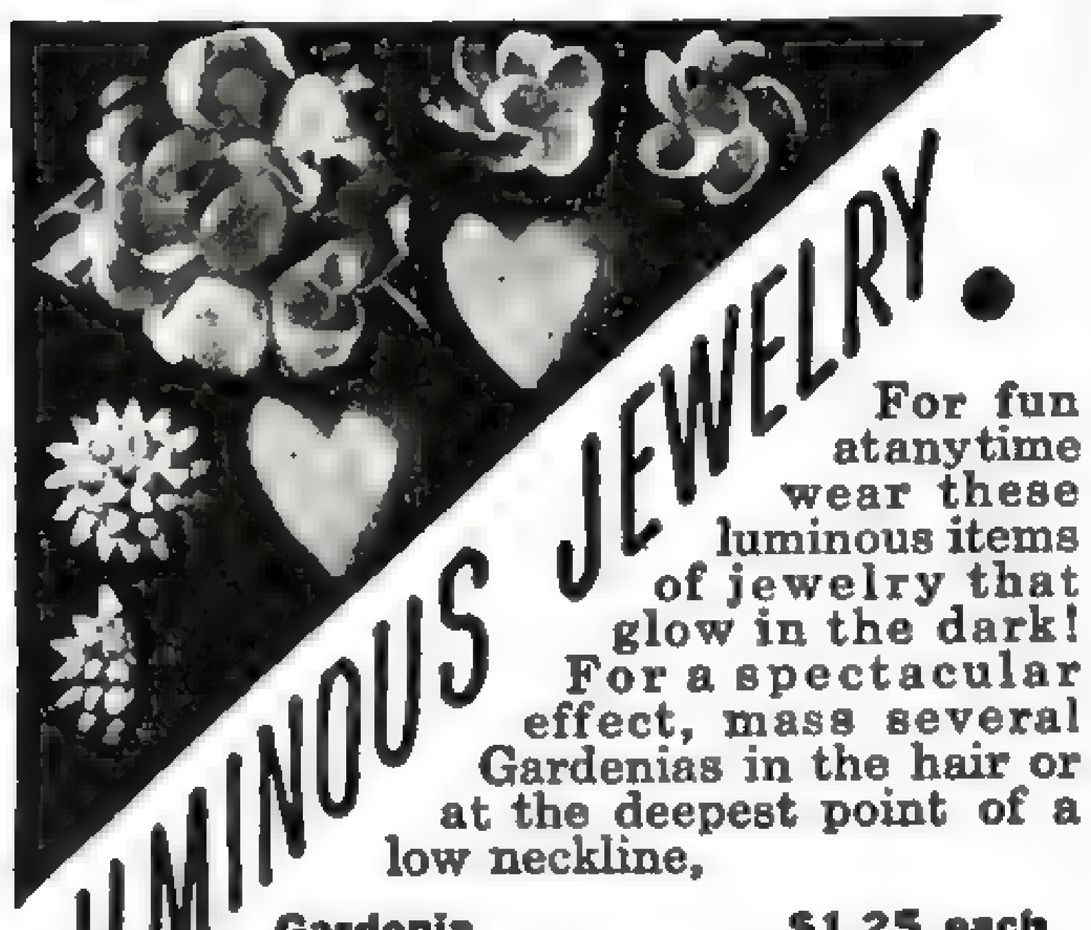
Wherever THE ARMY GOES

HULL STREAMLINE COMPASSES are being made exclusively for use on U. S. Army vehicles—where they contribute to the efficiency of our armed forces. Wartime engineering improvements assure an even more dependable guide for motorists after the war.

HULL MFG. CO.
P. O. Box 246-G6, WARREN, OHIO

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

DON'T MISS
EDDIE DAVIS
N. Y's No. 1 CAFE STAR
LEON & EDDIE'S
33 W. 52 NEW YORK



LUMINOUS JEWELRY.

For fun atanytime wear these luminous items of jewelry that glow in the dark! For a spectacular effect, mass several Gardenias in the hair or at the deepest point of a low neckline,

Gardenia . . . . . $1.25 each
Earrings (to match) . $1.25 pair
Heart Earrings . . . $1.25 pair
*Pointer Earrings . . $2.20 pair
Necklace (not illus.) . $2.20 each

Send check with order. Sorry no C. O. D.

HOUSE OF GIFTS
Box 4550-E1, Coral Gables, Florida
Available only with plastic clips, not in screwstyle as shown

Talking Shop with Esquire

COMES JUNE, the month of weddings, anniversaries, graduations et al. Luxury gifts still abound, but presents of a more practical nature are also in order.

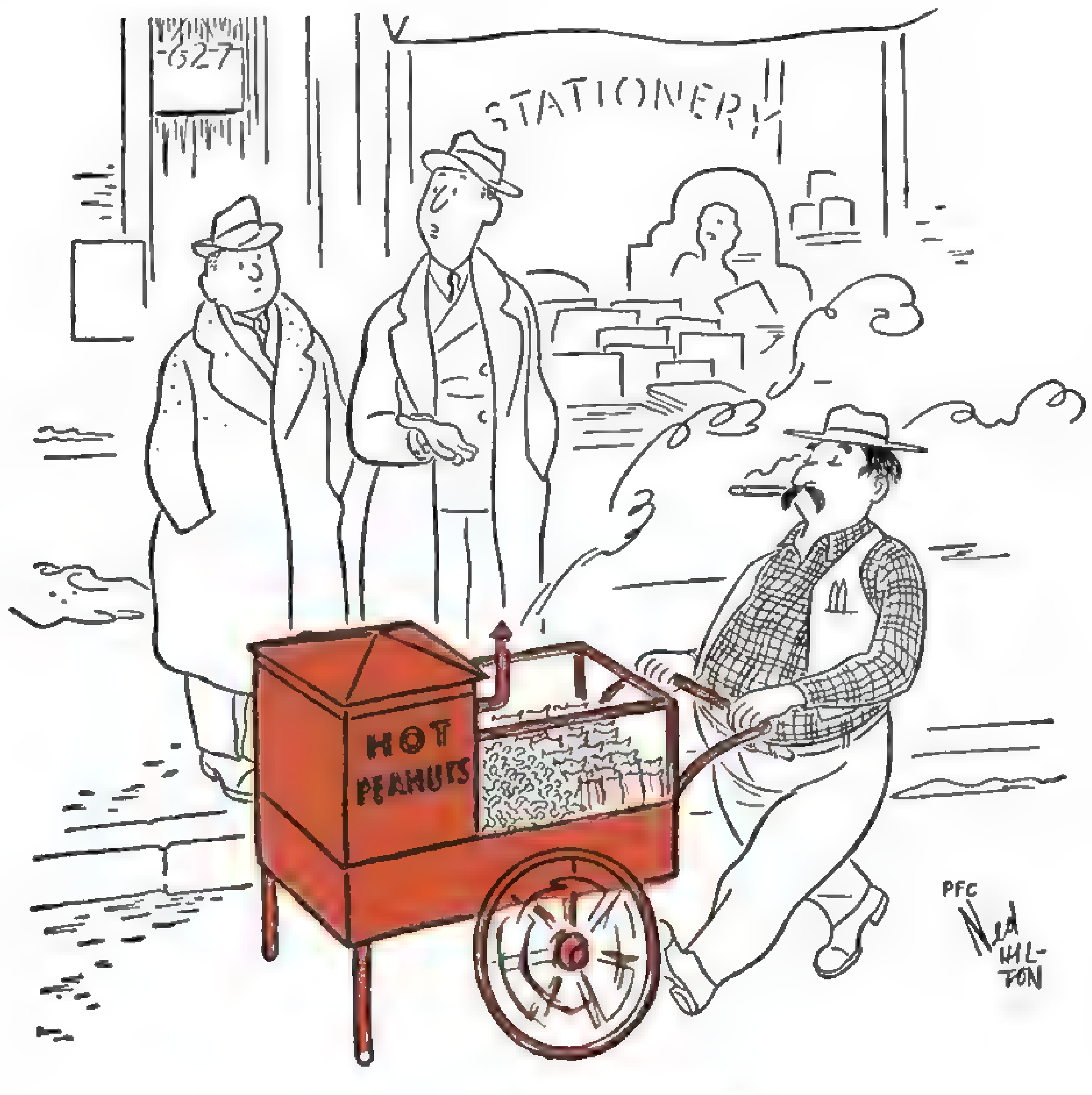
DOUBLE FEATURE. What with families and friends scattered all over the globe, the picture frame is increasing in importance. The modern minded will like a frame of clear, crystal-like lucite, rectangular in shape with rounded corners. Though only about a half inch in thickness, it holds two pictures, His on one side, Hers on the other. Conservatives will stick to handsome leather frames . . . the newest ones come in a series of subtle shades in addition to the usual red, brown, green and black.

WASH THE DECK! Now come plastic playing cards, guaranteed to outlast 75 decks of ordinary cards. Their singularly long life will be made even longer if you clean 'em with a special wax finisher and a damp cloth. The wax not only removes stains and dirt, but adds zest and endurance to the plastic. Or, instead of making with the wax, if you feel ruthless, you can chuck the whole deck into a bowl of cold water, then wipe off with a clean towel (the cards, not the bowl). If you lose a card or two, the firm will send you a replacement for a dime. Two decks of cards come in a fancy plastic gift box.

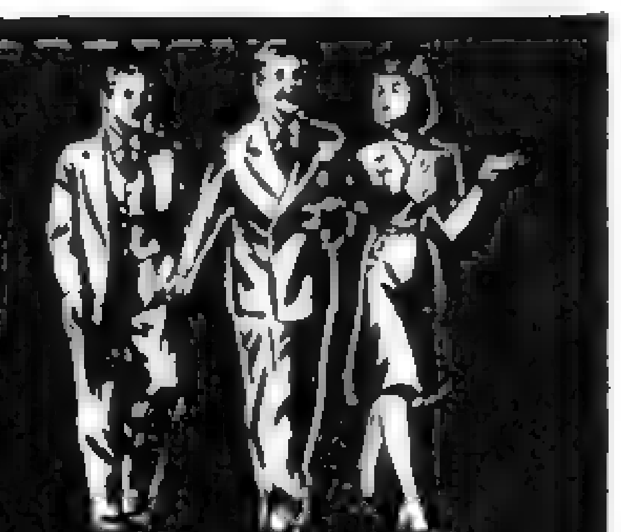
MIXED WHILE YOU WAIT. Greens from your Victory garden attain considerable elegance when mixed in a salad bowl of finely grained birch, footed in Sterling silver. Even the salad fork and spoon have Sterling silver handles. If you want to really do the thing up right, send along a new book called "Magic in Herbs" and let the little bride figure out ways of enhancing the dandelion. And so she can practice what she reads, send her a "Victory Set" composed of such enticing herbs as thyme, rosemary, etc., plus several bottles of fancy vinegars.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"He's kind of uppity since he received that writeup in Fortune"



OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Write for
FREE BOOKLET
IN FULL COLOR—it explains how
Adler ELEVATOR Shoes
Make you TALLER Than "SHE" Is

It's a grand and glorious feeling when you wear your first pair of Adler ELEVATORS. You're almost 2 INCHES TALLER. You have that "head-in-the-clouds" buoyancy which tall men take for granted. You walk better, look better, FEEL better. Adler ELEVATORS look just like any other fine shoes; the heels are no higher. Write for Booklet. When ordering Shoes by mail your ration coupon No. 17 may be detached

OBEY THAT IMPULSE
ADLER SHOES for MEN

$12.95

Dept. 6-43. 122 E. 42 St. N. Y.
Gentlemen: I am interested in BEING TALLER. Please send me your Booklet in Full Color.
NAME.......................................
ADDRESS...................................
CITY..................STATE..........

Expressed Alive Daily
Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

PERSONNA Precision

Fine AS A Rare Jewel

PERSONNA
Precision Double Edge Blades

10 for $1
and worth it

Why worth it? Because Personna gives you the finest possible shaving results — the best possible shaving satisfaction.

PERSONNA BLADE CO.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES • 599 MADISON AVE • NYC

If your dealer can't supply you, send check or money order to Department A.

Look Successful with WELL-GROOMED HAIR

LARRY "BUSTER" CRABBE, starring in "Queen of Broadway" a PRC production, uses GLOVER'S.

KEEP your hair well-groomed and look more attractive! Try GLOVER'S famous MEDICINAL treatment, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

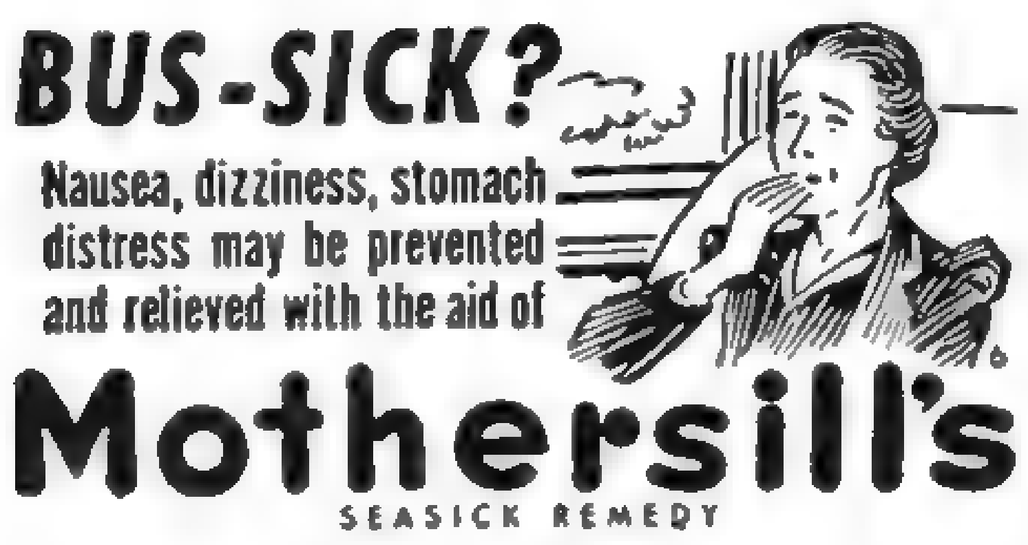
Send today for this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically-sealed bottles. *Test* the Glover's Medicinal Treatment, yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!

GLOVER'S, with massage for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR

Replacement or refund of money ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if defective or not as advertised therein

★ GLOVER'S ★

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 816, New York City
Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medicine and GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.
Name....................................
Address....................................


BUS-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

"ELEVATORS" really DO make you TALLER

This FREE Booklet tells you HOW

$12.95 Slightly Higher West

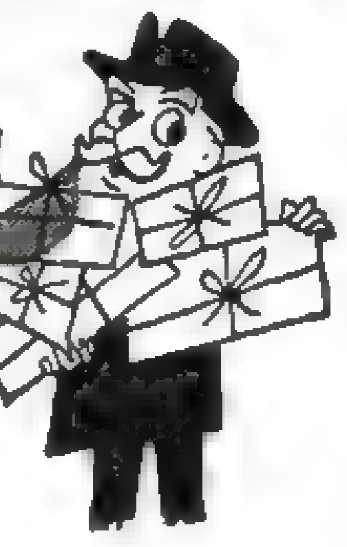
If you are skeptical about the ability of these shoes to make you impressively TALLER the minute you step into them...just because they look like any other fine shoe... give us an opportunity to show you. Send for this free booklet TODAY, or, better still, stop in the store nearest you which carries "ELEVATORS" and try on a pair!

NEW Authentic MILITARY Styles in "ELEVATORS" Illustrated in FREE BOOKLET

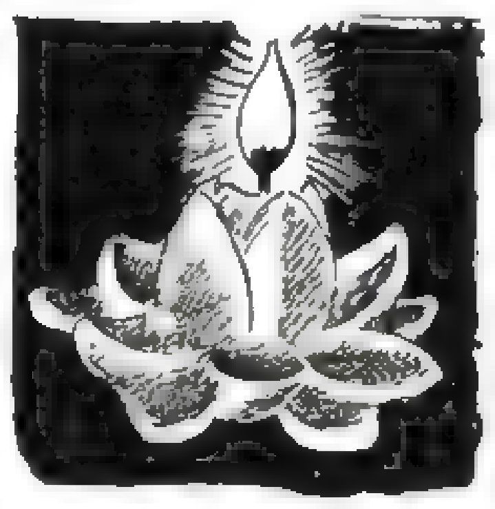
STONE TARLOW CO., Inc., Dept. E-6
Brockton, Mass.
I Want to be TALLER. Please send me your Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer where I can purchase "ELEVATORS".
NAME....................................
ADDRESS....................................
CITY......................STATE.........

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

Talking Shop with Esquire



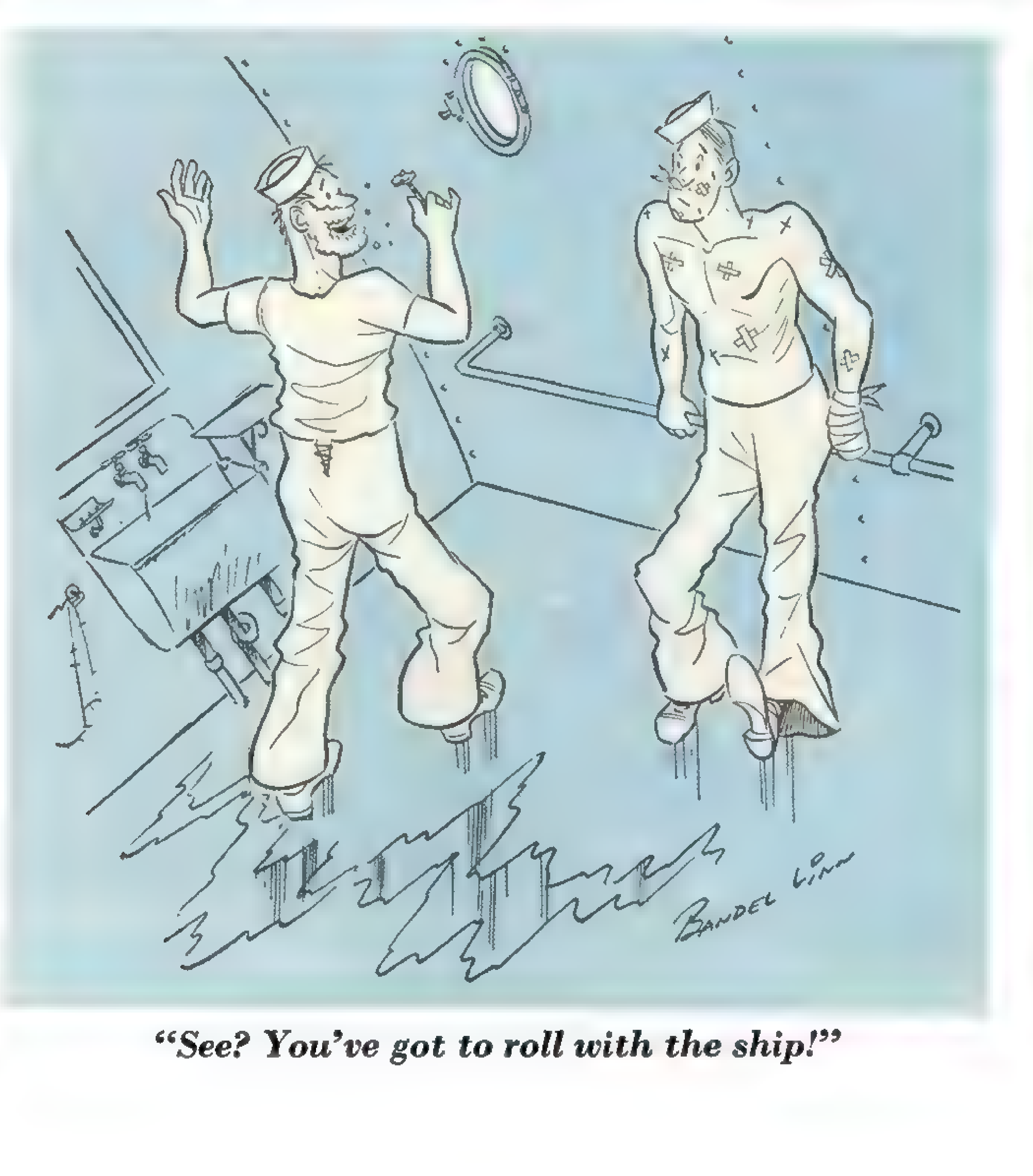
CONCERNING CANDLES. Candles turn up in all sorts of disguises these days. They may be shaped like a lily or a lily pad, a water lotus or other flowers and they burn merrily as they float in centerpiece bowls, aquariums, finger bowls, bird baths, etc. At bridal and anniversary parties the candle becomes a tiny 3-inch wax figurine, a wedding belle, with a candle on her head, another in her clasped arms. These are used for place cards, or bulked together as a centerpiece. For parties for the armed forces there are candles shaped like old rope hawsers, candles in red- white and blue tricolored effects, stars, candles shaped like Uncle Sam's hat, "V" for victory shaped ensembles ad infinitum.



STORK MARKET RISE! The birthrate will hit a new high this year, they tell us, and that means some 3 million "little strangers" crying for gifts. Should you be elected Godfather, you will be expected to come across with something substantial . . . a check to start a bank account for the new customer, or a war bond and such. And, of course, some Sterling silver equipment. We suggest a silver mug or a porringer in a simple colonial pattern. Or you might give an engraved napkin ring, or a feeding set composed of fork, spoon and a stubby little "pusher". If you're just a friend of the family you can get by with a slight token such as a "baby package". These are usually pink or blue baskets filled with bibs, wrappers, blankets, rattles and the usual baby paraphernalia, and may be had from a couple of bucks up, according to what's in them. A very inexpensive gift is an infant scrap book called "Life's Journal", which contains a "growing up" chart to be hung on the wall to measure the youngster's vertical progress. P.S. Flowers for the Little Mother are always a nice gesture.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



"See? You've got to roll with the ship!"

Radio's typical American Boy picks a "BILTMORE" Pipe for a Father's Day Gift!

NORMAN TOKAR, America's most famous juvenile radio star, shares his weekly troubles with millions of fathers and sons. But picking his Father's Day gift was no trouble at all. He let's you in on his oath-bound secret. "Most fathers, like mine, get a bang out of a practical gift. That to me is a BILTMORE pipe. He'll stay smoke happy with it for years. After the first pipeful don't be surprised if he slips you an extra allowance to make up the price of the pipe."

BLUE RIBBON "BILTMORE" $3.50

"BILTMORE" Pipes are made from the finest century-old American burl. In natural grain, $1.50 and $3.50. In natural virgin briar, $2.50. Eighteen shapes to choose from at each price. At all pipe shops, or order direct from

BILTMORE PIPE CO., 220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

SWAP GUNS AND AMMUNITION OR GET CASH!

We pay MORE—you buy for LESS, because we're America's best known, biggest traders. Thousands upon thousands of new and used Guns from $5—up to the finest. All models, gauges, calibers, makes—Winchester, Remington, Colt, Savage, Smith & Wesson, etc. We also buy, sell or trade Ammunition. Fishing Tackle, Outboards, Golf Equipment, Binoculars, Old Gold, Cameras, Diamonds, Jewelry. Sports Clothing, etc. Describe fully what you have to trade or sell for cash. "Money Back Guarantee" backed by 58 years' fair dealing. Free "Guaranteed Bargain Catalog" featuring thousands of "Hard-to-get" items. Send dime (refunded with first order) to cover handling costs. KLEIN'S SPORTING GOODS, INC., Milton P. Klein, Pres., 509M, South Halsted, Chicago.

BELL WATERPROOF

No. AM124—Sturdy, 15 jewel, anti-magnetic waterproof watch precision tested for accuracy. Non-breakable crystal, waterproof strap, radium dial and hands. SHOCK RESISTING. $34.75

No. AM121 — Same watch with sweep second hand. $39.75

Attractively Boxed. Price incl. Fed. Tax.

POSTAGE PREPAID ● MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "AM"

BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time and Life Building, Rockefeller Center
New York, N. Y.

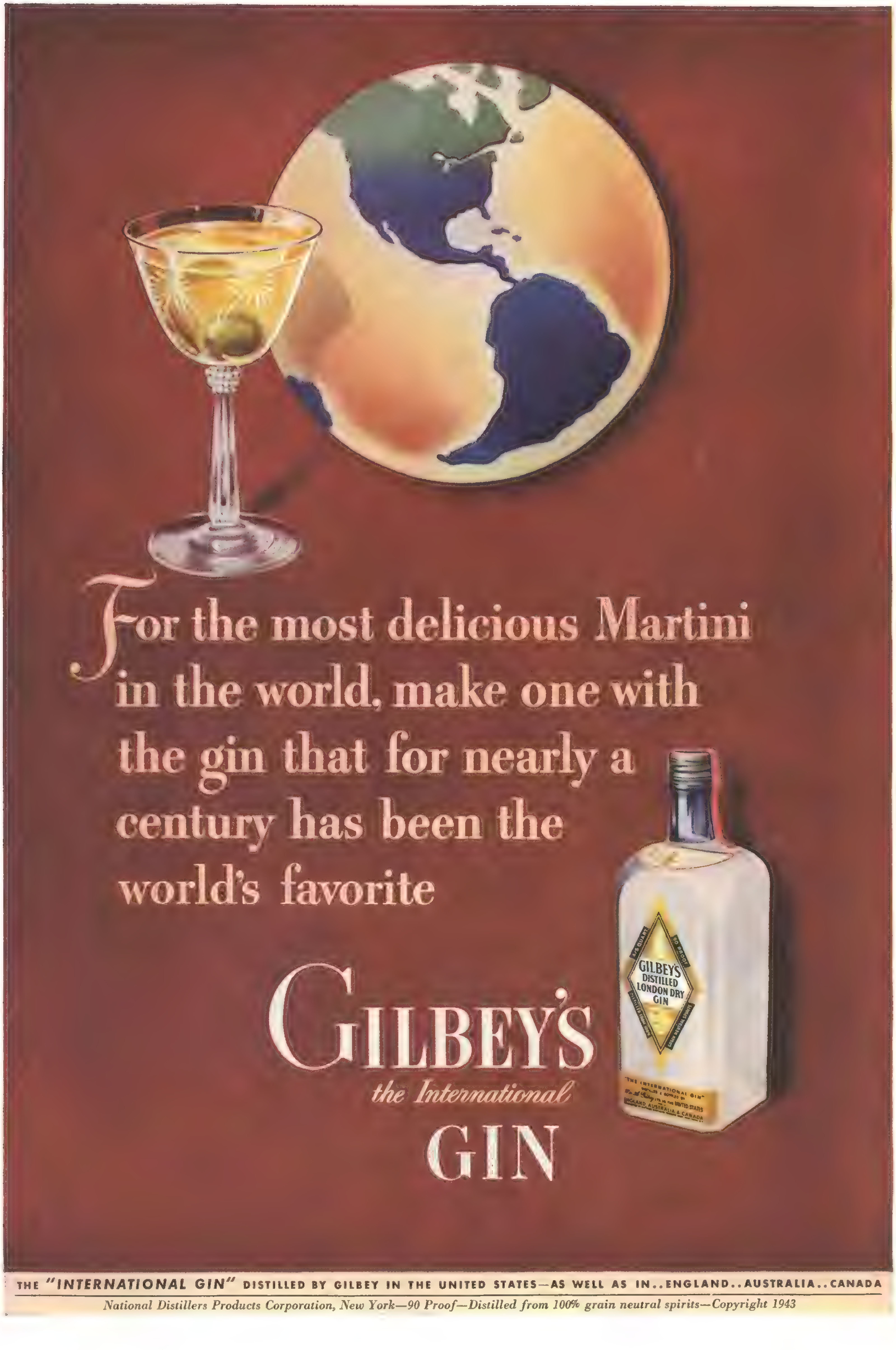
BUY BONDS TODAY!
TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW

furlough in the sun . . .

you and your love, blue sky above, romance in the air, wonderful-looking Jantzen sunclothes to wear. Add it up . . . it totals a time to remember. Shorts are Jantzen quality cotton gabardine . . . shirts are finest combed cotton . . . everything is perfectly tailored, perfect-fitting as in everything "Jantzen." Men's shorts, navy, military blue, tan, ivory 2.50. Girls' shorts, white, navy 2.95. Knitted shirts, stunning pastel monotones and stripes 1.75, at the leading stores.

Jantzen
SUN CLOTHES

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON . . VANCOUVER, CANADA



For the most delicious Martini in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite

GILBEY'S
the International
GIN

GILBEY'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
"THE INTERNATIONAL GIN"
ENGLAND AUSTRALIA & CANADA

THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN..ENGLAND..AUSTRALIA..CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

If Not Empire, Then What?

Frank explanation of British policies to clear up misunderstandings with her American ally in the war for survival

by NORMAN ANGELL

• ARTICLE •

We all know by now that Hitler's great weapon has been the ease with which his enemies could be divided so that he could pick them off singly.

He found it easy to play the game of divide and conquer. For example he did not need to convince ALL Frenchmen that Britain would fight to the last Frenchman, nor did he have to render the conviction very deep. A little additional doubt and hesitation when decisions ran close—as at that fateful Cabinet meeting when fourteen voted for surrender while ten were in favor of fighting on from North Africa—was often all he needed. For if three men at that Cabinet meeting had voted the other way, France would never have dropped from the war, even for two and a half years.

A coalition war is always difficult to fight. It was Foch who first remarked that he did not think Napoleon much of a soldier, because he had only faced coalitions. Mutual suspicions between nations are always easy to play upon. Russia's bitter jibes, during much of 1942, at the failure of the Allies to open a second front; China's complaints of the failure to receive adequate matériel; American criticism of British policy in India, British criticism of American policy in North Africa, illustrate how easily differences may arise.

In many cases where a full statement of the facts would probably clear up much of the misunderstanding (as in the case of the European second front) the facts simply cannot be given for quite obvious military reasons. But there are other cases in which much ill-feeling can be swept aside without revealing military secrets. A good example is American criticism of the British last year.

The American indictment ran along these lines:

Britain still sticks to her old "imperialism," and fights mainly to keep the Empire, a motive which will be bound to disrupt the unity of the United Nations because it is certain that America will *not* fight to hold the British Empire together; failure to create a European second front was deemed to be largely due this tendency of Britain to fight only for the Empire; this obstinate imperialism has so marked policy in India as to face the United Nations with the danger that India would go the way of Burma; the military incompetence revealed at Singapore and elsewhere was due to the "class structure" of British society in which power and high position remain almost entirely in the hands of the wealthy and the aristocratic. Britain had to realize, said critics, that this is the century of the common man and that colonialism and imperialism belong to the past . . .

When the British are told that they must quit fighting a war to hold the Empire, they naturally want to know where in the Empire it would be safe, from the point of view of the United Nations as a whole, to stop fighting, and let go. In Australia, for instance? But Australia is a main bastion not merely of United Nations, but of United States defense, with the command given over to an American general. In Egypt, capture of which by the Germans would mean a junction between Germany and Japan cutting the Allies in two so that they could be destroyed in detail, and incidentally severing what must be in winter the main line of supply to the Russians and the best springboard for the invasion of the Continent? In East Africa, where the United States has already important bases? In Ireland, where American troops are now assembling? In India, where the same thing is taking place?

The charges about Britain's alleged pre-occupation with the Empire might well prompt this question: Why are *American* forces scattered over the whole of the British Empire—in Britain itself—in Ireland, in Egypt, in East Africa, in West Africa, in Australia, in New Zealand, in India, in the Solomons, in New Guinea, in New Britain? Is it just to please the "British Imperialists"?

American forces are in all those places because the defense of those points, or the holding of those areas, is indispensable to the defeat of the enemy, that is to say, to the defense of the United States.

What is meant by "imperialism" when levelled at the British? Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Ulster, Canada, are completely independent nations. They have the right of neutrality in war and of secession at all times, if their own sovereign parliaments so decide, a decision which Britain cannot veto, and has not vetoed in the case of Southern Ireland. Is it "imperialism" for any one of those independent nations—Australia, for instance—to decide that as a remote community of seven million which could not possibly by its own power defend herself against an aggressive Japan, its best defensive policy is to combine with other members of the British commonwealth and profit by the support of the British navy and its bases scattered throughout the world? (Incidentally, Britain does not ask Australia to contribute one penny to the cost of the British navy.)

Would it have been better for the Dominions to have declined to attach to their independence this "gentlemen's agreement" (for there is no statutory provision which compels any of them to come into a war) so that in the event of an attack on one, all would stand together? Would it have been better if the Dominions had, like the nations of Europe now conquered by Hitler, waited to be attacked—so that the Axis could have taken them as those European nations were taken?

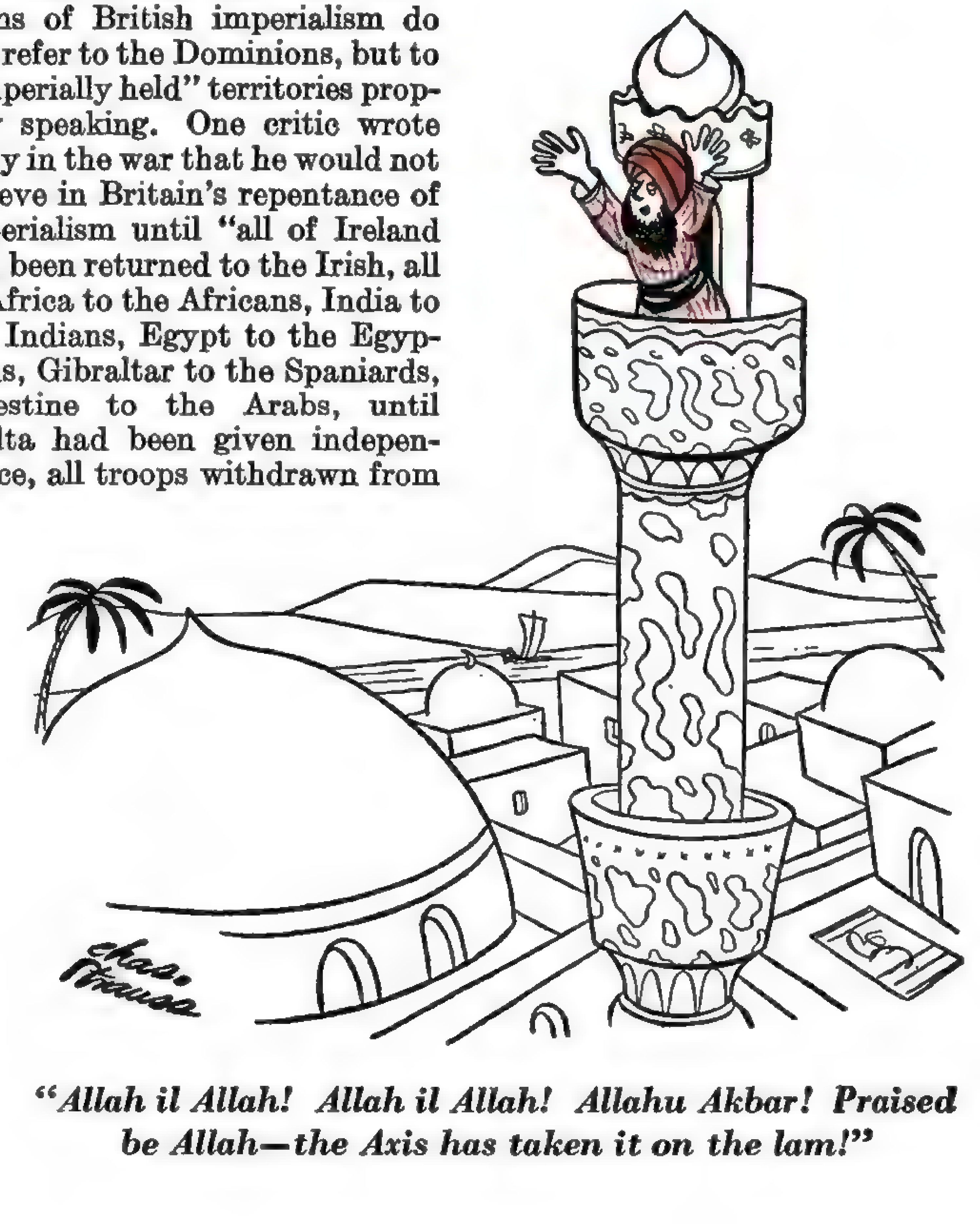
Would it not be true to say that it is just *because* the British Empire, as represented by the Dominions, *did* hold together, that Hitler's plans for the destruction of the democracies have been frustrated?

It may be said that these criticisms of British imperialism do not refer to the Dominions, but to "imperially held" territories properly speaking. One critic wrote early in the war that he would not believe in Britain's repentance of imperialism until "all of Ireland had been returned to the Irish, all of Africa to the Africans, India to the Indians, Egypt to the Egyptians, Gibraltar to the Spaniards, Palestine to the Arabs, until Malta had been given independence, all troops withdrawn from the Suez Canal area, from Iraq and Iran."

Suppose the advice implied here had been taken, after, say, the close of the last war, (and the advice so to do was given pretty freely by certain sections of the American public, including certain eminent senators) what would have been the effect on the course of the present war? The answer to that question at least is simple. Hitler's gauleiter would today be ruling in London, directing the output of British factories and shipyards, and those of much of the Empire, to the end that those vast resources would be used against the United States.

As to India, Britain has declared again and again that she is prepared to do in India what she has already done in the case of six other Dominions, as soon as the doing of it would not precipitate war by one section of India against another. It is said that Britain's word in such a matter cannot be trusted. Yet a nation's conduct is to be judged by the general tendency of its policy in the past. And the general tendency of British imperial policy these last sixty years or more has been strongly and consistently in the direction

Continued on page 148



"Allah il Allah! Allah il Allah! Allahu Akbar! Praised be Allah—the Axis has taken it on the lam!"

The Captain's Bill of Goods

He was a fighting man, assigned to a good-will mission while his old ship waited alone for the big Nazi cruiser

by RICHARD SALE

• FICTION •

℞

Napier wheeled his swivel away from the dull accumulation of letters, reports and memoranda which cluttered his desk, and stared out the broad window. His eyes were drawn to the reaches of blue water where the Brazilian destroyer, *Mariz e Barros* poked through the mine fields of the Rio harbor. The *Mariz* looked like an American Mahan class and brought back pictures to him of Mahans screening him when he had commanded the heavy cruiser *Jacksonville.* Beyond the glistening blue water, lay the open sea; the sight of it affected him visibly.

Each morning, it was the same. The sun on the water; one ship or another poking out to keep the ubiquitous U-boat hunt; and Captain Napier Reynolds, USN, watching with a thin and bitter mouth.

The view of the north side of the harbor was unsurpassed from the hotel suite, for the good-will naval mission had taken over the bridal chambers on the tenth floor of the Copabanca Hotel. It was a wretched office, but it had one compensation. From it a man could see the sea.

When the destroyer reached the mouth of the bay and plunged out into deep water, no longer held back by mines or mine-sweeper, Napier breathed deeply. He watched her bow bite in, her screw beat a white wake, and he fancied himself at the bridge, balancing to the motion of the steel plates. It was an invigorating moment, but it passed quickly. He settled back in the chair again, depressed by heat and spirit, as Lieutenant McCandler knocked tentatively and walked in from the adjoining room.

McCandler grinned. "That Brazilian river monitor will be launched at two p.m., the Jutany yards. You'll go, of course, sir?"

"That," said Napier, "is the unhappy purpose for which I am here."

"And Vice Admiral Hadley-Haines can't be reached at the British Ministry."

"Later, then," said Napier wearily. He picked up his binoculars and looked to the south side of the bay. By God, he thought, there she is! His old friend Hadley-Haines' ship, the *HMS Disraeli,* lay at anchor in full war paint, flanked by a pair of British Tribals on either beam. She was a huge, clean-cut ship. His envy of Peter H-H grew until his heart and mind were sour.

"Mr. Hamman to see you, Captain Reynolds," McCandler called from the door.

Hamman was a newspaperman, and an old friend. "How are you, Nape?" he asked with their handshake.

"Hot," said Napier. "Hot as hell. And sick to death of this place. Did you see the *Disraeli?*"

"I saw her. But look, Nape, what's the dope about this naval battle?"

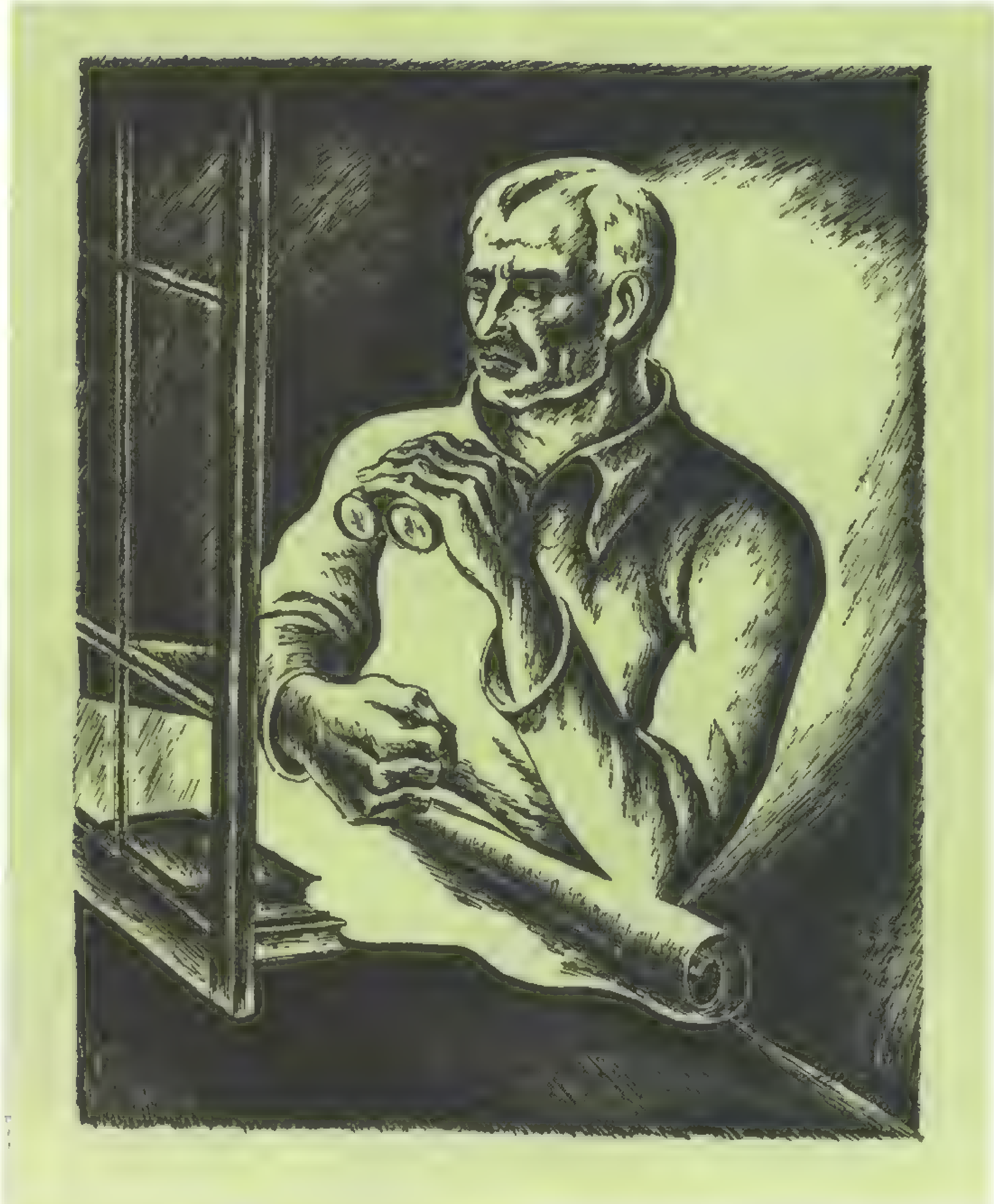
"What naval battle?"

"Are you kidding?"

"No!" shouted Napier.

"For God's sake," said Hamman mildly. "Don't you ever listen to the radio? Berlin's been putting out one communique after another. Admiral Doenitz says a great sea battle has taken place in the South Atlantic, and that the new *Prinz Ritter* has put two Craven class tin cans to bed for the night and bagged up two Brooklyn class cruisers."

"I haven't heard a damned thing!" Napier exploded sharply. "Brooklyn class. The *Jacksonville* is a cruiser of the Brooklyn class!"



"I know that," Hamman said. "I thought you'd have inside dope."

"I haven't heard a thing, not a thing," Napier said, his voice panicky. "Turn on the radio . . . McCandler!"

McCandler was already in the room. "Washington is on the wire, Captain."

McCandler glanced at Hamman owlishly.

"Oh, for God's sake!" Napier snapped. "Hamman sailed into the African show aboard the *Jacksonville* with me. Who is it?"

"Admiral Scott, sir. Naval Intelligence."

Napier picked up the handset and waited for the earphone to sound alive. When it did, he said tersely, "Howard? This is Napier Reynolds."

"Hello, Napier," Scott said, and then bluntly, "We want information. How much do you have?"

"On the *Prinz Ritter?*"

"Yes."

"Not a damned thing."

"The last we heard was a wireless from the *Jacksonville,*" said Scott. "She and the *Black* and the *Barrett* had jointed action with the *Ritter* and were closing in. If you stumble on anything important, let me know at once."

"It's the old *Jacksonville,*" Napier said as he hung up. "*My* ship and I sit in an armchair 900 miles away . . ."

The radio was playing music. No matter where Hamman dialed, there was only music. Napier picked up a copy of *Jane's Fighting Ships* and leafed through it hastily.

"Listen to this," he said frowning. "*Prinz Ritter,* 12,000 tons, commissioned 1941, believed to mount nine 11-inch guns, though information is lacking. Believed heavily armored. Length 720 feet, horsepower 90,000, speed estimated at 35 knots." He coughed. "She's a sort of super-Admiral Ripper. If I know the Jerries, she's got plenty of armor."

"The *Jacksonville's* main battery was six inches, wasn't it?"

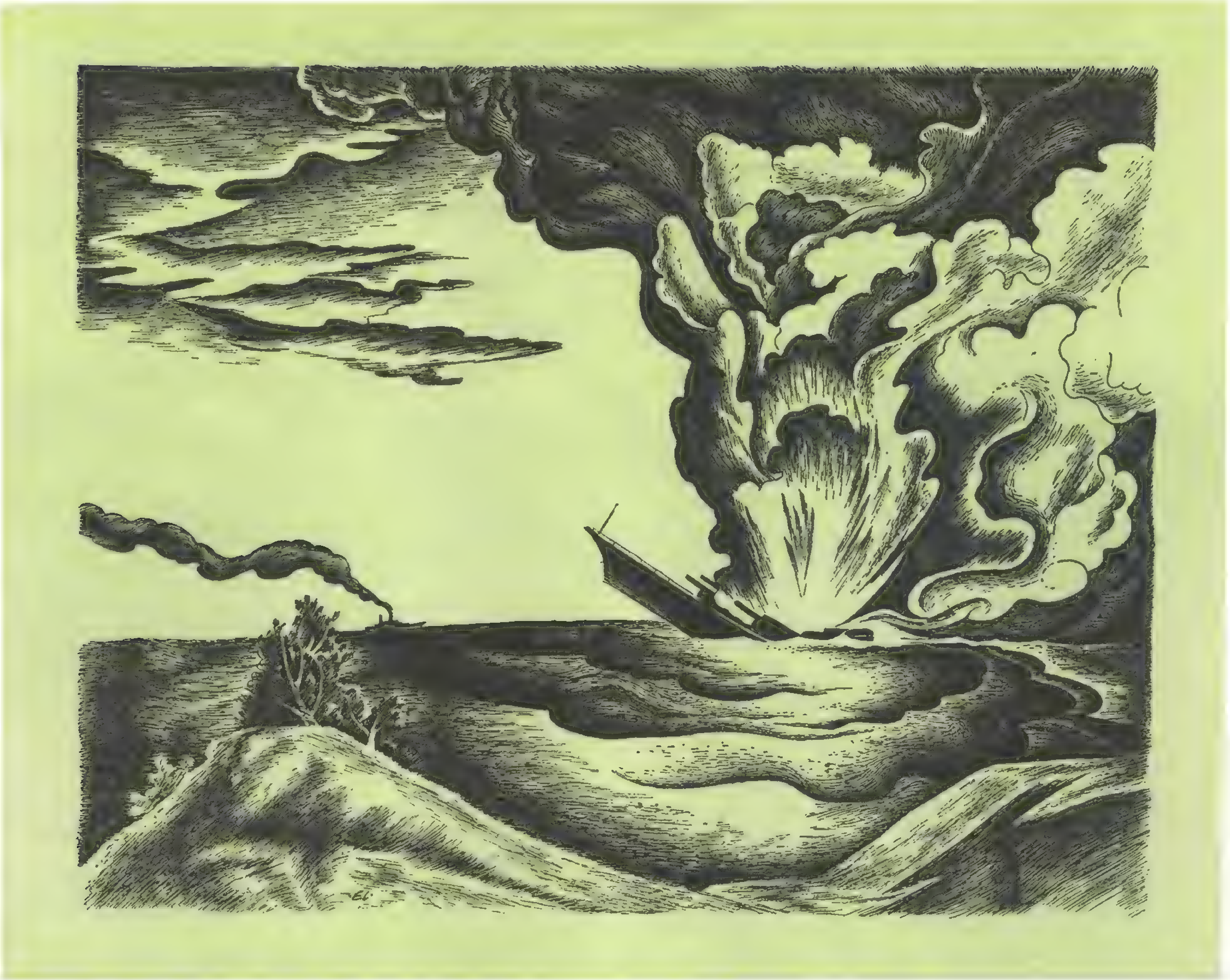
"Uh-huh," Napier said quietly. "She's out-ranged, out-weighed and out-armored."

The radio interrupted its music at last. "Bulletin!" said the announcer. "A news flash from Montevideo, Uruguay, reports gunfire off the mouth of the Rio Plata, and fishing trawlers report seeing naval ships in action. It is assumed this is the sea battle between American ships and the new German heavy cruiser *Prinz Ritter.* We will bring you further bulletins as they come in. We now return you . . ."

"McCandler," Napier yelled. "Get Washington on the phone." He drummed his fingers on the desk, and his face had grown long and hard. He saw it all in his mind's eye, and he fought the fight with them. (Send in the destroyers, they've got a knot and a half more than the *Ritter.* Send the *Black* on to head her off and slow her down and to try and get a pickle into her belly. Let the *Barrett* lay smoke so that the *Jacksonville* can come up under the *Ritter's* eleven-inchers and poke a salvo at her after breaking through. Then back into the smoke, lay another screen closer, and break through again.)

"Washington on the wire," McCandler said, as excited as they, now.

"Hello, Howie!" Napier barked. "Montevideo reports them off the Plata, our boys boxing the *Ritter* inshore. Just heard it."



DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"That's late," said Scott glumly. "The *Ritter* has been sighted proceeding up the Plata, heading for Laguna on the Argentine side. They weren't boxed either. She sank both the destroyers, and the *Jacksonville* is pretty well messed up. Forward turret whacked, aft funnel gone, bridge badly damaged. Turrets all under local control. The *Ritter* shot down one scout plane, but the other kept an eye on her, reported a hit from the *Black's* torps before the *Black* sank."

"Then you've got her nailed!" Napier said. "She'll take full advantage of her forty-eight hour respite at Laguna, matting that torp hole. What are you sending in to sink her when she comes out again?"

"We haven't got a thing close enough to get there in time," Scott replied. "The *South Dakota* is steaming south at forced draft from Cuba, but she'll never make it."

"What about the Brazilian navy?"

"The only ships that might do the job are the battleships *Minas Geraes* and the *Sao Paulo*. One's in Pernambuco, one in Bahia. At twenty knots, they'd never make it. I'm in touch with the British right now. They may be able to swing it. Stand by, Napier."

They hung up. Napier looked blackly out the window. Across the bay, the *Disraeli* had hoisted pennants, Blue Peter was up, and the St. George's cross with a red ball flew from the fore. Vice Admiral Peter Hadley-Haines was going to make the dash southward to attempt interception.

After some delay Napier reached the Admiral at the British Ministry.

"Well, you seam-caulking bloody rammer!" boomed H-H.

"Are you sailing?" said Napier.

"As soon as my ship can make it. Like to keep that bally trawler you used to skipper from being blasted to hell."

"Does the Royal navy have anything heavy enough to fight the *Ritter*, near enough to get here before the 48 hours are up?"

"Frankly, old boy," said Hadley-Haines wrily, "we haven't even a corvette in the vicinity. These blasted convoys take so *damn* many ships. *HMS Resolution* is in the Falklands, but my word, at 22 knots, she just can't join action."

"In other words, the *Jacksonville* is the only ship that'll be waiting for the *Prinz Ritter* when the Jerry comes out again?"

"Afraid so, Nape. God bless her."

"So long, Pete," Napier said, and hung up. He was silent for some time.

"The *Jacksonville* has a chance," he said finally, more to himself than to Hamman. "A fighting chance. Alf Wilson is a good man but in this slugfest she needs a barroom brawler for a master, not a gentleman."

"She needs you," said Hamman.

Napier ignored him. "I wasn't meant for good-will missions," he exploded. "I was meant to fight with a ship.

"Ted," he said, pointing his finger hard at Hamman. "I've just got an idea. How would you like to be a first-class liar?"

"Sounds interesting."

"Get on the phone and call your office. You have an absolutely authentic tip from an Informed Naval Source. Do you follow me?"

"No."

"Here's the story. An informed naval officer in Rio de Janeiro tonight inadvertently disclosed that the new aircraft carrier *Essex* has been detached from convoy in the South Atlantic and is racing to Laguna with a screen of fast destroyers to do battle with the *Prinz Ritter*. Unconfirmed reports placed the *Essex* a mere 200 miles from the mouth of the Plata, with her scouting planes and dive bombers already in the air on patrol. Do you get the idea?"

Ted Hamman looked smug. "I get it."

"O.K.," said Napier. "Get going."

It took Napier three minutes to inform the Brazilian Admiral Riatos that "due to exceptional circumstances" he would be unable to attend the launching of the river monitor. In another ten minutes a reporter from the local newspaper *Rio Progresivo* had been informed ("You can't quote me, of course,") that the *HMS Resolution* was en route from the Falklands and was steaming at forced draft to fight the *Ritter*. Last reports placed the *Resolution* 300 miles south southeast of the Plata.

By noontime, other men were calling. Bill Grabes, radio commentator, wanted confirmation. "Hamman told me a wacky tale, Captain," he said.

"It's wacky all right," said Napier, "but the *Ritter* will break for the sea Wednesday morning and the only thing to meet her is a damaged *Jacksonville*. We've got to sell the Germans a bill of goods."

Grabes chuckled. "I'm in, Captain. I'll put it on the air."

Late in the afternoon, Washington called again.

"Listen, Nape, what's going on down there?" asked Admiral Scott. "The *Washington Post* is running

Continued on page 158

Keep Active to Keep Alive

Wartime physical conditioning programs are refuting the medical alarmists who encouraged the lead-pants way of life

by S. E. BILIK, M. D.

• SPORTS •

Although at this writing the frequently changing draft regulations exempt men over thirty-seven from active duty, Uncle Sam knows that he can, when need arises, mold these "Life Beginners" into rugged and durable fighting units. Thousands of men aged forty and over are marching side-by-side with their sons wherever there is war. In civil life countless numbers of old codgers are carrying on in fields of endeavor wherein brawn and endurance are essentials.

The Editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has put his editorial "o.k." on the claim that "Rest begins at forty. Exercise all you want up to thirty, slow up at thirty-five, don't lift a finger after forty . . ." concluding that "these views express the modern scientific attitude toward exercise after forty . . ."

What now, little man?

Many physicians are being examined for service. The government has asked for medical men from twenty to fifty. We are in our shorts. As I stand waiting my turn to be examined, I am struck by the poor physical condition of these volunteers—sunken chests, round shoulders, protuberant stomachs, spindly legs, soft tissues (muscles?) that hang like bedraggled wash on saggy skeletons, pale skin that has not seen sunshine for years. In dedicating every waking moment of the day, every bit of thought and energy to medicine, these men had forgotten themselves. Despite the most liberal interpretation of the physical requirements for enlistment, over thirty per cent of the applicants are rejected because of their physical condition.

"It's our newest skin lotion—it gives hands that smart, rough, welder's look!"

Standing in the midst of these physical derelicts there is a primitive freak, a muscular gorilla, age fifty, body erect and strong, color good, blood pressure and pulse of a young man. The examining physician comments, "I suppose I ought to ask you to bend five hundred times instead of the five times as required, to make *your* heart speed up." Dr. Babbitt has been in active athletic training since early youth. At the age of fifty he plays four-wall handball four to five times weekly against top-ranking players. In last year's Westchester county championships, the ultimate champion eliminated "Doc" in the semi-finals by the scores of 20-21, 21-20, 21-19.

The great number of his professional and lay acquaintances who comment on the doctor's excellent physical condition, appreciate that he is neither an exception superendowed by nature with strength and vitality, nor is he a rarity. There are thousands like him, men who had the inherent incentive and the deep conviction to pay the price for a strong, healthy body. One of his regular opponents in handball is a successful businessman of forty-eight, a man in splendid physical condition who plays with the vicious abandon of a youngster. Way back in 1923 Sam Buxbaum and Bill Sackman won the National Doubles Handball Championship. Today, the popular "Buck" at forty-six still plays a splendid game and looks as trim as the great Atlas. His partner, Bill Sackman, nearing the age of sixty, is still winning sectional championships.

This is no eulogy of handball players nor of the very excellent game of handball. Everyone knows men whose records in their favorite sport, equal or exceed those I have mentioned of men well past forty who are in splendid physical condition and participate regularly in strenuous sports. Conscientious adherence to a training routine is bound to keep one physiologically young. One need not be a scientist to appreciate that a body given intelligent and constant cultivation will retain the highest standards of health, strength, endurance, and agility. Function makes structure, disuse leads to atrophy, degeneration, decrepitude.

If the above is logical and true, why then do we have physicians of prominence preaching, "You do not have to exercise . . . Being in training is not the normal condition of the average man. We moderns have to be fit from the Adam's apple up, to live. Animals that exercise least live longest . . . For instance the deep sea turtle may live several thousand years . . . Don't lift a finger after forty . . . or you will injure your heart, your kidneys, your blood vessels . . ."

The answer is that the average physician knows little more about healthful living than the average layman. Medicine is so vast and overwhelming a subject that it takes the utmost conscientious and intense efforts to keep up with the study of the new advances in the fields of diagnosis and treatment of disease. Therefore few physicians have the time and the opportunity to study carefully the specific problems of preventive medicine or healthful living.

The general public quite evidently appreciates this, since few will consult a physician when planning a routine of physical conditioning, except perhaps to ask him to check on the ability of the heart to withstand the incidental strain. For the actual training the layman mistakenly turns to the professional "health builders" featuring "miracle" systems built up of stray misinformation. The approach is so common that in the early stages of our entrance into the war, government agencies called upon ex-prizefighters, exoarsmen, and ex-baseball players, to conduct the very vital training routine of our fighting forces. The government realized that the medical profession was not qualified to take care of this task.

Dr. Logan Clendenning, whose book *The Human Body* achieved an amazing circulation, was one of the first apostles of the "anti-muscle" cult. He derided the vaunted importance of exercise and strove to prove that healthful living will not augment the life span. "I instance two famous examples," he wrote, "Theodore Roosevelt and Walter Camp, both advocates and practitioners of regular outdoor exercise, both dying in their early sixties. On the other hand everyone knows a dozen octogenarians who have never taken a day's exercise in their lives." Dr. Clendenning's viewpoint will be more easily understood when one keeps in mind that he is a busy practitioner in Kansas City, and his whole active lifetime has been spent at the bedside of the ill. His reactions and comments on healthful living were based on sideline observation rather than on specialized study and experience.

The same holds true of Dr. Peter Steincrohn, the most recent advocate of the "Don't raise a finger" theory. Dr. Steincrohn, a general practitioner of Hartford, Connecticut, rants on the folly of middle-aged men playing strenuous tennis. His contention that strenuous exercise is actually harmful to the organic welfare of the body and particularly of the heart, the kidneys, and the blood vessels, is utterly without basis, in fact.

Some years ago Lawson Robertson, track coach of the University of Pennsylvania, caused considerable commotion when he wrote that athletic sports could injure the heart and that he had seen numerous cases of "burned-out" boys. Since in my own experience of over twenty-five years of intensive contact with athletics, I had never seen a single case of "athletic" heart, I spent months of intensive research in the medical literature, to determine the truth. All medical authorities qualified to pass judgment in this specialized field of heart ailments, agree that no exercise or work, however strenuous, can possibly injure a normal heart. A logical corollary is that one with organic damage of the heart or the kidneys must avoid undue exertion. Spo-

Continued on page 141

The Substitute for Manpower

Electrons which probe the sky and the sea, smell poison gas, hear the enemy, sound alarms, open strange new vistas

by LAWRENCE N. GALTON

▪ARTICLE▪

If you stood ten billion electrons on the point of a pin, they could build a golf course, a race track, and a football stadium, and play on all three of them without falling over the edge.

Yet electrons don't have to apologize for their size. As a matter of fact, every electron in the business ought to pat himself on his infinitesimal back—for electrons are winning the war.

They see, count, follow, and even identify enemy planes 100 and more miles away, whether it's blackest night or densest fog. They are in the hearts of the devices directing the course of our warships. They locate the foe and smell out submarines. They tell the depth of the sea, direct the fire of guns, and broadcast running accounts of air battles to crews who can't see outside.

In the air, electrons man the uncanny director with which a plane can find an unseen enemy and shoot at him. They're in the terrain indicator that shows the "blind" pilot the kind of ground he is over. And they're in the indicator that not only signals the pilot when deadly ice starts forming on his wings, but automatically turns on the de-icers.

In the radiosonde, electrons go a dozen miles straight up into the sky where next week's weather is in the making. There they broadcast atmospheric conditions to a receiver on the ground, enabling the Weather Bureau to forecast weather days ahead for the benefit of troop movements, ship convoys, and bomber flights. And on the ground, electrons in the two-way radio permit the tank corps commander to issue orders directly to his units at all times, enabling the tanks to hit the enemy with perfect timing and teamwork.

There's nothing new about an electron. It's been around for millions of years but it's been hiding behind the skirts of some atom.

Atoms are the little chemical blocks out of which the whole world of substance is built. If you could see into one you'd find it a full-fledged universe in miniature. Just as the earth and the planets revolve about the sun, so in the atom there's a central core or nucleus—a positively charged mass analogous to the sun. Whirling about this core are little negatively charged elements—the electrons—analogous to the planets.

Like air, electrons get around. They're in the food you eat, the air you breathe, the water you drink, the clothes you wear. But they traveled incognito until a red letter day in 1883 when Thomas Edison had an "accident."

Edison was working on the development of his electric lamp when he noticed that a mysterious glow had appeared between the filament terminals inside the lamp. When the glow appeared, the filament disintegrated. This was the first time man had noted the phenomena of electronics.

It seems that as long as electrons whirl about the nucleus of an atom in regular orbits, they do no work. The little negative charges of electricity which they carry are neutralized by the positive charge on the nucleus. It's just as if you were to grasp the hand of someone having the same strength as you. If both of you pulled in opposite directions, you might move about slightly, back and forth, but always within a small area. But if somehow you could tear loose . . .

In Edison's lamp, the electrons had torn loose. When the inventor heated the lamp they moved from one end of the filament, rushed across and struck the other end. They disintegrated the part they struck, just as charges from a shotgun at short range can cut off a tree branch.

Edison found that when he sealed a little metal plate inside the loop made by the filament, he had solved the problem. For now, instead of bombarding the other end of the filament, the electrons could move over to the metal plate.

There matters stood until several years later when a few scientists became intrigued by this "Edison Effect." They were men like DeForest, Thomson, Fleming, Langmuir, Richardson, Hull and many others—all famous names in radio. These men found that the material Edison used for his filament, plus certain other materials, have peculiar characteristics when surrounded by a vacuum. When they're heated electrically or "excited" by application of light rays to their surfaces, they "emit" a stream of electrons.

They found, too, that if you put inside the tube a positively charged plate, or anode, then when heat or light caused the electrons to "boil out" of the "electron-emissive" material, or cathode, the electrons would stream across the tube to the anode and thus cause an electric current to flow in the tube.

Then they made another important discovery. By placing a grid in the tube, the volume of the stream of electrons can be minutely controlled. The grid, which is much like a tiny screen, carries a variable negative electrical charge and thus repels the negative electrons, forcing them to return to the cathode. By slight variations in the amount of the grid voltage, the number of electrons that can pass through the screen is controlled.

Thus the infant electron tube was found under science's rose bush. Today it does more extraordinary things than any other single development yet created.

It's through these electron tubes that electrons have gone to war. Phototubes control the wheels and machines of war factories, start and stop furnaces when the contents have reached the right temperature, tally articles passing faster than the eye can see, throw out defective articles automatically and automatically snip off desired lengths of material.

They also make it impossible for a worker to get any part of himself into a dangerous zone on a machine without suitable warning. They square the lengthwise and crosswise threads in weaving, control the high speed wrapping of packages, fill bottles to the proper level, extract slate from coal at the mines, level elevators, open doors, control punch presses, detect smoke and fumes, turn lights on and off automatically at the right times, sound alarms to prevent sabotage.

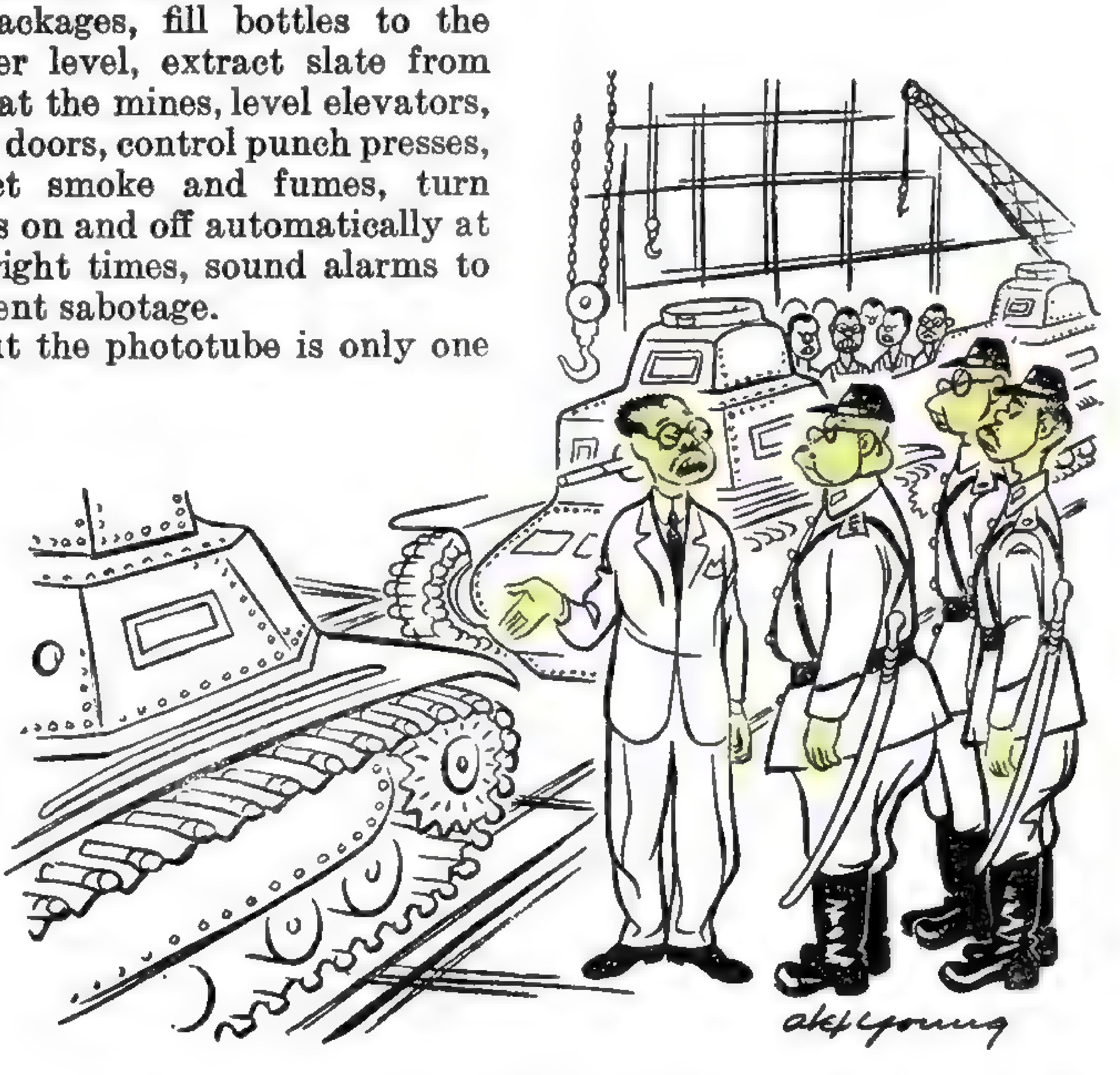
But the phototube is only one of hundreds of different electron tubes. Westinghouse engineers, for example, have developed a tube called the Ignitron that converts alternating current—the kind you probably have in your home—into direct current. Alternating current gets its name because it flows first in one and then in the opposite direction. But the Ignitron will let it flow only in one direction. This tube has helped make possible an abundant supply of war-vital aluminum and magnesium. For these metals are now being extracted—aluminum from bauxite ore and magnesium from sea water—through an electrolytic process employing direct current.

When it comes to the five senses, man is a bush leaguer compared to the Joe Di Maggio electron. Electronic tubes can see in daylight, the black of night, or through dense fog. They can feel the most minute irregularities in a smooth surface. They can hear inaudible noises. They can smell smoke or poison gases. They can taste the amount of vitamin content in an article of food . . .

How about the feats electron tubes are performing in the aviation industry?

The big race in military aviation today is to design planes to fly at 50,000 and 60,000 feet,

Continued on page 122



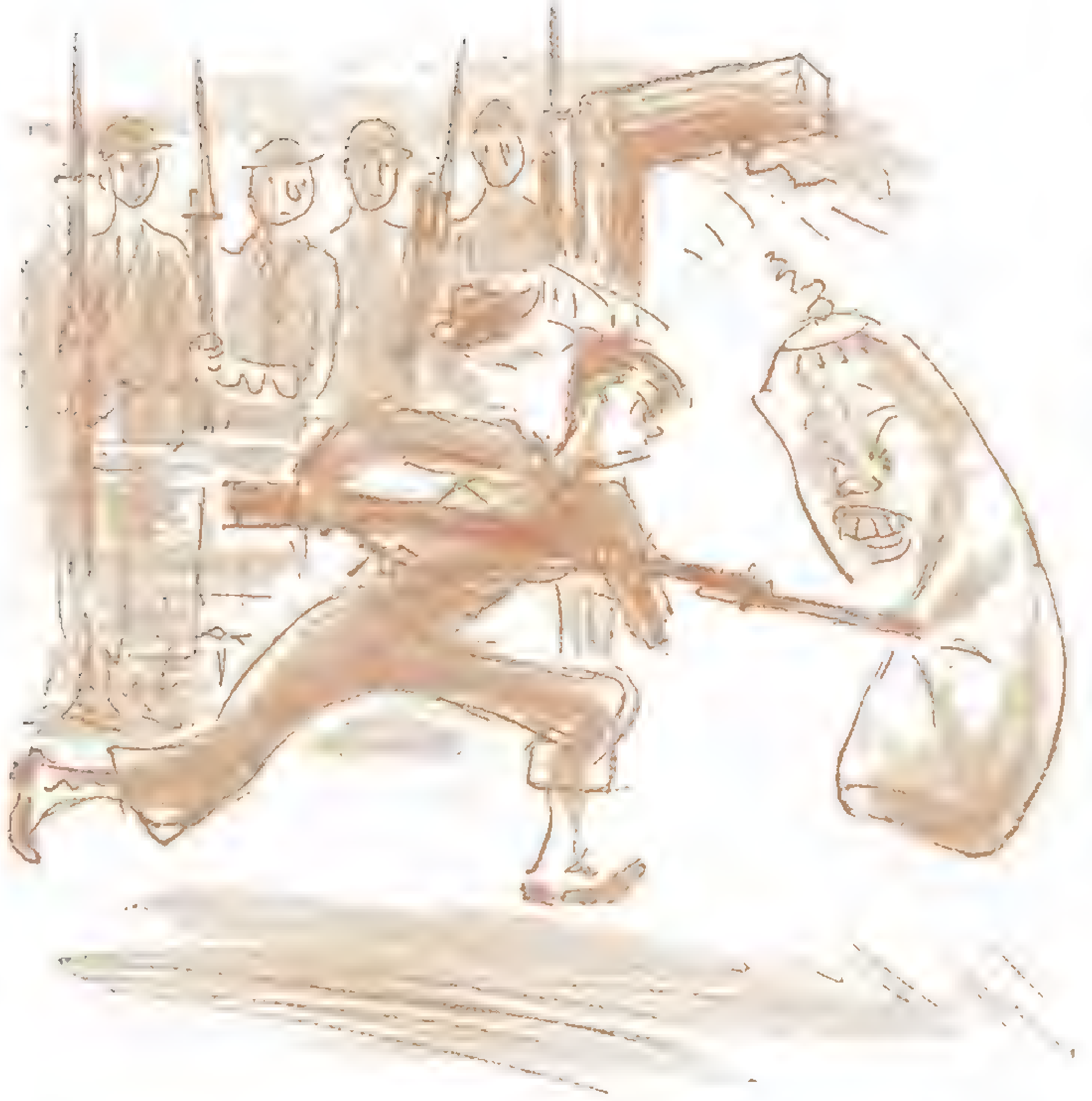
"We do as you say, General Yatomato—all tanks now have reverse"

Sergeant Smoot Loses a Bet

Declaring kids of today are no softer than those of the past, Corporal Hyler puts ten bucks on Pvt. William Randolph

by LOUIS PAUL

▪ FICTION ▪



Young Randolph was a melancholy sight indeed as he waited for his turn to be stabbed. Not the least of the indignities he suffered was his present state of nudity. As he sat on the hard bench with his chin on his palm he was too embarrassed to imagine any resemblance between himself and Rodin's *Thinker*. For one thing most of his surfaces were concave—he went in where he should have come out. For another, he wasn't thinking. He was wholeheartedly concentrated on suffering, and apparently making an excellent job of it. Young Randolph was a few months past eighteen. This was the first time he had ever been away from home. He had already arrived at his basic training camp and was now about to receive his second triple-typhoid inoculation.

"All right, Randolph. You're next."

The pill-roller corporal in the white jacket plunged the bayonet-like syringe into the fleshy part of the man's arm in front of Randolph. The man in front of him was a big hairy-chested guy, and he acted as though getting inoculated were as much fun as being kissed by Hedy Lamarr, which disgusted young Randolph. Private Randolph hated hairy-chested guys anyway, on general principles.

"Nothin' to it," said the hairy-chested guy.

Private Randolph suddenly felt wobbly. He felt like fainting, but the medico completed the inoculation quickly, efficiently, painlessly.

Then he was trying to get his undershirt on both backwards and inside out. The hairy-chested guy said, "You're puttin' your shirt on upside down."

"That's the way I like to wear it," said young Randolph, irritated by this advice. "I always wear it that way."

"This is the Army," said the hairy-chested guy. "In the Army you wear your shirt the way the general likes it."

Private William Randolph hated generals. He hated hairy-chested guys who didn't know enough to mind their own business. He hated the Army. In fact young Randolph hated practically everything. He didn't want to sleep on a narrow iron cot with a pillow that felt like a bag of cement. Having finished dressing, he began wandering about outside trying to find his new barrack. The physical indignity of having his flesh pumped full of virulent germs had all but destroyed Randolph's morale. For the past week men had kept yelling at him to button up his blouse, to sweep under his bunk, to get in line there. Twice he'd missed meals in the mess hall because he didn't know where his shoes had gone to. He seemed unable to adapt himself to the conditions of Army routine. One sergeant had piled his arms full of complicated equipment, while another had confused him with the details of how to make up his bunk. Whistles kept constantly blowing—sometimes they meant falling out for formation, sometimes they meant mail-call, sometimes Private Randolph was unable to find out what they meant and was bawled out for not knowing. Non-coms kept yelling at him either to snap into it or snap out of it.

He sat on his bunk following the inoculation and contemplated a dreary future in which he was finally stood up against a wall and shot for general all-around insubordination. There was no use to pretend that he had in him the stuff to make a soldier.

"You!" said a corporal from the supply room.

Private Randolph almost jumped out of his skin. "Yes sir," he mumbled.

"Never mind the 'sir,'" said the supply corporal. "Is this your laundry bag?"

Randolph swallowed. "I— I think it is."

"Well, put a tag on it next time. I been huntin' for two hours tryin' to find out who this belongs to. If I was a mind reader I'd be in vaudeville. You better wake up, boy." And the corporal angrily stalked off.

Private Randolph would have broken down and wept, so thoroughly did he pity himself, but there was nowhere to go. There was no privacy anywhere. You had to eat in public, sleep in public, dress in public, and if you wanted to weep in the American Army, you had to weep in public. Frustrated, young Randolph took off his shoes and crept into his bunk and drew the blanket over his head.

Someone shook him. It was Sergeant Smoot, his platoon sergeant. "Ain't you never heard they is a rule that soldiers ain't allowed to sleep in the mornin' unless they are dead? What's your name?"

"Randolph."

"Your name is Private Randolph. On your feet. Get a broom in your hands and sweep up."

"What should I sweep up?"

"Jist sweep up anything you see, but mostly concentrate on dirt," Smoot said. Then he added, "Don't let it get you down, kid. Everybody that is in the Army has went through the same thing."

"That's all right," said Private Randolph. "You don't have to be nice to me." His lower lip quivered. "Nobody has to be nice to me." And he wandered off in his stockinged feet, aimlessly looking for a broom.

Later Smoot groused expertly and at length to his boon companions. "The few years I been in the U. S. Army I guess is no reason to figger I am got more brains than the commanding general of it," he modestly conceded. "It is probly a nice idear on paper to draft these here teen-age kids. The ony thing I wish is that they would of inducted some nurse maids at the same time to go with them."

"You would complaint," said Ortwingle, "if a solid gold meter fell out o' the sky and hit you on the head."

"The trouble with young kids is that they are kept to be babies too long by their parents," said Smoot. "And then comes a war along, and it is not their parents which is got the worry of keepin' their noses wiped but us sergeants."

"Whose nose needs wipin' now?" asked Corky Smith.

"This here Randolph kid's. I figger they take one look at the new recruits as they come into the compny, and if their noses look like they need wipin' they laff and assign them to my patoon."

"I run into this kid already," said Ortwingle. "He is a stringy boy that is awys lookin' as if his own shadder is gonna sneak up behind him and shoot him in the back."

"When I left for college at eighteen I felt pretty callow my-

self," said Harrison Hyler. "I think we ought to make a lot of allowances for these new youngsters. It's a strange adventure they're embarked on."

"When my grandfather was fifteen," said Smoot, "he already had became a success as a go-between between a band of cattle wrestlers and the county sheriff. At eighteen my grandfather had already had twins and come near bein' hung twice. In them days boys was men."

"Perhaps your grandfather was precocious," said Hyler.

"If he was, the cops never caught up with him for it. He was born out o' deadlock, and had to shift for nisself when he was six by gettin' a job in a rock quarry. His job in the rock quarry was to light the dynamite fuses and then run like hell. Once he got two fingers blew off his left hand and that is how he become known forever after as Three-Finger Smoot. He could cheat at cards better with them three fingers then most people kin with five. By the time he was thirteen he had ten notches on his gun. Boys was men in them days. Now you haff to explain to these new teen-age kids which end of the rifle the bullet comes out of. But of all the teen-age recruits so far, this Private Randolph is the worst of them all. If you bawl him out, he is liable to bust out cryin'. And if you are nice to him, he is also liable to bust out cryin'."

"Ordinarily I am prone to defer to your superior experience in matters of military routine," said Harrison Hyler. "But in this special instance, I'm compelled to take issue with you."

"What does he mean?" Smoot asked Corky Smith.

"He thinks you are full of bull," said Corky.

"Well, no," said Hyler. "I hadn't intended to convey that impression at all. I disagree with Smoot's contention that the youths of today are any softer than those of the past."

"Would you like to disagree with the sum of about twenty-five bucks?" said Smoot. "Money talks louder than words."

"How do you mean?"

"If this young Randolph kid kin prove all by hisself in the next two weeks that he is got any sign of guts in him, the twenty-five bucks is yours."

"Make it ten," said Hyler, "and it's a bargain. I believe in everybody. I can't help it. What are the rules?"

"The rules is simple," said Smoot. "All you haff to do is bring around one witness that will say he seen this Randolph do anything to prove he wouldn't run away from the first Jap he met."

"All right," said Hyler. "Have him transferred to my squad, and I'll take care of his training personally."

"He is all yours," said Smoot. "I got it figgered out already to spent five of that ten bucks on flowers for my grandfather Three-Finger Smoot's grave out in Oklahoma where he kilt hisself by havin' a oil derrick fall on top of him."

"Even if Hyler wins he'll be gittin' the dirty end of it by havin' to give this Randolph his recruit drill," said Ortwingle. "I wouldn't like to drill him if I was gonna win the silver iggles of a colonelship for doin' it."

"How about me holdin' that bet for you guys?" said Corky Smith.

"Thanks, but it is safer jist keepin' track of it in our imaginations," said Smoot.

Drilling recruits was not very much fun. Persuading a rookie to manipulate his bayonet with perfect precision was what Corporal Hyler had for the moment been assigned to do, and if winning the war depended on Hyler the results were a foregone conclusion. He was a serious young man who had no taste for Hitler's concept of a world society, and he wanted to teach his trainees to kill every Axis soldier they could find, as quickly and neatly as possible. But Private Randolph worried him. The bet Hyler had made with Smoot was only the symbol of a higher principle involved. The higher principle was the enemy. Young Randolph didn't look like a match for ten German soldiers, which was what Hyler had decided was the proper degree of training.

"Look, Randolph. I know you're having a hard time. Relax. All us fellows here are on your side. The dummy's your enemy—aim at him."

"I'm doing the best I can," said the sweat-stained recruit.

"Get your shoulders up in the air, like this. Put your soul into it. That dummy is one of the bastards that bombed Pearl Harbor. Get some hate into it."

"All right," said Randolph meekly. He plunged at the dummy full tilt, missed, and fell on his face.

"Fall out for five minutes for a smoke," sighed Corporal Hyler, addressing the detail. It was no use. For two weeks he had slaved over Randolph, hoping to bring him to life. Maybe youngsters nowadays were no softer than in grandfather's time, but Private Randolph seemed to fall into a special category. Hyler guessed Smoot was right. If all that stood in the way of Hitler's conquest were Private Randolph, Hyler saw visions of himself helping another guy from a minority race to prune linden trees in Washington, D. C.

During game period, while the other men boxed or played pushball or wrestled or ran relays or had tugs of war, Hyler's prize pupil stood aside and observed all this unwonted activity with languid distaste. He still hated everybody—everybody, that is, but the bayonet dummy. For some reason he couldn't seem to work up much hatred for a senseless sack of sawdust.

"Rassle?" said someone behind him.

Randolph was startled. It was the hairy-chested guy he'd first met at the infirmary. Randolph shook his head. Physical contact with this brute was the furthest thought from his mind.

"Come on," said the hairy chested fellow.

Corporal Hyler and the first platoon commander happened by. "Go ahead and wrestle with him, boy." The lieutenant didn't know Private Randolph. "It'll loosen up your cords and strings."

"I don't know how to wrestle," said Randolph, turning white.

"Come on," said the hairy-chested guy again, coming closer.

"I don't know how!" Randolph almost wailed, falling back.

"Then it's time you learned," said the lieutenant.

A goodly crowd had already gathered. "Go ahead and rassle him, Whitey-boy," someone shouted at Randolph. The hairy-chested guy put his palm tentatively on Randolph's shoulder. The gesture had the effect of infuriating him. All the indignities he had been made to endure seemed now to be symbolized by this dark-faced brute in front of him. Wildly he closed with the fellow. The crowd yelled. Randolph, who didn't know how to wrestle, tripped and fell, his face rubbing the dirt, his opponent on top of him.

"What goes on here?" said Sergeant Smoot.

Randolph's opponent was twisting his arm so as to turn him over and pin his shoulders to the ground. But he wouldn't turn over. Instead, he squirmed and kicked so violently the hairy-chested guy supposed he'd got hold of a rabbit with a bit of wildcat's blood in it. He was afraid to twist the kid's arm much more for fear of breaking it.

"The little guy can take it," said someone.

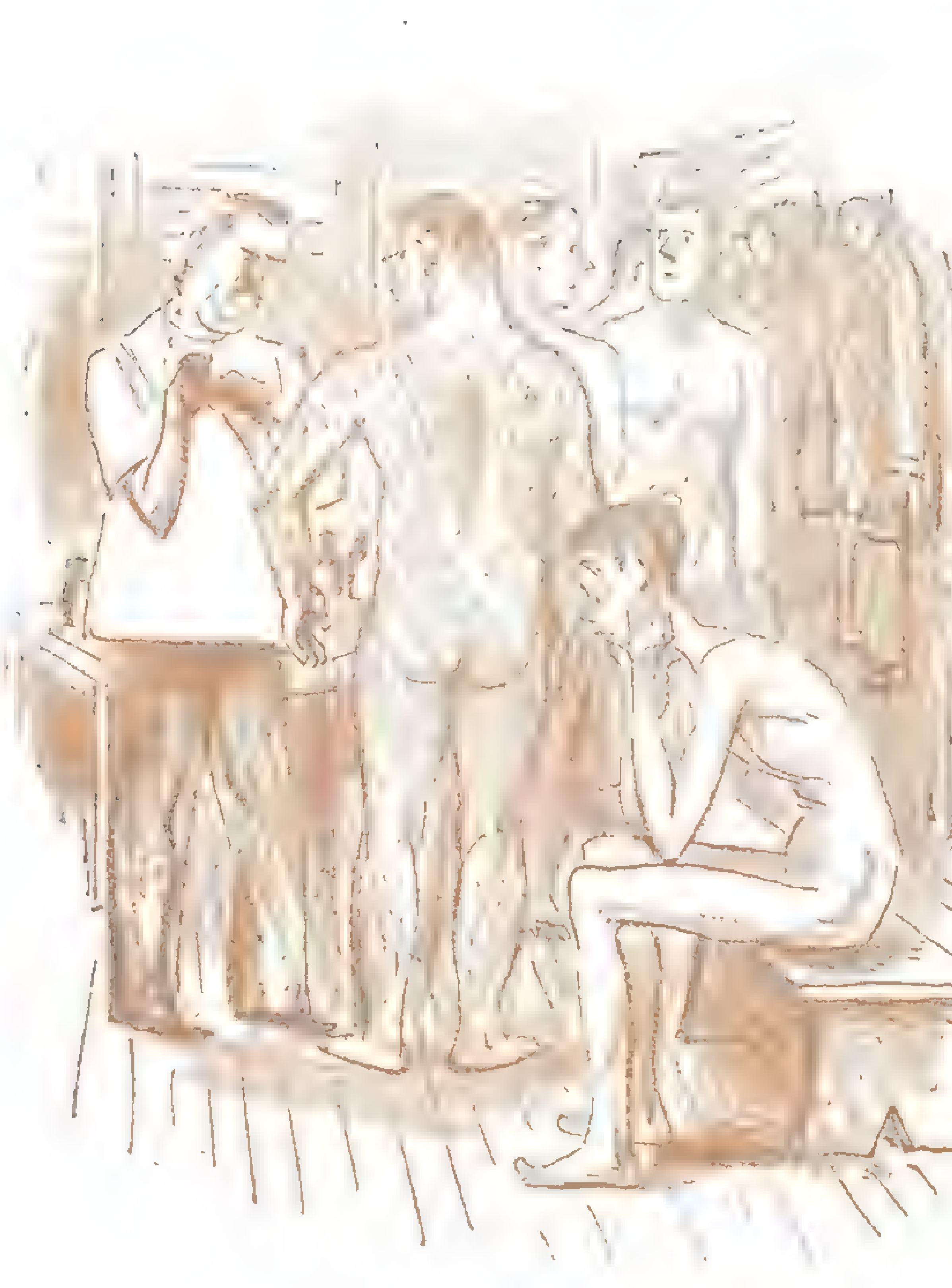
Finally the lieutenant said, "That's enough," and helped lift Randolph up. "What's your name, son?"

"Private Randolph, sir," said Private Randolph, swaying from side to side.

The lieutenant gave his shoulder a companionly pat. "You need some wrestling lessons," he smiled, and then turned away.

From that moment forward young Randolph was a changed soldier. The next morning, at bayonet practice, he tore the sawdust dummy loose from its moorings. "Now wait a minute," said Hyler. "We want you fellows to be vicious, but there's no sense in

Continued on page 161



Doenitz: Domination by U-Boats

Sketching the meteoric career of Karl Doenitz, from U-boat Commander during World War I to Hitler's Grand Admiral

by MICHAEL MARTIN

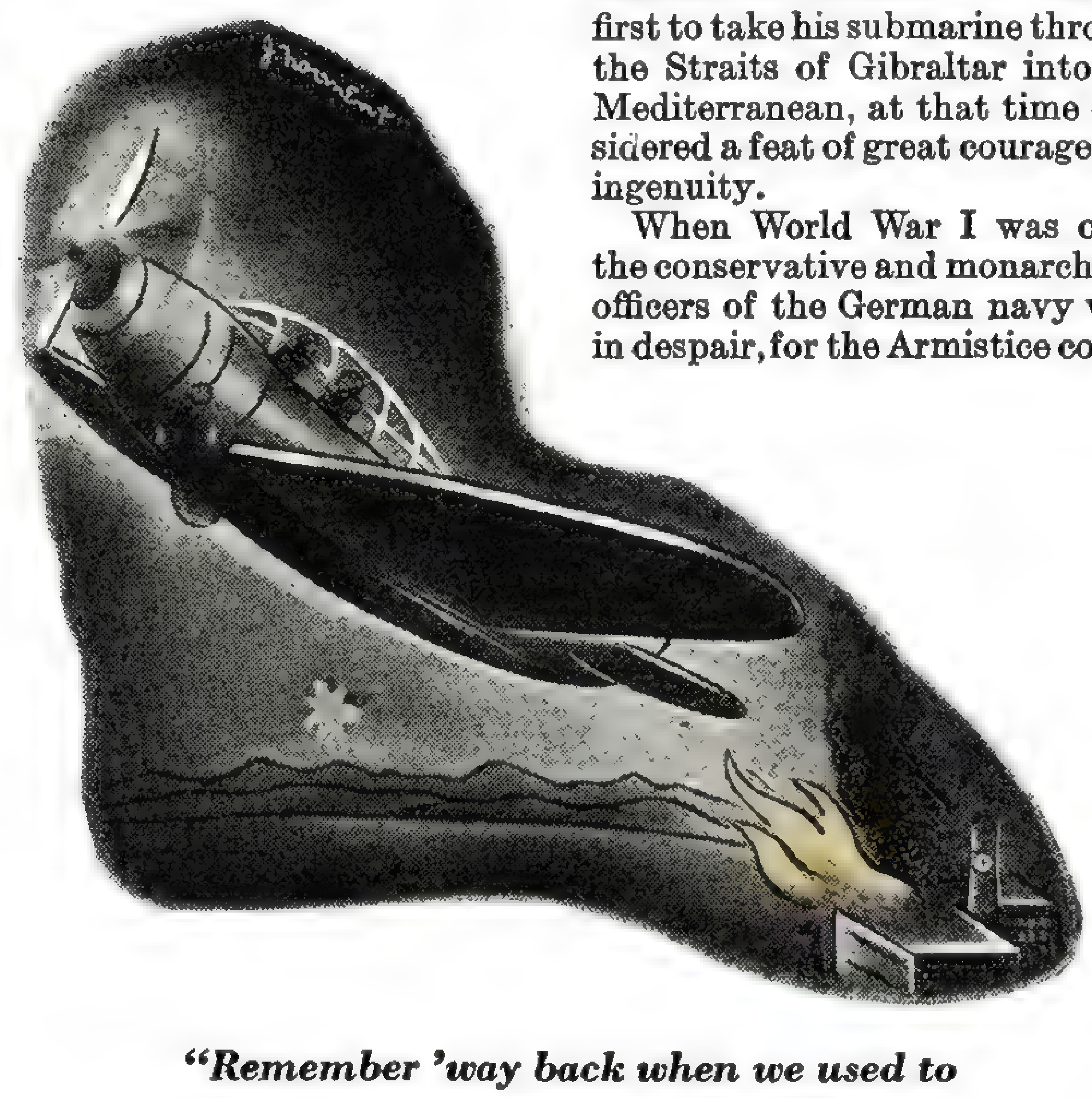
• ARTICLE •

IN THE early morning of October 4, 1918, the British gunboat, *Snapdragon* sighted a German U-boat off Malta. The English attacked the vessel immediately with volleys of shells, but it succeeded in submerging. The captain of the *Snapdragon* thought he had caused only slight damage to the enemy craft, and that it would surely make its escape.

To his great surprise, however, a few minutes later almost the entire crew of the German U-boat appeared on the surface of the water. As it later came out, *U 68* had indeed been only very lightly damaged. According to the crew, it could have made its escape. But the commander had completely lost his nerve. Without consulting his officers, he had ordered the scuttling of his ship.

The crew members, including the commander, were taken aboard the *Snapdragon*, transported to England, and there interned in prison camps. It soon became obvious to the British authorities that the young German captain was worried and preoccupied. He would not talk to anybody, not even his own comrades.

Several weeks later, he spoke, but it was a strange, incoherent kind of talk. After examining him the English doctor ordered the German captain transferred to an insane asylum, where he spent the next three months. If the doctors there ever found out what caused the temporary derangement, they never made their findings public.



"Remember 'way back when we used to drop propaganda leaflets?"

The name of that officer, known at that time to relatively only a few in the German navy department and to still fewer in the British navy department, was Karl Doenitz.

The same Karl Doenitz, who has conducted Hitler's U-boat warfare since the outbreak of World War II, and who, since the tenth anniversary of Hitler's coming to power—January 30, 1943—has been made Grand Admiral, the chief of the entire German navy.

Karl Doenitz does not look like a navy officer or even a soldier. He puts one in mind of a business man or, perhaps, a university professor. Of an unsuccessful business man or of a university professor gone sour. He is pedantic, his mouth is a thin line, and his close-set eyes peer anxiously and nervously from behind thick spectacles.

Perhaps he was never meant to be a naval officer. His father had been a successful engineer in a little town near Berlin, and his forbears had been peasants. However, Doenitz at an early age had a passion for the sea, and he had quite a spectacular career while he was still young. Indeed, during World War I he became one of the most celebrated U-boat commanders of the fleet. He was the first to take his submarine through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, at that time considered a feat of great courage and ingenuity.

When World War I was over, the conservative and monarchistic officers of the German navy were in despair, for the Armistice conditions had outlawed the navy. When they were required to turn the remnants of the fleet over to the British, they decided instead to scuttle the remaining ships at Scapa Flow.

Doenitz at that time was still a prisoner in the insane asylum in England. When he returned to Germany he said he did not approve of this business of scuttling. The fact that the war had been lost did not mean the end of the world to him. It only meant that Germany would have to prepare for the next war in secret.

He took a job in the newly founded historical department of the German navy, but it was merely a front for his real activity: Building an over-all plan for World War II. He was convinced that this program, if it were followed meticulously, would bring certain victory for the Fatherland, and the domination by Germany of the whole world. All this, exclusively through U-boats.

It was a fantastic plan. Doenitz himself later admitted that the first idea for it came to him when he was in the English prison camp. And the German navy officers to whom he divulged it must have wondered if Doenitz had not gone mad.

But Doenitz could not be shaken. He was a lone wolf, anyway, invariably choosing to work by himself. And he worked very hard. For many years he went to his office early in the morning and stayed there until late at night, interrupted only by conferences with certain factory directors who were building new and improved technical devices to be incorporated into U-boats at a later time.

By the middle of 1928, the plan was ready, thoroughly outlined in an exposé of several hundred pages. In it, Doenitz described to the very last detail the U-boat of the future, the conditions under which this U-boat could operate successfully against an enemy, the number of U-boats he needed to conduct a major war, the time he needed to build them and to educate and train enough crews, the decisive strokes he would deliver to the enemy, and how his U-boat fleet of the future would thus win the next war for Germany.

The U-boat of the future was to have a number of technical improvements, such as wider cruising range, increase of speed and, perhaps most important, the development of a new type of torpedo that would leave no trace or bubbles as it proceeded through the water toward a target (such traces during World War I had constituted the most tell-tale evidence of the whereabouts of submarines and had thus led to the doom of many of them).

And he had one idea, which was a basic idea of Hitler's, too, and which Hitler was later to translate into reality—the taking on of only one country at a time. Doenitz was against bringing too many countries into the war, and he particularly wanted to leave the small neutral countries alone. He said that the neutral countries would feed Germany, and that if they were attacked by Germany, their entire little merchant fleets would go over to the other side (which is exactly what happened). But, more important, Doenitz did not want any "second fronts." He wished to keep his U-boat fleet as concentrated as possible, so that he could finish one opponent before taking on another.

He figured that he would need 600 U-boats at the beginning of the war, in order to blockade and starve England to submission. He also foresaw in his plan the fight against America. Indeed, America—according to the plan—was the most dangerous opponent.

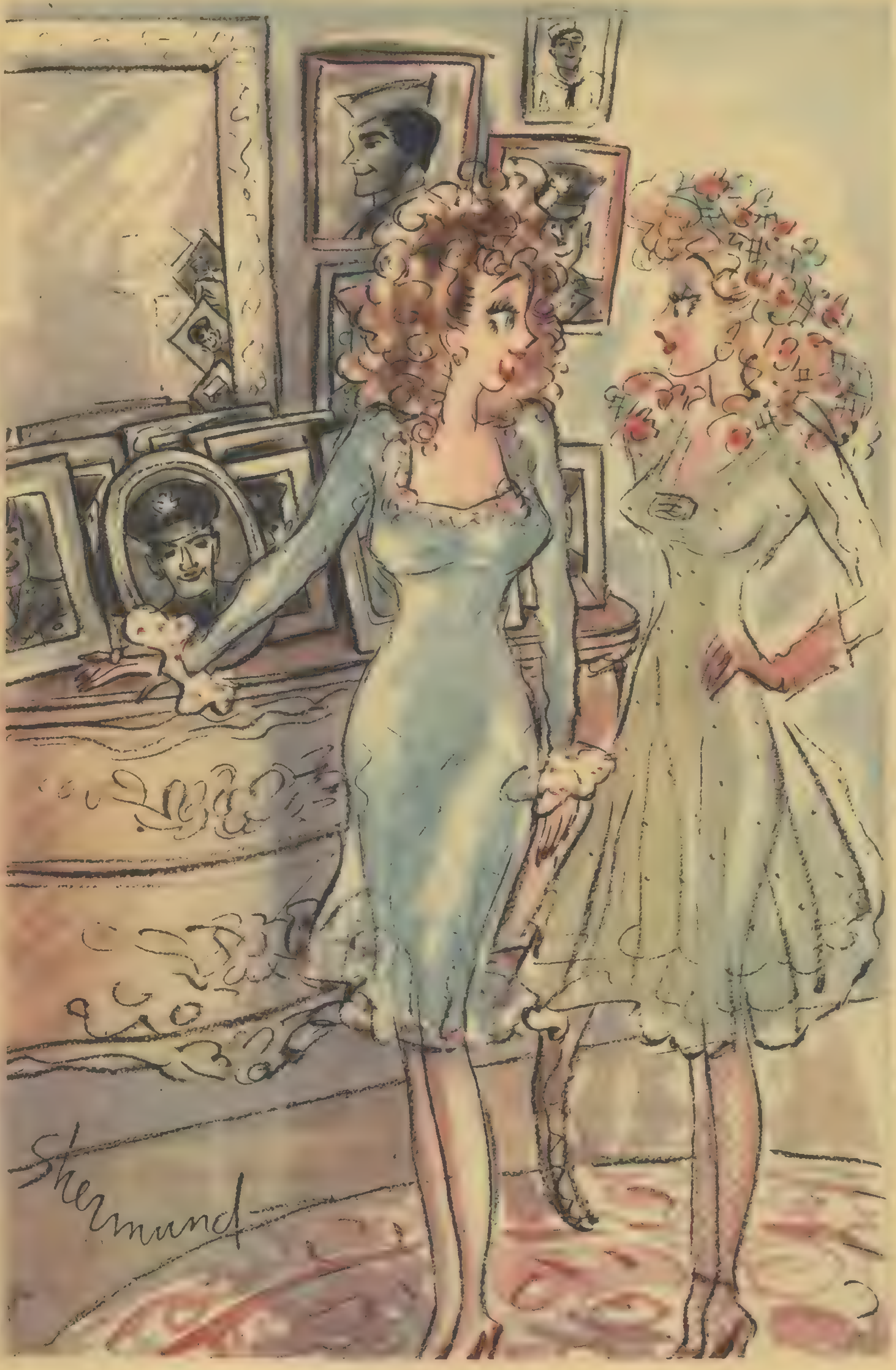
When Doenitz finally submitted his plan to Raeder and the other officers, the result was a minor scandal within the German navy. What excited Raeder more than anything else was Doenitz' insistence that U-boats be organized as a separate fleet with its own high command (Doenitz himself, of course, at the head) and on an equal footing with the high commands of the navy and the army. This, to Raeder, amounted to insubordination and, therefore, madness. And so he discarded the whole plan as impracticable and impossible.

Now, Doenitz did two things. One of them was to make parts of his plan public. He did this in several articles in naval and military magazines and also in several books written either under his own name or those of friends. Unfortunately for the world, he did not succeed in bringing his ideas before a wide public.

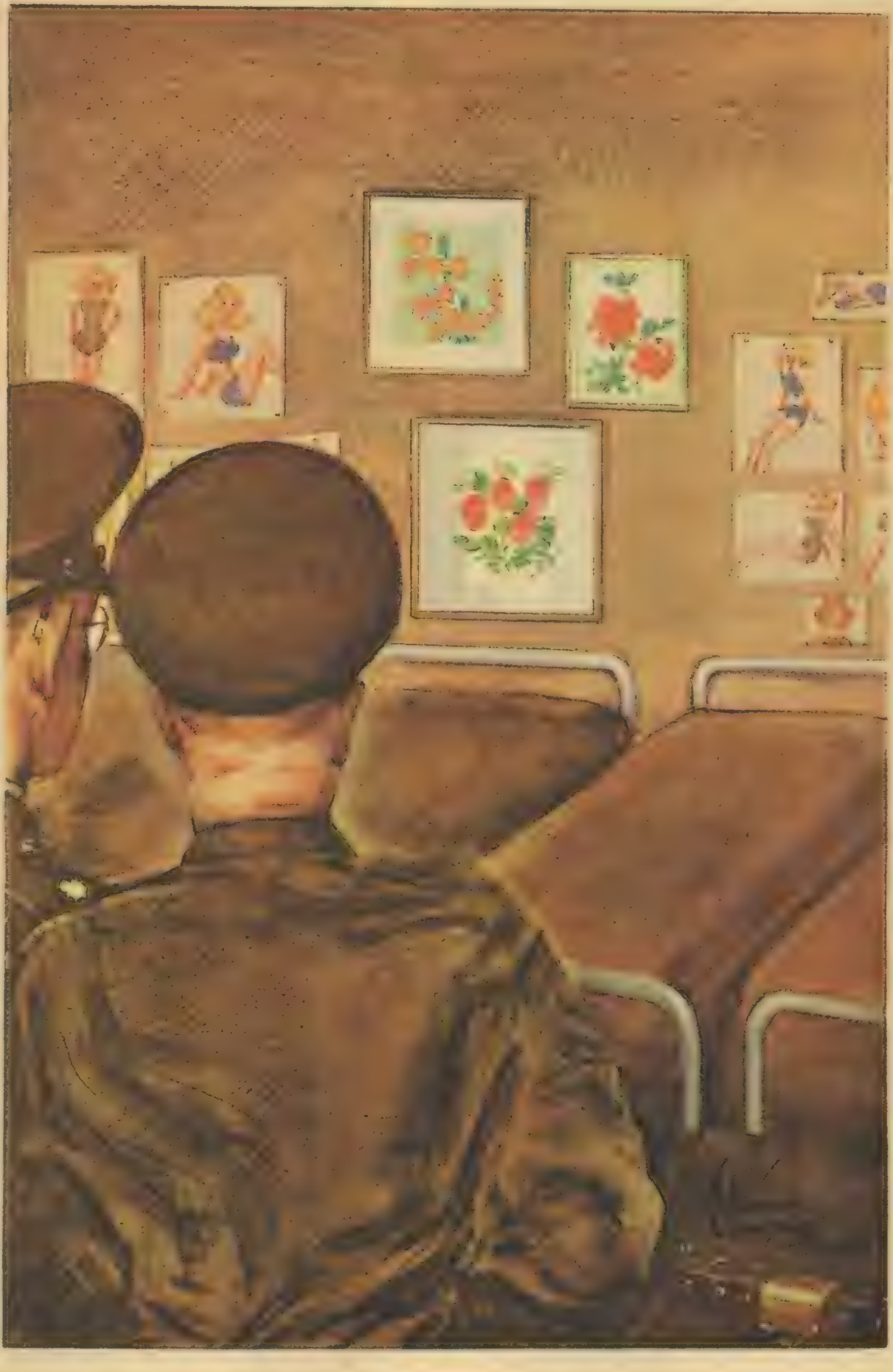
The second thing Doenitz did was to enter the Nazi Party. That was in 1930.

Hitler seems to have been impressed by Karl Doenitz from the beginning. In any case, when he

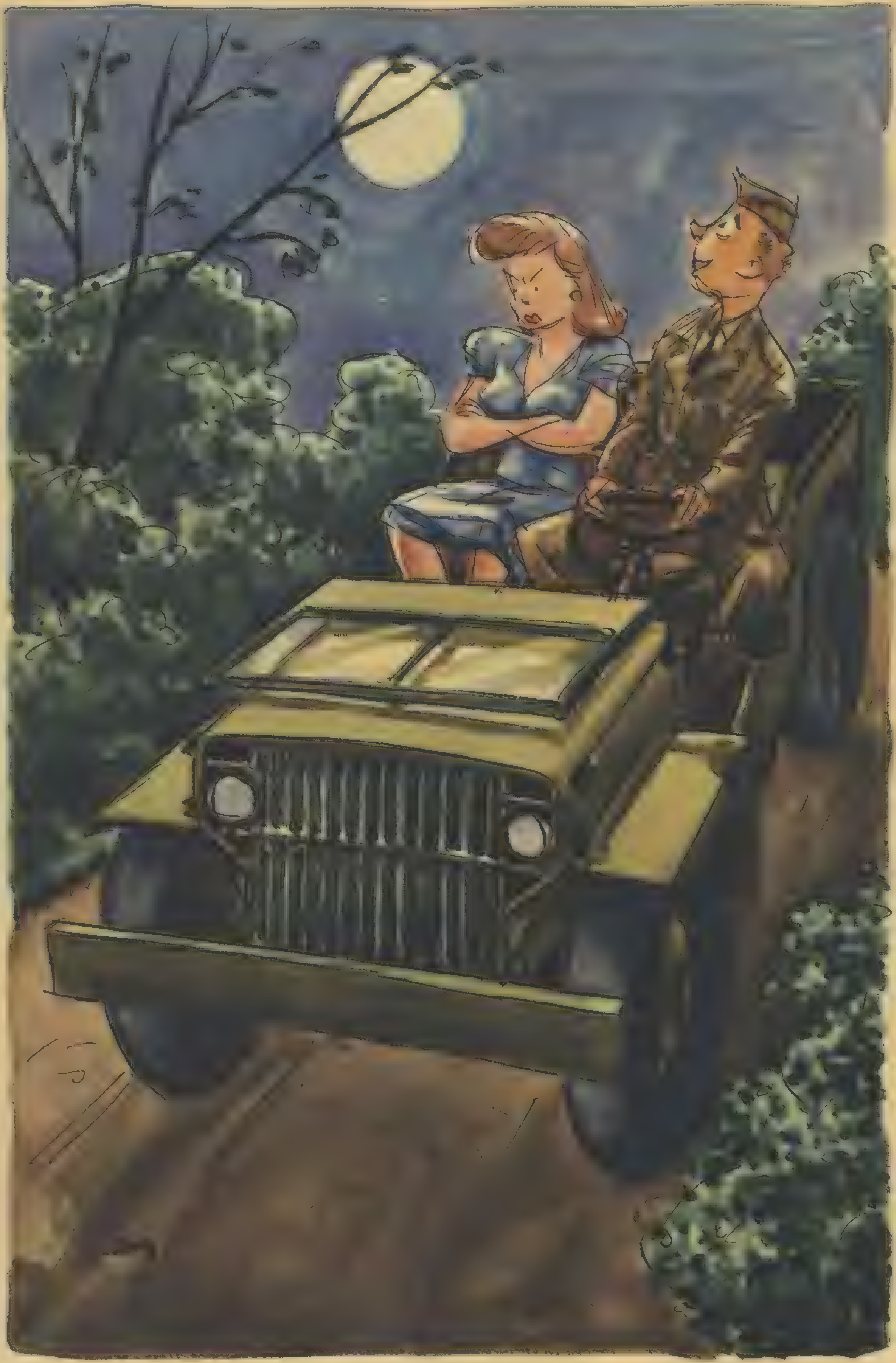
Continued on page 129



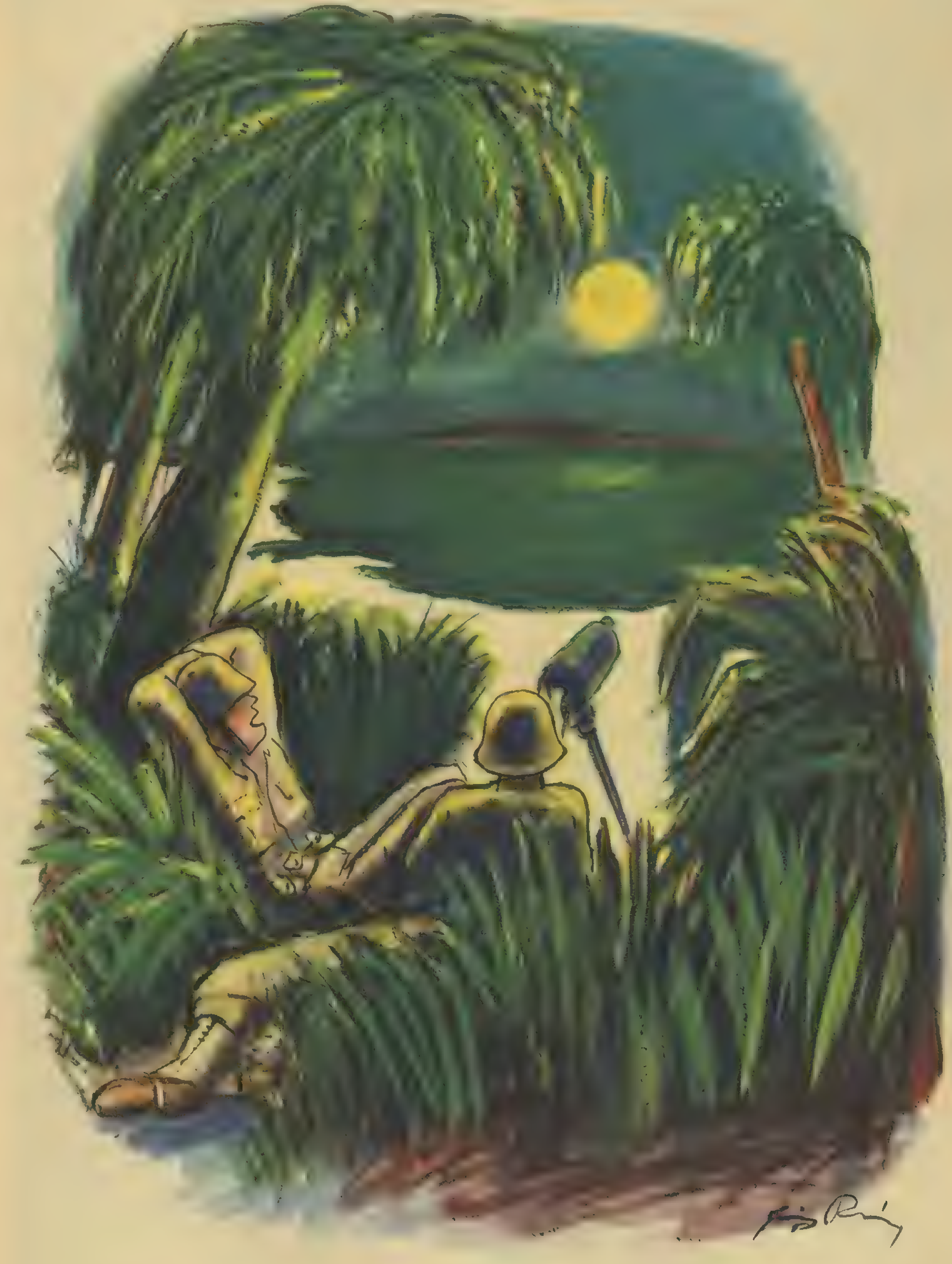
"Gee! When the war's over, my troubles just begin!"



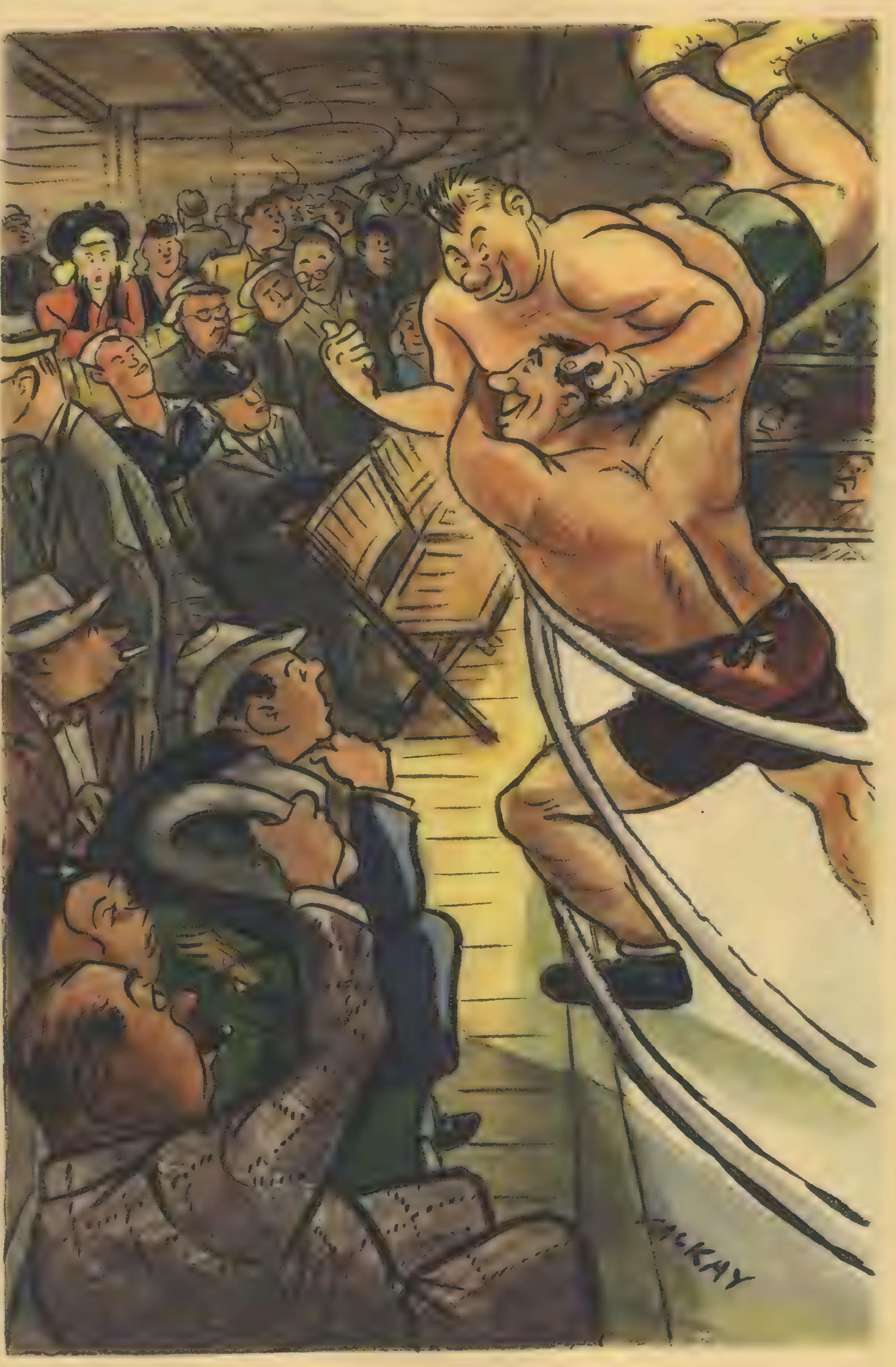
"I'm a little puzzled about Private Hetherington"



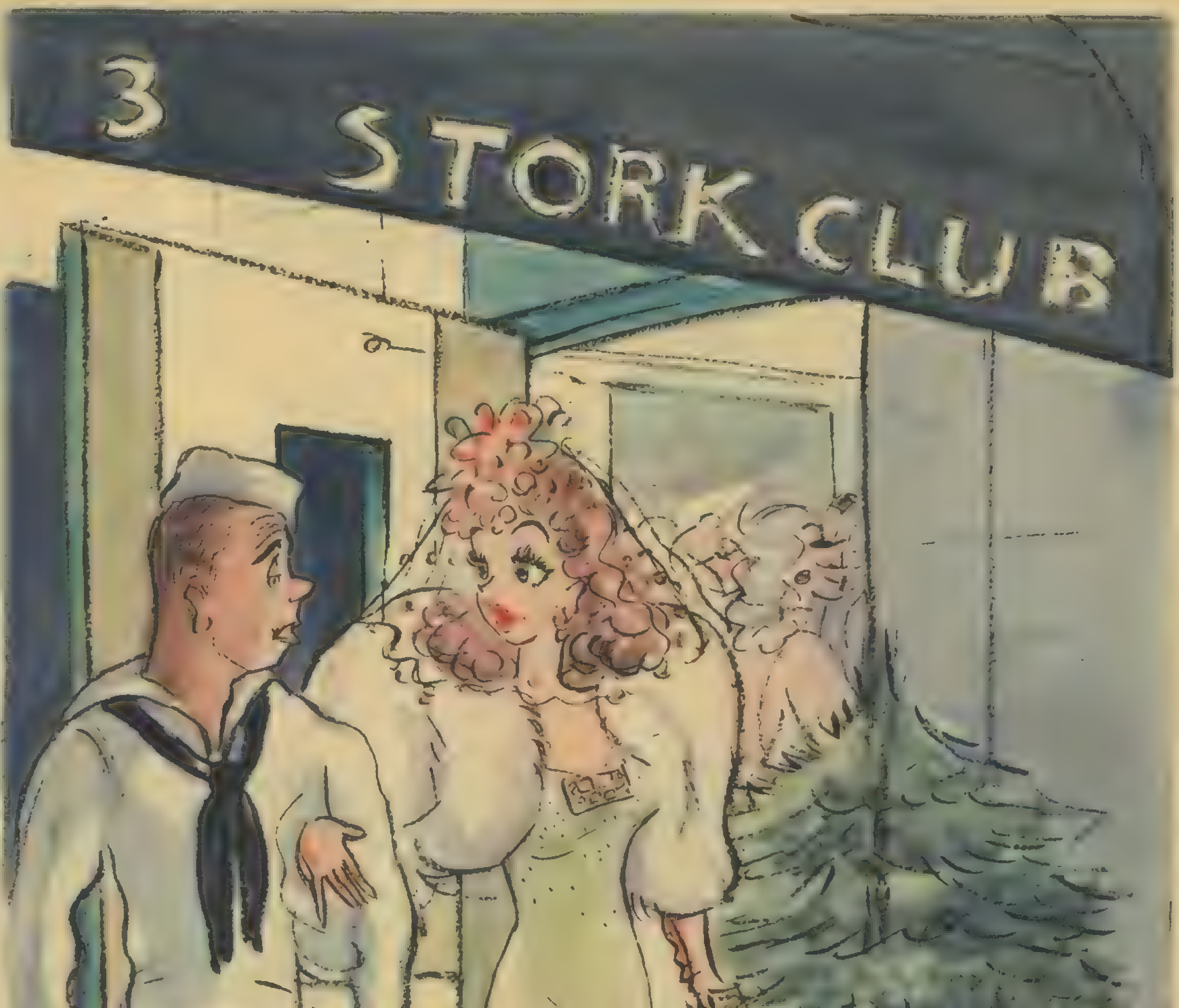
"Boy—what a night to raid Tokyo!"



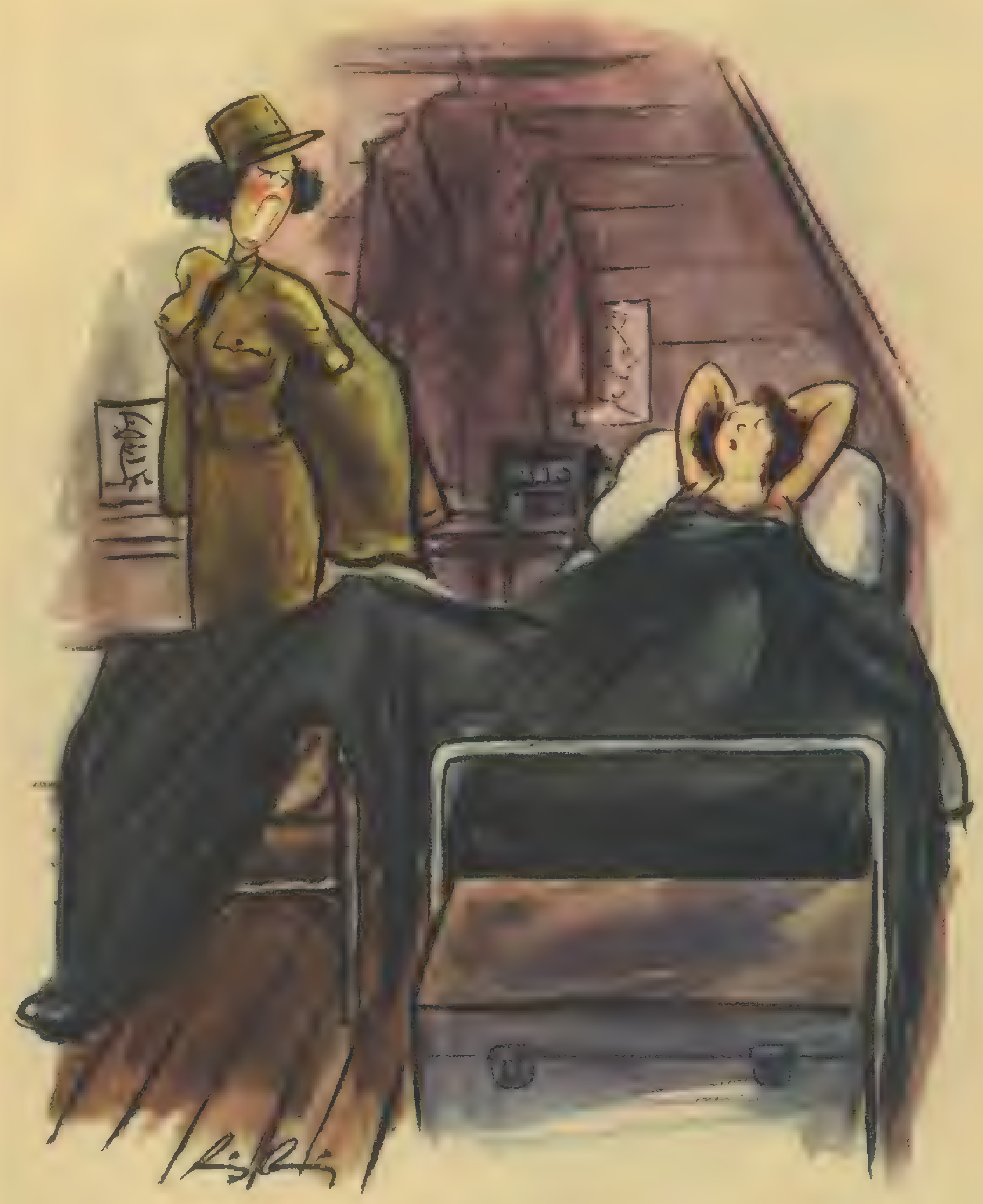
"In a setting like this we have to wait for a Jap in khaki instead of Dorothy Lamour in a sarong"



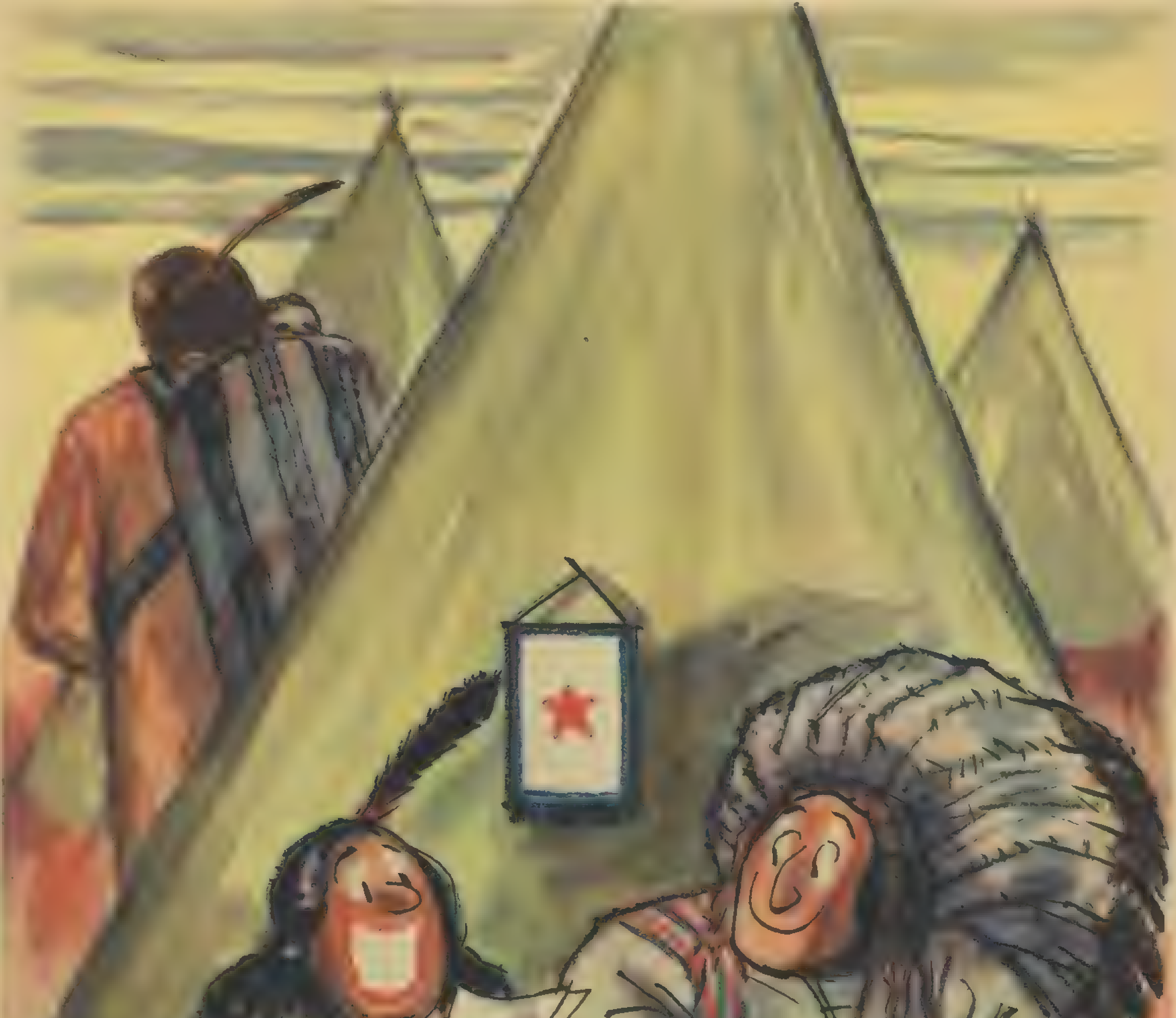
"Would you mind throwing me towards that blonde in the fifth row?"


3 STORK CLUB

"Aw, Mabel, I'd rather hear Toscanini"



"The next time I have a date with him I'm not wearing my uniform—
he doesn't kiss me good-night anymore—he just salutes"



"He says he got the tomahawk and it works fine"

The New Class at Ryden

The German teacher's purpose was to crush the spirit of the Dutch boys, then instruct them in the new order

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

On the 20th of May, 1940, exactly six days after the ruthless bombing of Rotterdam while peace negotiations with the Netherlands were still in progress, the little schoolhouse at the village of Ryden had a new teacher.

The forty-odd boy pupils—girls had a school in the neighboring village—were ordered to return to their school. But Mossel Veere, the old schoolteacher, was asked to remain at home. His roll-book and class marks were taken from him.

It had been a century-old custom in this village school for the boys entering the classroom to stand at the door and fling their caps at the double row of hooks along the wall. The caps that did not catch were allowed to rest in the dust of the aisle until recess. But on this morning a stranger stood at the teacher's desk. He smiled quite pleasantly as the boys entered. But there was something about him that the children resented. He was a man of about forty-five with a straggly yellow mustache and a head closely cropped. And when he smiled he showed a gold tooth. He was a German.

The boys came timidly into the room and hung up their hats carefully. They walked so as not to make too much noise with their shoes.

The new teacher stood at the desk and smiled. "Good morning, boys. Take your usual seats." He kept looking at his watch and waiting for the exact moment, announced: "You who are now here assembled are on time. All others who will come in, from now on, are late. Things will now be different. You are a new class. Tardiness will not be tolerated."

He spoke a low Dutch with a thick German accent and putting his watch back into his pocket, added with great emphasis: "It pays to be on time." And then he sat back and waited for the first tardy boy to show up.

He noted there were only about twenty-five boys in the room, a little more than half. He said in a loud voice: "Notices have been sent out in ample time. I expect a full attendance. No boy has reason to absent himself. And those who do will have a good deal of explaining. It is forbidden to remain away from school."

As he was talking a boy entered the room and hung his hat on one of the hooks, and those near the door whispered: "You are late." He started to tiptoe to his seat.

But the thundering voice of the teacher cried out: "Come here!"

The boy turned and walked toward the desk. And while he was doing so, two other lads entered the room almost together. They had heard the voice of the new teacher from the hall and stood by the row of hooks waiting to be ordered.

The new teacher held up his finger and beckoned to them. "Both of you also come here."

The three boys stood before his desk.

"Do you realize that you are late?" he said.

The boys did not reply.

"Tardiness will not be tolerated. As you behave in the schoolroom, so you can be expected to behave when your days of school are over." Then, turning to the first of the boys before him, he asked: "What is your name?"

"Maurice Leck."

"You are late."

"Yes, sir."

"The reason?"

"I ran all the way."

"Your running was not fast enough." He smiled at his own wit. Then turning to the second: "And you, your name?"

"Willie Keppel."

"Well?"

"I had to go on an errand for my mother."

"You will explain to your mother that the school comes first."

"Yes, sir."

But before he could question the third, two more tardy boys entered, and those near the door informed them in a hoarse whisper: "You're late!" They hung up their hats and waited.

"Come over here!" shouted the new teacher. "You are late."

And now five stood before him.

"If it is necessary for me to repeat it a hundred times, you will listen. The tardy man wastes time. When he wastes five minutes one day, it adds up to a half-hour in a week. And a half-hour each week, at the end of a year, is more than a full day. Waste of time is a waste of work. Waste of work is a waste of material. And a disregard of material is a criminal offense against the New Order. I will not punish you today, but tomorrow you will be punctual. Obey, and you will be happy."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Take your seats."

The boys turned to walk to their seats. Only one, who was a bit of a clown, had courage to turn up his nose and wink. This brought a slight smile from those already seated.

"This is no laughing matter," shouted the teacher. "The first one who considers it as such will be punished. Punctuality is the first virtue of a man of strong spirit. When the new textbooks are printed, in your histories and geographies, and arithmetic, you will have moral examples. And you will be proud to be citizens of the new Europe which will show the way to the rest of the world."

He had hardly finished this little moral oration when still another latecomer stood at the door with his hat in his hand.

"You are late!" called the new teacher.

"I cannot come to school today."

"Come here," shouted the teacher, but the boy remained motionless and repeated: "I cannot come to school today."

"You have a note of excuse from your parents?"

"No."

"What is your name?"

"You can mark me absent. My name is Jean Leyden."

"And you came to tell me that you are absent," he said, expecting the class to laugh. But no one did.

"You will be reported to the authorities, and your parents will be punished."

"They told me to tell you. I have to go to the funeral."

"Whose funeral?"

"He died. My brother."

"What did he die of?"

"He died of the wounds he got two weeks ago."

This was not a subject the teacher wanted expanded. "Go," he ordered, "but be back tomorrow, and on time."

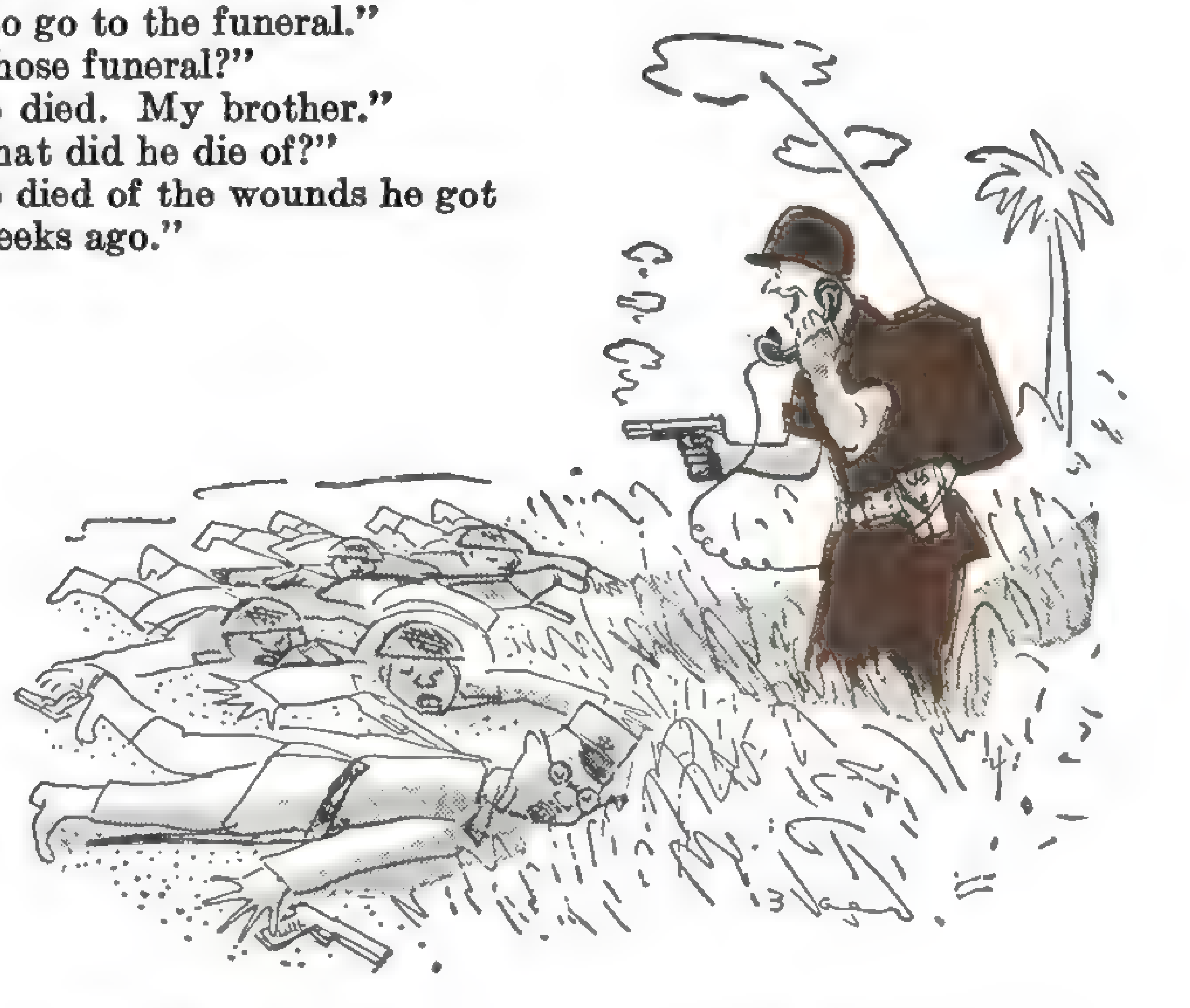
The boy turned quickly and ran.

"My name," said the new teacher, "is Doctor Klottman." He wrote these words in a large script on the blackboard.

How different it all seemed to the boys. Their old teacher, Mossel Veere, held a doctor's degree, too, but he never insisted on this embellishment to his name. Veere was a quiet and modest little Dutchman. He had a little greenhouse attached to his yard and in his spare time he raised bulbs and tried endless experiments with those seeds that came from his cousins and some of his former pupils who lived in Java and Sumatra. Yes, this teacher was very different.

"I can see your minds are wandering. I want you to pay strict attention. For the next period I would like to explain to you your great destiny. Faith has brought us all together so that we can live and work together and all take part in building the new world. The whole of Europe will be a park—a garden spot. The culture that we bring is destined to become the culture of mankind. With energy we will have life and with life we will have energy. And

Continued on page 166



"Hello, Mom, it was a tough fight, but I won"

The End of Atlantropa

Revealing ambitious German plans for a slave-built mother-continent which became a blueprint for the New Order

by CURT RIESS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THE people of the Bavarian village of Hohenschwangau used to wonder who those men were who lived in the two little hotels, the *Alpenrose* and the *Liesl*, and every morning drove in busses to Castle Neuschwanstein, high on the rock above the village. There were forty or fifty of them. They were barely polite to the villagers, rarely spoke to anyone but themselves. And the villagers knew that on those rare occasions when tourists were allowed inside the castle, they saw only the third and fourth floors, where King Ludwig II once lived. Yet only five of the strangers ever left Hohenschwangau after they first arrived in 1937.

If you had talked with those men, you would have learned that they had signed a contract not to leave their place of work nor to discontinue it for at least fifteen years. About their work you would have heard things so strange you could only have laughed, or ignored them. Engineer Hans Doellgast, for instance, would have told you he was working out a reconstruction of the Suez Canal. Professor Emil Fahrenkampf, once director of the Duesseldorf Academy, would have told you he was working on plans for the reconstruction of Gibraltar. Helmuth Fentzloff, municipal architect for Munich, was, with a staff of architects and technicians, designing plans for the greatest power stations and dams ever built. Engineer Herbert Duebell concentrated on how to reconstruct Tunis to make it the future metropolis of the world . . .

But, of course, those men would not really have talked because they were pledged to secrecy. There are not many people in Germany and even fewer outside of Germany who knew or even who know today what it is all about.

The name of the project was Atlantropa.

On the evening of December 23, 1927, a few handpicked German engineers, technicians, financiers and industrialists gathered in the conference room of the German Museum in Munich to hear a man called Hermann Soergel. Bavaria was represented by an important official. So was the Reich. The firm of Krupp sent Director Georg Zimmermann. There were also representatives from the Berlin and Vienna Universities.

Soergel told them, "To discover new continents, you must have the courage to leave the well-known coasts. Our politicians are too cagey and too afraid. So we must act while our politicians hesitate. We must create—a new central continent."

The new continent could and would be created, Soergel continued, by connecting the continents of Europe and Africa and by merging a certain part of Asia into the new entity by means of economic measures. Soergel called this new continent *Panropa.*

The merger would be accomplished in the following way:

Two dams would be built, one leading from Gibraltar to Ceuta, the other one from Sicily to Tunis. The Mediterranean would be thus divided into two landlocked lakes, its level would sink by evaporation since it would no longer be fed by water from the Atlantic, and thereby new land would be created. More new land would be created by irrigating Africa, especially the Sahara Desert. All this would be accomplished through power derived from specially built power stations of gigantic proportions. Indeed, the whole new continent, including parts of Asia, would be run on such power.

But why was it considered necessary to have a new continent? To Soergel, at that time, *Panropa* was an economic, not a political project. He wanted only to save Europe from becoming the economic "slave of America."

Soergel said in so many words that Europe would either have to become more powerful than America—or become her slave.

But a man with a round face, kindly eyes behind thick glasses, gray hair and an unruly moustache, a man relatively unknown at the time, supplied a much more far-reaching answer to the question. His name was Karl Haushofer, founder of the new science of Geopolitics.

The basic idea of this new science was that world history was made by land-locked peoples who, in order to attain more space, more wealth, more opportunities, pressed out in all directions. It was Haushofer's contention that, in the long run, the pressure from the inside to the outside would win.

Haushofer roughly divided all the land on the globe into two groups: one was the "world island" or the "mother-continent." The rest of the world grouped around this mother-continent, he called the "periphery." According to him, the mother-continent included Europe, Southern Russia, Asia as far as Afghanistan and Africa. It was to dominate the world—that is, the periphery (America, Australia, the Far East and the Pacific and Atlantic Isles)—and within the mother-continent the most central country would in turn have to be dominant. This central country was, of course, Germany.

To Soergel, *Panropa* was an economic project. But to Haushofer, it was political, and it was Haushofer who in 1927 took over the leadership. In 1932, the name was changed to *Atlantropa* and Atlantropa became a blueprint of a New Order—years before Hitler had even uttered the phrase.

Although Soergel had publicized the project in order to raise funds, the moment the Nazis came to power, every book, every brochure, every article on Atlantropa was confiscated. Never very well known, the plans for a new continent became almost a complete secret.

When I met Soergel in Munich in 1932, he had no objection to talking about Atlantropa.

"The new continent will be the solution to all technical, economic, political and military problems of our era," said he.

"Problems?"

He seemed astonished. "The problems are America and Asia, of course. The military situation of Europe, wedged in between Asia and America is, to say the least, alarming."

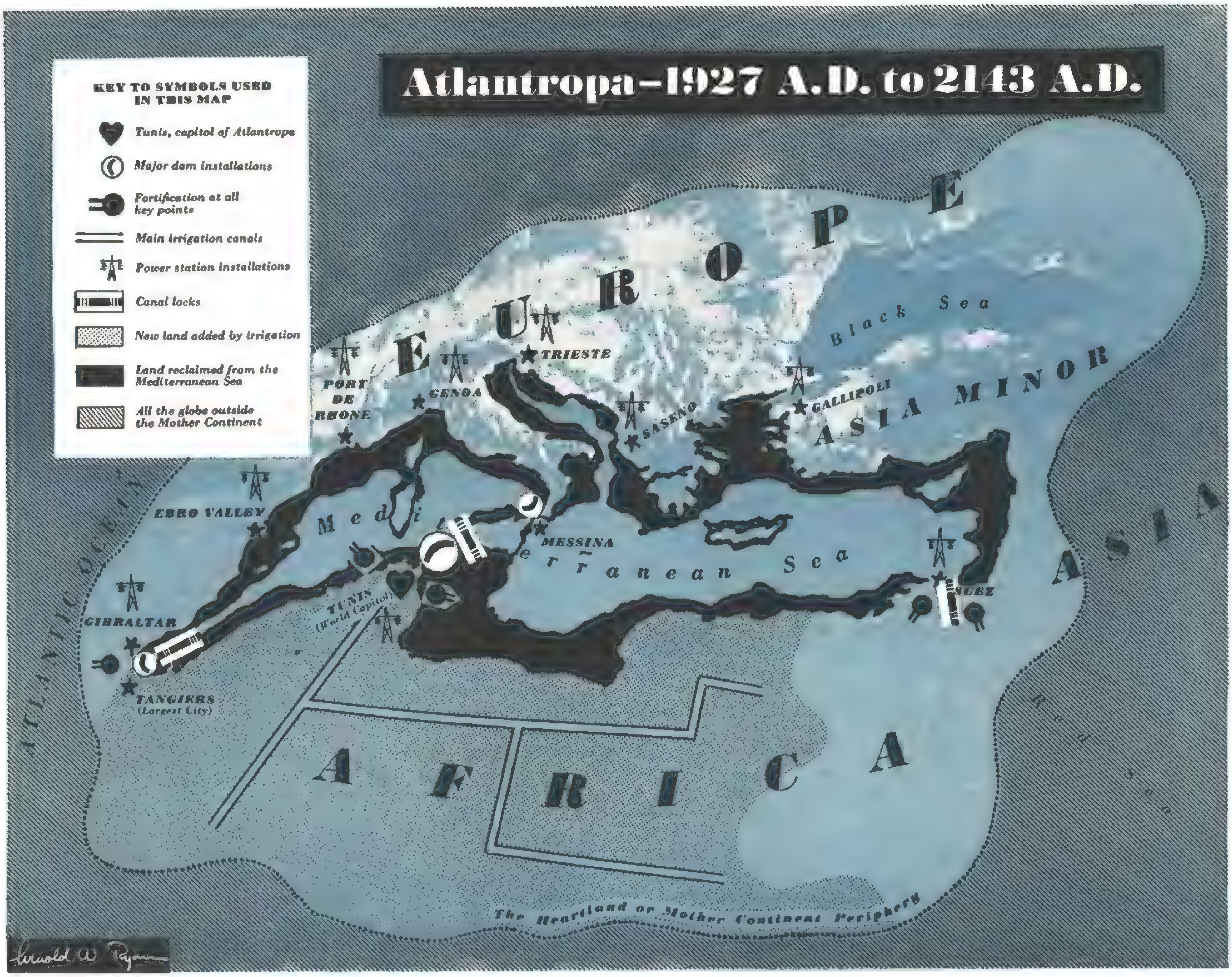
Did he believe that America was going to start a war against Europe?

He smiled in a superior way. "They'll win without making war. The United States, Central and South America will become a colossus Europe could not hope to fight industrially."

He went on. The Asiatic races regenerate ten times as fast as the Europeans—the African races eight times as fast. Since serums and other medical means had reduced the death rate in Asia and Africa, the difference between the European population and the populations of Asia and Africa became greater every year. If Europe could not soon dominate Africa, Europe would become the slave of the Asiatics and the Africans.

He repeated that Atlantropa was the one solution for all these problems. "With Europe expanding into Atlantropa it will become as big a continent and as rich in raw materials as the American continent. It will, therefore, have nothing to fear from America economically. Today Europe has no oil. Atlantropa will have oil. Europe has coal for only two or three hundred years more. Atlantropa, with the enormous power stations we intend to build, will be independent of coal reserves. It also will be united. Because with all the power supplied only by those power stations, no single country could afford to make war against a neighbor."

Until 1934 the firm of Krupp



Atlantropa—1927 A.D. to 2143 A.D.

KEY TO SYMBOLS USED IN THIS MAP
Tunis, capitol of Atlantropa
Major dam installations
Fortification at all key points
Main irrigation canals
Power station installations
Canal locks
New land added by irrigation
Land reclaimed from the Mediterranean Sea
All the globe outside the Mother Continent
EUROPE
Black Sea
ASIA MINOR
ASIA
AFRICA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Mediterranean Sea
Red Sea
PORT DE RHONE
GENOA
TRIESTE
SASENO
GALLIPOLI
EBRO VALLEY
MESSINA
SUEZ
GIBRALTAR
TUNIS (World Capitol)
TANGIERS (Largest City)
The Heartland or Mother Continent Periphery
Arnold W Ryan

financed the project. I have it from very reliable sources that Krupp spent something over 30 million Reichsmarks during these years. But Atlantropa needed more. It needed sums that only a totalitarian government, which could operate without parliamentary approval of its budget, could provide.

Thus the Nazis took over the project in 1934, and the sums invested in Atlantropa became gigantic. At least till 1940, there were, aside from the headquarters in the castle of *Neuschwanstein*, Atlantropa Union Offices in Munich (Theatinerstrasse 21), where, incidentally, Hermann Soergel worked. There was a branch office in the Atlantropa house in Hamburg. There was an experimental station for lowering the sea level in Holland (Ijmuiden-Ost, Nelserduinweg 196). The whole enterprise was embraced by a holding company which, significantly enough, was in Switzerland—Zuerich 7, Hegibachstrasse 104.

There were of course, hundreds of sub-projects. For example, there was the important plan of the gigantic new power works which were to supply all the new continent with power, and which would hold a monopoly over all sources of power supply.

Power station I was to be erected at Gibraltar, the power to be derived from the 88,000 cubic meters of water flowing every second from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean. So far, that water power—which is about twelve times that of the Niagara—has not been harnessed.

Power station II-a, which was to be erected at Tunis, would serve to irrigate the Sahara. Power station II-b was to be erected near Messina, and it, along with the Gibraltar station, was to feed Europe. Power station III, near the Nile delta, was to take care of Libya, Egypt, the Sudan, Abyssinia and parts of Arabia and Asia Minor. Power station IV, near Gallipoli, was to take care of the Balkans and Southern Russia. (In the rest of Russia, the Atlantropa men were not interested.) Power station V, at the Adriatic Sea, power station VI, at the mouth of the Rhone, and power station VII in the Ebro valley, completed the project. All these stations were expected to produce altogether about 200 millions of horsepower, or six times as much as the United States produces today.

The most ambitious and difficult sub-project was, as might be imagined, the dam connecting Gibraltar with Africa. The preliminary plans and sketches alone took three years (1929 to 1932). The idea was to build first a great dam between Gibraltar and Ceuta. Then the power station mentioned above, with a capacity of 17.5 millions of horse power, was to be constructed. Then, large channels were to be built which would bring the water of the Atlantic to the underground turbines of the power station.

According to the Atlantropa men, the level of the Mediterranean will fall automatically when it is not fed water by the Atlantic, because it evaporates. This gradually would have reclaimed land from the Mediterranean basin. Naturally, it would have been necessary to build canal locks at Gibraltar, so that ships might pass from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean and vice versa.

There was also the project of irrigating the African desert, which indeed is a very old project. There have been many plans during the last hundred years to irrigate the Sahara, among them the projects of Colonel Francois Roudaire, of Donald McKenzie, the New York engineer Dwight Braman, and of John Hall.

The Atlantropa project was more or less a synthesis of all these plans, based on the power station project. The idea was to build channels leading from the Tunis power station into the Sahara. There were to be smaller channels branching off. There were also to be numerous de-salting installations to render the sea water suitable for irrigation purposes. Soergel estimated that the harvest from land irrigated in this fashion would be worth more than ten billion dollars. He also estimated that there would be room for seventy-five million additional people there.

The whole project was to take 200 years to carry out. There were eight stages. The first seven stages were to have a duration of twenty years each, the eighth a duration of sixty years.

After the first twenty years the Gibraltar power station was supposed to be finished.

After the first hundred years three million square kilometers of new land were to be ready.

In 200 years there were to be more than 3,580,000 square kilometers of new land ready, about three million square kilometers through irrigation of Africa and more than 580,000 square kilometers through the lowered level of the Mediterranean (at a rate of 1.1 meter a year).

There were to be gigantic new

Continued on page 136

Tunney's Hour of Travail

Gory direct evidence that contact sports do not pay, especially if you're fighting a fast slugger like one-eyed Harry Greb

by ARTHUR MANN

▪ SPORTS ▪

COMMANDER Gene Tunney's expressed contempt for contact sports as a body-builder may well be traced to the most tragic night of his life, a life that had been planned with slide rule and calipers, not only by Tunney himself, but those around him who could profit by his accelerating success. On this tragic night, however, the best laid plans ganged so far aglee that his spotless record was indelibly marked and so, apparently, was his belief in contact sports as a builder-upper.

The tragic, almost fatal night in Tunney's life was the result of being unsuspecting victim of a fistic monopoly that operated in New York as soon as the Walker Law permitted fifteen-round decision fights. He was a native of New York City, a veteran of the World War and a respectable, though colorless light-heavyweight. But he was managed by the late Doc Bagley, and Bagley couldn't crash the jealously-guarded New York field until he had cut in certain wolves who then purloined the human chattel.

After six months of idleness in 1921, Bagley managed to swing a deal for a New York appearance. Tunney had a following in Jersey City, so why not use him in a preliminary of the Dempsey-Carpentier extravaganza? It was logical, and Tex Rickard consented.

Tunney turned in a one-round knockout of Young Ambrose, a celebrated fistic nonentity, in New York City only forty-eight hours prior to the Dempsey-Carpentier preliminary. In this latter fight he knocked out Soldier Jones in seven rounds.

Bagley now had his foot in the door, and Tunney's next fight was in Bronx Oval, New York City, against a mauler and a spoiler, Martin Burke, of New Orleans. It went the full ten rounds, all rough, and Tunney emerged with the decision, but also with a cauliflower ear.

Fighting once a month for the remainder of the year, and each time in New York City, he was promoted furiously and ballyhooed by a sympathetic press. All this led to a match with the aged Battling Levinsky who, after 213 fights in twelve years, had retired. Levinsky had risked and lost his world's light-heavyweight championship to Georges Carpentier as part of the build-up for the Dempsey extravaganza, but it was discovered that he had not lost American rights in the title. On Friday, January 13, 1922, Tunney became a champion by outpointing a retired veteran in twelve rounds.

During all of this, one of the greatest fighters of all time was getting the biggest run-around. Harry Greb, of Pittsburgh, could lick anybody, but he couldn't get a title shot. He could make the 147-pound limit, but Jack Britton would have no part of him. Middleweight champion Mike O'Dowd met him in one no-decision fight, and the next champ, Johnny Wilson, ducked him for years. Battling Levinsky had fought him five times, but always in a no-decision match.

Once in Dempsey's dressing room at the New York Hippodrome, where he was doing a vaudeville turn, the heavyweight champion said to Greb:

"Harry, the build-up is on for three guys: Tommy Gibbons, Carpentier and this kid Tunney. But Gibbons is most logical. Beat him and you can clinch a match with me."

Greb got the match with Gibbons and beat him in fifteen rounds at the Madison Square Garden, but the result failed to alter matters. The ballyhoo continued for Gibbons, and Tunney demanded $40,000 to risk his championship. Promoters completely sidetracked Greb despite his record of one questionable defeat in his last 210 fights.

But what to do? Greb's astute manager, George Engel, solved it with a trick that had gained a match and the middleweight crown for Frank Klaus in 1913. He had chased Billy Papke to Paris and forced him into a title bout. And so Engel spread a report that he and Greb would soon sail for France to force Georges Carpentier into a fight for the world's light-heavyweight crown. Inasmuch as the colorful Frenchman was supposed to return to America the next year for a title fight with Tunney, this was alarming news to the American champion. Tunney's backers were actually hustled into negotiations for a Greb fight by a ruse.

Tunney insisted on the guarantee of $40,000, an absurd figure under the circumstances. His demand was based on an expected gate of $100,000, a figure attained by only three fights in the old Madison Square Garden up to that time. Two were heavyweight-championship fights, and the other the celebrated Benny Leonard-Ritchie Mitchell battle, a charity-social affair. But again Tunney was tricked.

"If you can pull a hundred grand," said Greb, the only crowd-puller of the two, "why not take forty per cent?"

Boomeranged by his own reasoning, Tunney agreed, and Greb accepted 17½ per cent, biggest percentage accorded a challenger up to that time. Articles were signed and Tunney was led into taking on the toughest bruiser, battler and boxer in the business.

But Greb's willingness to fight anybody and his complete lack of fear almost upset the well-laid plans. As a favor to a rival manager, he took on a trial-horse heavyweight in Boston where he had agreed to fight just twelve days before the Tunney engagement. The heavyweight, Al Roberts, was one of those Greb always boasted he could make "jump out of the ring."

"Sure, we'll take him," Greb laughed. He went on to say; He's a bum. Why, even Tunney kayoed that guy a coupla years ago."

But something happened in the first round of that Boston fight. Greb returned to his corner pointing to his right eye.

"George, is that eye still in?" He spluttered. "Look at it. I can't see."

Engel looked and his heart sank. The eye was a ball of fire. It was flame-red and an obvious threat to his appearance against Tunney.

"You'd better quit, Harry!" Engel pleaded. "Start the next round. I'll throw in the towel, an' we'll rush to a hospital!"

"Not me!" Greb shouted. "I'll take care of this!"

He grabbed the towel and threw it over the ropes and into the spectators, as though it was the last towel on earth.

For three rounds Greb was bewildered and floundered like a beached fish. He couldn't see from his right eye, but he wanted to square things at once.

He got his bearings in the fourth, and Roberts began to suffer a beating that few fighters have known, for few could maul and

Continued on page 152

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of Maria Montez

MONTEZ on Men: "A man has nothing to lose. The least he can do is try."

Montez on The Weaker Sex: "Most men are timid and coy when they should be bold and passionate."

Montez on The Opposite Sex: "Men shouldn't ask too many questions. They should go ahead and find out."

Montez on The Male Animal: "The easiest animal to tame is a wolf."

Thus speaks the pride of the Dominican Republic, now Universal's glamor girl *in excelsis*, the former Maria Gracia van Dahl de Santo Silas y McFeeters. Screen name: Maria Montez.

She is the rage of Hollywood not only for her special communiques on the battle of the sexes but also for her flamboyant manners. Temperamental, uninhibited, she is one of the few young ladies recently to set Hollywood on at least one of its ears. Her plan of attack was simple: She went Hollywood with a tremendous will.

Montez was born in San Domingo, educated in the Canary Islands. She married an Irishman who whisked her off to Ireland. After three years of that she whisked herself off to New York, where she bloomed in the Powers vineyards. Her full nomenclature and the Irishman are discarded now. It is Montez against the world—not quite an even match. She hit Hollywood like a blockbuster. She did all the things that were supposed to have gone out with Theda Bara and the crank-handle camera. She made spectacular entrances at parties and night clubs. She had at least three more escorts than the adjacent glamor girl; her cigarette holder was at least three feet longer. She threw super-dooper parties. She called herself "The Great Montez." She said things about men. And Hollywood fell hard.

Her movie career has been brief but dynamic. She was truly unveiled for the first time in a trifle entitled *South of Tahiti*. That one introduced Montez in a sarong. Followed the role of Scheherezade in *Arabian Nights*. Currently, she is a walking testimonial to Technicolor in *White Savage*. She writes poetry, plays the piano, governs every decision by special bulletins from her astrologer's office. She considers herself the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. Her ambition? "Verr-e-e simple. I will win the Academy Award." She also hopes someday to wear some clothes in a film.

Vital statistics: *Height:* 5′ 7″; *Weight:* 117; *Hobbies:* first editions, eating.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

Universal's
MARIA MONTEZ
Hurrell Photograph

BITTERSWEETS KAREN

(The Papillon)

Color Photograph
by HENRY WAXMAN

The Temper of Savage Love

Nothing but the rifle that could shoot a mile away would have lured E-tuk-shu, the bridegroom, into the Siberian Arctic

by ROY DODGE

• FICTION •

"No. I take Ah-paht-ki and go to my village. A person has not been married long." E-tuk-shu made me understand that he had enjoyed no honeymoon as yet. His three months of married life had been passed on the trail.

"You will earn much goods, E-tuk-shu. This is a fine chance."

"I have everything a man needs. I shall rest." E-tuk-shu's smooth face was stubborn and shone with anticipation. It was understandable in a man of twenty. He and his bride had just come into Nome with an Arctic slope fur trader and E-tuk-shu had been paid off in supplies enough to take him through until next season. He was a Point Barrow Eskimo and now he and Ah-paht-ki were ready to take the six hundred mile trail back home.

Ah-paht-ki was round and soft as a young seal. An Eskimo in appraising a woman looks at her teeth to see if they are worn off to yellow stumps by chewing caribou skins to soften them for her husband's clothes and by chewing his frozen mukluks after she has thawed and dried them over the seal oil lamp. That is the sign of a good wife. But Ah-paht-ki was little more than a girl. She was younger than E-tuk-shu. Her eyes were bright. Her teeth were white and gave her a jolly, confiding, shy smile. E-tuk-shu obviously was proud of her.

For my intended exploration of the placer-mining area of the Siberian Arctic I needed dogs and a sledge driver. E-tuk-shu had a magnificent team of huskies—but he would not sell. Cash money meant nothing to him. He had his supplies. Next to his rifle an Eskimo values his dogs.

So I made E-tuk-shu a liberal offer. If he and Ah-paht-ki would come together, we would have another experienced driver and a helper in camp. For eight months' services I would provide everything and I would pay one hundred pounds of tea, two hundred pounds of tobacco and two hundred cartridges to fit E-tuk-shu's old rifle. And, on our return to Nome, I would pay twenty dollars in gold for each month we were away.

E-tuk-shu listened without expression, his black eyes fixed steadily on mine. When I had finished he answered again, "No, I have what a man needs—and my wife."

I suggested that he talk with the fur trader and with others in Nome. To this he agreed. Next morning E-tuk-shu returned and his answer was the same. I was oiling my rifle—a Gibbs-Mannlicher .256, specially stocked, and mounted with a telescope sight. E-tuk-shu's answer had been given in the same high-pitched voice without expression. As his eyes fell on the rifle I noticed them open wide. I handed it to him.

At first, he simply held it, motionless. Then his hand moved along the barrel; slowly he raised it, and sighted (the sights were set at 1,000 meters) pointing it down the beach. Half a mile away a dog team was coming into view. Instantly E-tuk-shu lowered the gun, looked intently at the tiny figures in the snow, then sighted again.

For a moment he stood, then without a word handed the gun to me, reluctantly. I took it but, as his hands remained outstretched, returned it to him. His eyes had never left it. I lowered the sights to 200 meters, and pointed to a group of Eskimos on the ice. He sighted on them. When he finally lowered the rifle I broke open the magazine, showing him the clip of seven cartridges. His eyes, now, were gleaming.

"How far will it shoot, mister?"

"Over a mile."

"And kill?"

"Whatever you hit."

"Kill reindeer, caribou, a mile off?"

"If you hit one."

A pause.

"Not very heavy."

"Nine pounds."

He still held the stock. After a long silence:

"Mister, could I buy this rifle, if I go along with you?"

"E-tuk-shu, if you go along with me, if you're a good boy, when we get back to Nome, I will give you the rifle. It will be your own."

Next morning we began loading the sled.

From Cape Prince of Wales, we struck over the frozen Bering toward East Cape. It was late in the season, with many leads opening in the ice. The Arctic daylight lasts but five or six hours at that time of the year. We missed Little Diomede, and as none of us recognized Big Diomede, where we had intended to make camp, we passed it, too.

We camped on the ice. There was no wind so I crawled into my sleeping bag beside the sledge. E-tuk-shu and Ah-paht-ki lay down in their fur clothes on a few thicknesses of caribou skins. In their ice igloos at home Eskimos take off everything when they come in from work or travel and turn the furs wrongside out to dry. Igloos are warmed by the seal oil lamp and furs piled on the ice benches make a comfortable bed. E-tuk-shu and Ah-paht-ki had enjoyed little of this luxury in their short married life.

In the morning it was a pleasure to see Ah-paht-ki's square little figure in her daintily trimmed bridal furs standing behind the sledge. E-tuk-shu and I went ahead to scout for opening leads that we must avoid. With a surge of her chunky hips she broke out the runners. "Mush!" we heard her clear voice calling the dogs to pull. E-tuk-shu often looked back at her.

Eventually we reached the mainland at Cape Bering, on the Gulf of Anadyr. I had received permission "to enter and explore" the Siberian Arctic, and to take with me "two companions." The official in the tiny village at the head of Holy Cross Bay interpreted the document strictly to prescribe two "male" companions. For a time it appeared that someone's carelessness would abruptly end our fortunate beginning. The lateness of the season meant that it would be almost impossible to return over the ice; the leads were now too wide for safety. The alternative was a two-month's wait for the ice to go out of the Bering, and an ignominious return by boat to Nome.

I carefully explained the situation to E-tuk-shu and asked his advice—whether to chance the hazardous crossing, or wait for open water. He looked at me in wonder.

"Why do you go back?"

"Ah-paht-ki cannot go farther; you understand?"

"I understand. But you and I can go on."

"I cannot ask you to leave her here. We shall be gone months."

"We come back this way?"

"Yes."

"Would the Russian people keep her till we come back?"

"Yes, certainly—if they were paid."

"The dollars you will pay me when we get back to Nome—would there be enough?"

"Why, I would pay myself for her keep. But you did not bargain to leave Ah-paht-ki so long."

"I bargain for the rifle. You and I will go. Ah-paht-ki wait here."

So we went on. Along the coast to the mouth of the Anadyr, up to the pass through the Stanovoi Mountains, down into the valleys of the Kolyma and the Lena, we took our way. E-tuk-shu's first kill with the telescope-sighted rifle was pure joy. There were reindeer and an occasional goat. We were never without meat for ourselves and the dogs. The Eskimo was an expert hunter, and rarely missed a shot.

The time stretched to a busy year on the Arctic slope and then a four months' trip to Moscow was necessary for proper validation of my mining claim. During the wait, E-tuk-shu tended camp and cared for our gear. And at last we headed back on the long journey to the Siberian village.

A year and a half we had been gone. The dogs were lean from hard driving after E-tuk-shu was headed toward Ah-paht-ki. His face was less round. His eyes, narrowed by squinting through the slit sun guards, were wide and fiery when we came in sight of the

Continued on page 156

◄ THE PAPILLON

Bittersweets Karen, owned by the Stonecroft Kennel. Noble ladies of the sixteenth century didn't consider their portraits complete unless a beloved little Papillon was included. Both Madame de Pompadour and Marie Antoinette were ardent fanciers of the breed, as well as a romantic lady back in 1545, who later ascended to the Polish throne. Spain was the earliest promoter of the little dog, then Italy went to town on his behalf. Louis the Fourteenth took his choice of those sent to France and, while prices were sky high, the demand went right on increasing. Thus the aristocratic background of the Papillon was established. Today's dog owes its name to its ears. Originally it was called the Dwarf Spaniel and its ears were large and droopy. Now they stand erect, are set obliquely on the head, are fringed and look for all the world like butterflies. The toy Spaniel had more than looks—a rugged constitution and the ability, once it could elude a loving lap, to deal death blows to rodents!

—Chase Herendeen

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

Deferment for 300 Dollars

Bounty jumping, rioting, other abuses during the Civil War teach a lesson in how not to conduct a conscription

by PORTER HENRY

• ARTICLE •

℞

Those wishing to avoid being drafted can be informed the way to do so by addressing, enclosing $5, Counsellor, Box 149, Herald office.

—From the *N. Y. Herald*

On Receipt of One Dollar, I will send plain written instructions (private) how to avoid the Draft or get exempt if Drafted, at a cost of 37½ cents. Address Lawyer, No. 129 Spring St., Station A., N. Y.

—From the *N. Y. Tribune*

EVERY American man of military age should be glad that these advertisements are 80 years old.

Conscription in the Civil War was like ours, in that there were draft boards, lotteries, examining physicians, conscientious objectors, quotas, occupation deferments. But there the parallel ends. If you had been drafted eighty years ago, you'd have had a hard time sidestepping some of the worst favoritism, racketeering, corruption and violence in U. S. history.

Although the Civil War smoldered for months before bursting into flame—New York newspapers had correspondents at Fort Sumter weeks before the first shot was fired there in April, 1861—neither side had any adequate plans for enrolling its citizen soldiers. In the first burst of patriotism it didn't matter, for more men volunteered in both North and South than their governments could handle.

In fact the North was so sure of a speedy victory that the first state militia units were mustered in for only three months. At the end of that time many of them marched right off the field in the midst of a battle and headed for home.

When the first bloody battles indicated it would be a long and bitter war, and war industries started paying high wages, the number of volunteers shot down. Compulsory military service was the only answer.

The Confederacy was the first to adopt a draft law which took conscription out of the hands of the states and placed it under the Confederate government. A fairly workable Conscription Law was passed in April, 1862, just a year after the war began. The Northern Congress finally passed a Federal Conscription Act in March, 1863. Although it tinkered with the act throughout the war, it never established as efficient a system as the South's earlier law.

Their superior conscription system made it possible for the South, with a white population of only 5,500,000 (compared to the North's 23,000,000) to outfight the Federal army in the first years of war and hold out until 1865. One million two hundred thousand Confederate soldiers were funnelled into its army in four years of war, although the peak strength at any time probably never exceeded 500,000. To match that today the United States would have to induct about 28,000,000 men.

Here enters the villain of Civil War selective service—the system, which existed both North and South, whereby inductees could legally escape duty by hiring a substitute. In the Union a drafted man could buy exemption by paying a $300 commutation fee, the theory being that the government could use that money to hire a substitute for him.

The Confederate law listed a number of occupations which automatically entitled a registrant to exemption. The Federal Congress did not provide for occupational deferments, apparently feeling that anyone whose civilian occupation was important would be able to dig up the $300 fee to escape the draft.

The North operated under a system of state and local quotas similar to that now in effect. Communities were given a certain period to fill their quotas with volunteers—if they failed, they had to draft the remainder.

By some quirk of nineteenth century logic, paying someone else to do your fighting was considered honorable but being drafted because you couldn't pay $300 was ignominy. Hence cities and states made desperate efforts to obtain the required number of volunteers—even to the point of offering cash awards, or bounties, to men who enlisted, regardless of where they lived. Cities bid against cities, states against states, and the bounties soared.

Even the Federal government offered $100 to men enlisting in the regular army, and by 1864 boosted its bounty to $300, with an extra $100 to veterans re-enlisting. But state and local bounties were consistently higher. By 1865 they were so high that the average received by volunteers in one New York City district was $1,060—really a small fortune at a time when $300 was a fair year's wage. Men came to this country from Europe to join up and collect the bounties.

By the end of the war the state, local, and Federal governments in the North had paid out over $700,000,000 in bounties—twice the total cost of the Union army's food and five times the cost of ordnance and supplies for the entire war.

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
PVT. OAKS
USA

"Aren't you setting a dangerous precedent baking a cake for Private Oaks' birthday?"

When the North occupied Southern territory, recruiting agents combed the land, sometimes even interfering with the armies in the field. One U. S. senator reported that "In one case a general officer told me that a few Negroes who had been employed in the Quartermaster's service were actually taken away from Memphis by the offer of large bounties, transported in government vessels, taken to a remote state, there enlisted into the service of the United States, credited to that state, and carried back to the same place, where their services were less valuable in their new capacity than they were before all this money had been expended on them."

One result of this frenzied bidding for recruits was that men from poor rural areas enlisted in the large cities, where they could collect big bounties. Although the manpower of the poor areas was soon depleted, they received no credit on their quotas for residents who enlisted elsewhere. Federal draft officers simply went into these districts and rounded up whatever men they could find, at gunpoint if necessary.

High bounties created a new kind of racketeer, the "bounty jumpers," who enlisted, collected the bounty, deserted, and went to another city to repeat the performance under a different name. One bounty jumper who was finally caught and sent to the penitentiary admitted he had deserted 32 times.

Bounty jumping reached such proportions that by 1865 the *New York Tribune* reported that 3,000 to 5,000 bounty jumpers were operating on Manhattan Island alone. They were organized into businesslike gangs, half of the members enlisting while the other half helped them desert and provided disguises and hideouts.

Another class of war profiteers were the "bounty brokers." These men got recruits under contract to them by promising to get them high bounties or substitute's fees—at a commission, of course—and then advertised their wares in newspapers, selling the men to the highest bidders or shipping them in lots to cities buying "volunteers" to fill their quotas. Usually the brokers swindled the recruits out of most of their fees.

Not at all particular about the quality of the soldiers they furnished to the army, the brokers connived with crooked draft boards and examining physicians to pass off all sorts of worthless material. A correspondent for *Harper's* wrote that the brokers were sending to the army "cripples from birth, men partly blind, idiots from town farms, people with hernia of long standing, puny boys of 14 or 15, men constantly being claimed as subjects of other governments, graduates of the Five Points of New York, escaped prisoners from Canada and elsewhere, some who have suffered years of paralysis, and hundreds who can not understand one word of the English language."

Bounty brokers never flourished in the South as in the North, for the Confederacy abolished substitution in December, 1863.

In addition to the perfectly legal methods of avoiding service by paying the $300 or hiring a substitute, all sorts of draft-dodging subterfuges were employed. A cartoon in *Harper's* in 1862 showed an obviously healthy man telling his draft board, "I'm over age, I am a Negro, a minister, a cripple, a British subject and an habitual drunkard."

The Confederate act exempted, among others, teachers who had 20 or more pupils, and one apothecary for each drug store. The result was a marked increase in the number of rural schools and drug stores. Another convenient loophole was a clause exempting mail carriers. Gen. Robert E. Lee himself protested to the Confederate Secretary of War that he knew of a "contractor for an insignificant mail route in Alabama exempted, although he lived in Richmond and never saw his route."

The sale of trusses and crutches increased sharply just before each draft call. Tough Irishmen from New York's slums donned broad-brimmed beaver hats and tried to pose as Quakers with conscientious scruples against fighting.

Even organized resistance to the draft was not unusual. In North Carolina, 500 draftees took over a whole town, organized a camp and held regular military drills preparing to resist induction into the army. In northern Alabama, about 10,000 draft dodgers and deserters banded together, killed several conscription officers, and defeated some cavalry detachments. Even in loyal Virginia, men questioned by conscription officers patted their guns and said, "This is my furlough."

Mob riots were not infrequent in the North, especially in 1863, the first year of the Federal draft. The most infamous of all draft riots was a four-day reign of mob rule in New York City.

Opposition to the draft had been crystallized by powerful newspapers and influential politicians, because the poverty-stricken tenement dwellers resented the fact that commutation and substitution clauses made the draft a matter of "the rich man's money and the poor man's life," and because the laboring classes, largely Irish immigrants, feared that the freed slaves would compete for jobs and force wages down.

Drawing of names from large wheels in each draft district office began on Saturday, July 11, without attracting much attention. But when lists of the drafted men were published in Sunday's papers, workingmen saw that most of the conscripts, naturally, had been drawn from the laboring class.

On Monday morning mobs gathered on the lower West Side and marched northward, beating on pans and kettles, stopping at factories along the way and persuading the employees to join the parade to the draft office.

After a huge crowd had collected on a vacant lot near Central Park, they marched to a draft office at Forty-sixth Street and Third Avenue, where the drawing had been resumed.

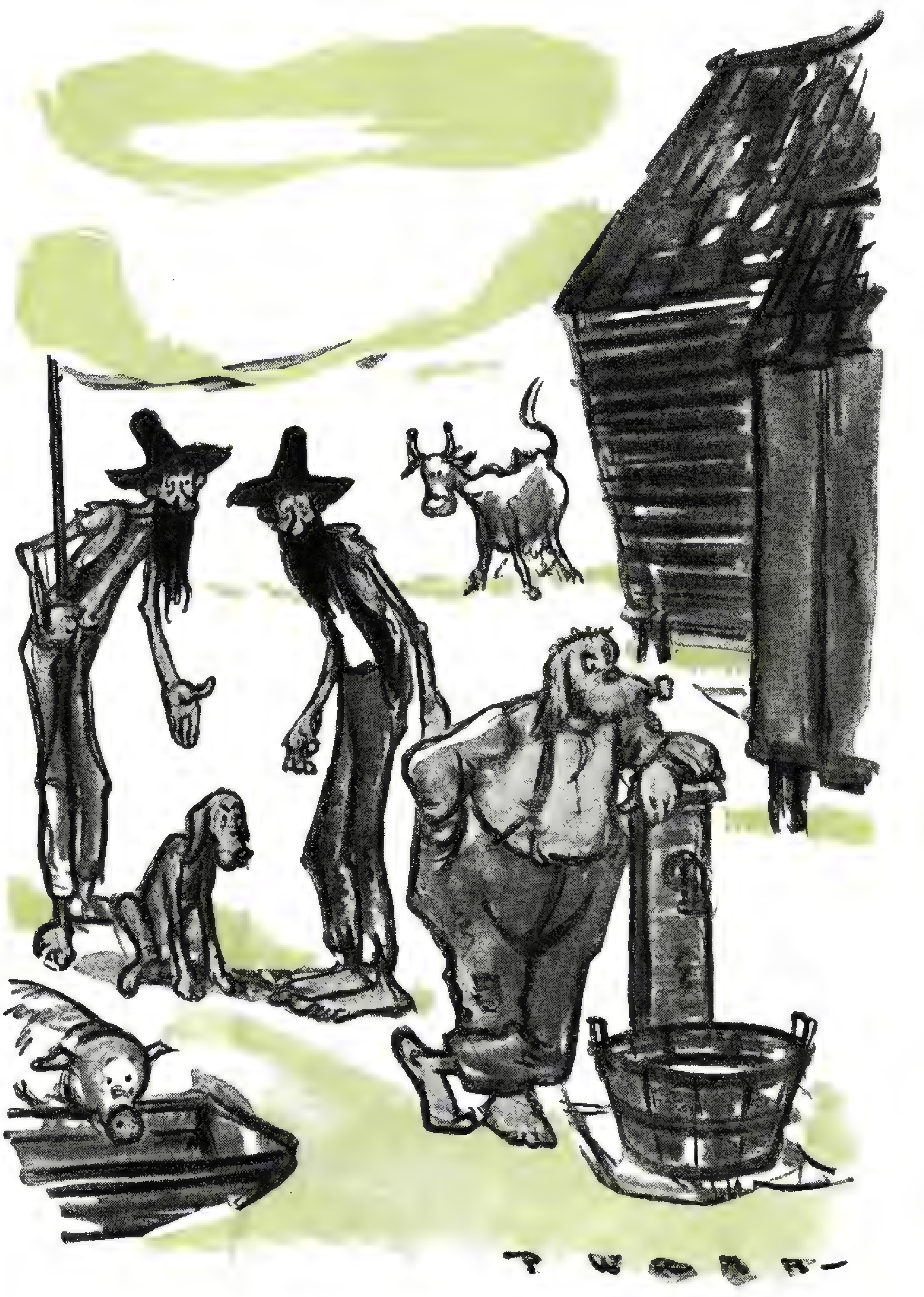
The mob battered down the doors, scattered records, smashed furniture, and set fire to the building.

The Invalid Corps—a sort of city guard composed of partially disabled veterans—hastened to the scene and made the tactical error of firing their first volley over the heads of the crowd. Before they could reload, the crowd managed to overpower them, took away their weapons and then chased them for blocks.

A detachment of forty-four policemen courageously charged into the crowd, but they were soon repulsed by clubs, iron bars, stones, brickbats and pistols.

Mobs were formed on street corners all over the city, attacking Negroes, burning buildings, stealing firearms, and looting saloons to get riotously drunk. One group of rioters supplied themselves with muskets by seizing a gun factory at Second Avenue and Twentieth Street. Others broke into houses along Lexington Avenue, hastening home with jewelry, silver plate and elegant furniture. A four-story Negro orphans' home at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street was burned only a few min-

Continued on page 155



"Ah'll never take either of 'em huntin' ag'in—Oncle Baldo helped Lightnin' point wood-chuck holes all mornin' long"

Patient, Please Be Patient

Entering the hospital for observation furnishes a comedy of errors diverting to everyone but the chump playing lead

by THOMAS F. VANCE, JR.

• ARTICLE •

THERE are more ways of getting to a hospital than walking into Duffy's saloon and yelling, "Down with the Irish!"

But by far the quickest way is to tell your wife that you don't feel well and that you *don't* want to go to the hospital for a "check-up."

This announcement turns the little woman into an authority on adult diseases and a tyrant whose barrage of orders about "What's good for you" gives you the first temperature reading you've had. With her own doctor (*you* never liked the guy) she forms a two-man committee whose only interest is to railroad you into the hospital.

Although your condition is discussed in the green-grey tones of death and transfiguration, a holiday spirit bursts over the house. Your brother-in-law drops over. Your wife makes a series of lively telephone calls—to Dr. Coffin, Dr. Coffin's nurse, to Dorothy, her best friend. . . . No one on the party line has a chance to miss a full report of your symptoms, cheerfully detailed and well larded with her own amateur diagnosis. Then with the downright authoritarianism of a junior executive on duty while the chief is out of town, your wife supervises the packing of your bag.

Of course the whole household from your wife to the kitchen maid's brother Joe are worried about your condition but they all work on the theory that as long as the body is still warm it can carry its own suitcase to the car.

At the hospital you find a number of winding driveways with handsome entrances—all marked "For Ambulances Only." Once you have located the one drive which isn't so marked, you come upon many convenient parking areas, all marked "No Parking. For Doctors Only." So you alight at the entrance and send the car back to the street with your brother-in-law. This is no inconvenience to him as all your in-laws are taking the day off and are going to Mama's for dinner. Mama is already cooking the turkey.

It is apparent that the hospital is not expecting the arrival of anyone weak or sick and has made no provision for getting him into the building. Three of you open the door with ease, and you find yourself in a large foyer with high 1890-ish panelling and somber paint, and a decidedly heavy atmosphere of dejection and decay.

Also present are a couple of rubber plants and a potted palm which is apparently shrivelling on its memories of better days as a stage prop. On one of the stiff-back church pews a poorly clad little old woman sits staring out through the gloom as if she had been waiting since last Saturday.

You approach the only real live person in the room—a switchboard operator behind a grillwork.

"Did you wish to pay something on a bill?" she asks.

"I'm Mr. Dalton."

"Yes?" She is waiting expectantly.

"I'm here to . . ."

Just then there is a buzz and she starts a conversation. Four minutes later she finishes, turns to you, and says, "You make your payments at the cashier's window, right over there."

This is too much for your wife. "Mr. Dalton is here for a check-up," she interjects. "He is a patient of Dr. Coffin."

"Does Dr. Coffin know he is coming here today?"

"He made the arrangements *early* this morning," replies your wife, somewhat huffily.

"Oh, very well," says the girl. "Please sit down over there for a few minutes. Miss Gravel, the admitting officer, isn't here just now."

After a long cooling-off period on the solid oak bench you stop the first nurse to walk through. She tells you exactly what the switchboard operator told you, adds that she will "see what she can do." This means going over to the operator and asking "Do you know about a room for a Mr. Walton?"

"Dalton!" you say.

"Were you to have a private room?"

"Oh, yes, of course," says your wife, who is in a mood you recognize. "A private room. *Of course.*"

You have been fighting for two days to stay out of this place and now you are fighting to get in. You are told to sit down, "just for a minute," while they locate Miss Gravel. Miss Gravel apparently lives a full life for it takes six telephone calls to locate her.

At first sight, Miss Gravel reminds you of your grammar school principal. Then when she takes you into a small office and cross-examines you about every aspect of your personal affairs she reminds you of that man at the bank you asked for an extension on the interest payment of your mortgage. After the inquisition Miss Gravel hands you a paper and tells you to walk through Corridor A and ask for Miss Givney.

Corridor A is a through street several miles long with a nurse and desk at every intersection. Occasionally you have to stand aside as a stretcher goes by. Looking at the white faces above the sheet does something to you. Then one goes by fast. The sheet is over the face. No one speaks and you feel a little weak.

When found Miss Givney's first act is to lead you all the way back the way you've come. An elevator upstairs, another long corridor, then she opens a door. There is a yell from inside.

"Oh, pardon me," she exclaims, backing out.

There seems to be someone in the room.

"Don't I get a room to myself?" you ask your wife.

She stares you into silence while Miss Givney goes to the phone and calls the office. There is a patient in 11C, says she. It takes four more calls to determine that all the private rooms are occupied and you will have to be placed in a "semi-private." Your wife starts to question the decision but you drown her out. You will take *any* room. Miss Givney smiles smugly and leads you back to the elevator.

You are still carrying your bag.

In your room, an antiseptic little packing case, two young nurses in blue uniforms and white aprons are taking the bed apart and a young man in a white suit is telling them how to do it. They are doing it the hard way so you wait nervously in the doorway, suitcase in hand.

Miss Gravel appears and goes into a long whispered conversation with your wife. In a few moments your wife comes over to you and you can see from her high color that she is either annoyed or embarrassed. She asks you if you have any money with you. At the hospital, they get it on the line. Dr. Coffin failed to mention this detail, being concerned only with his.

It seems a good time to indulge in a couple of acid remarks, so you do, thus earning dirty looks from the women and a snicker from the young man.

The young man takes this opportunity to ask you for a cigarette. This is a sign that he is an intern and not an orderly. Orderlies also wear white suits

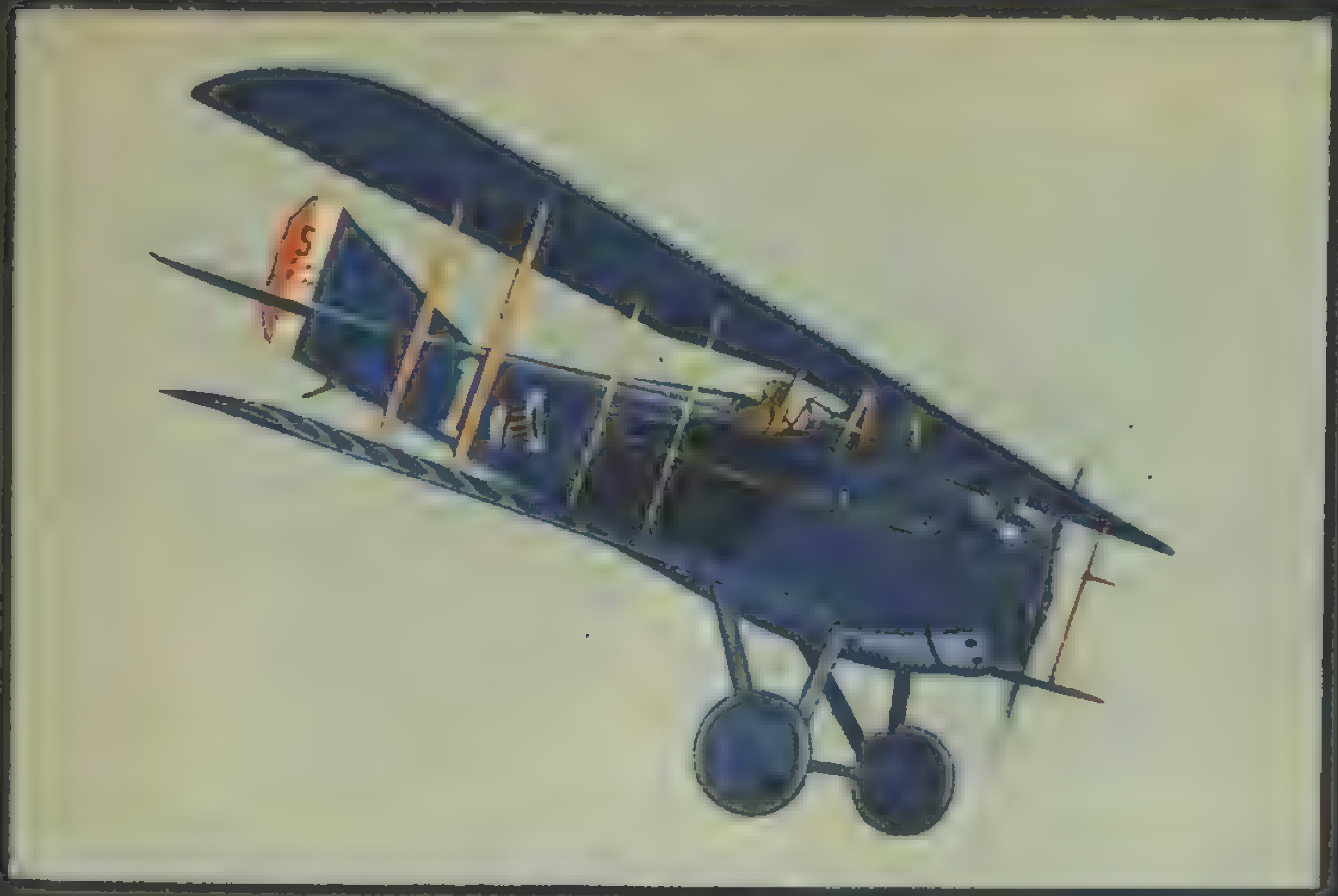
Continued on page 146

MARAUDER MAKES JAPS CRY UNCLE SAM ➧

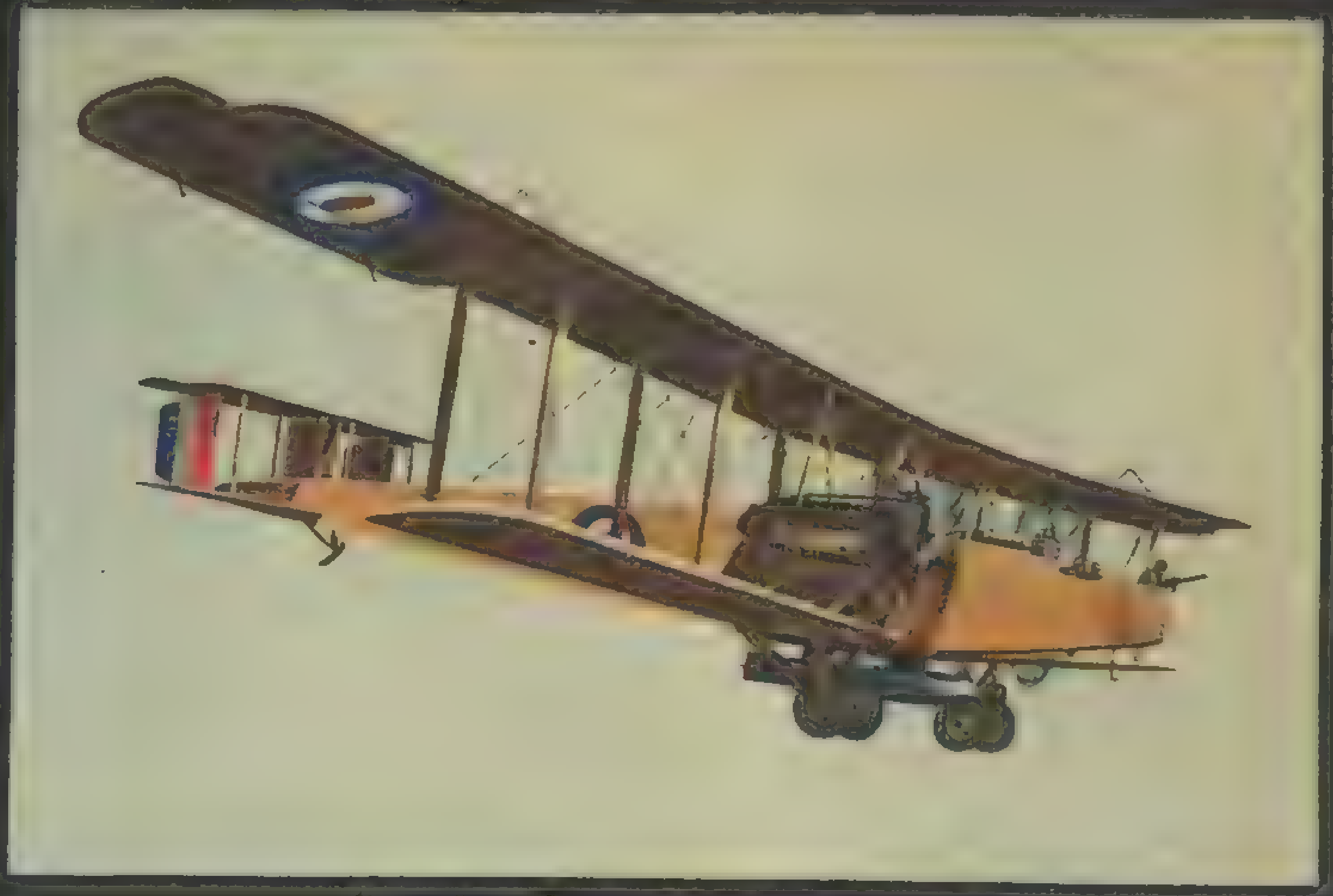
COMING in low and hard and fast over enemy railways, the B-26 finds its target—oil cars. The guy in the blister opens the bomb-bay doors to drop the high explosive—there's a deafening blast and the oil cars and tons of precious petroleum are shot to you know where. The B-26 Medium Bomber is proving its mettle on all battle fronts, especially in the Pacific and Alaskan theatres. Because of its tremendous power and short wingspread, this cigar-shaped Martin bomber is known to be hotter than a two-dollar pistol. Consequently, the world's sharpest pilots are at its controls. A flyer who knows his stuff finds the B-26 one of the fastest hardest-hitting bombers in the air. And refinements over the months have removed some of its more dangerous characteristics. OWI, known to lean over backwards in the cautious conservatism of its statements, has gone all-out in its enthusiasm for this bomber, saying: "No nation but the United States, so far as is known, has so efficient a plane in its class." Getting down to technicalities, the Marauder is of mid-wing monoplane design, constructed of all-metal monocoque. The landing gear is a retractable tricycle type. Two Pratt and Whitney 18-cylinder engines rated at 2,000 horsepower each supply the power to Curtiss automatic electric, four-bladed, full feathering propellers. Originally intended to function only as a bomber, it was found that the Marauder could readily be converted into a torpedo plane, its terrific speed making possible surprise attacks which have inflicted heavy damage on Jap destroyers, shore installations, railroads, transports and barges. American marines and foot soldiers have listened gratefully to its deep-throated hum, and Japs at Kiska and Guadalcanal, Buna, Soputa, Timor have learned to know it with dread. At Midway and in the Aleutians, the Marauders carried torpedoes; at Soputa, they dropped parachute bombs; while at Buna they flew low and fast, their machine guns blazing away, to strafe the Jap defenders. Few ships have been called to fight under more varied conditions and converted to so many different uses. With its heavy armor and tremendous fire power, the B-26 can take care of itself and seldom needs fighter escort because it's faster than most ships the Axis can send against it.

L. Eydenfrost

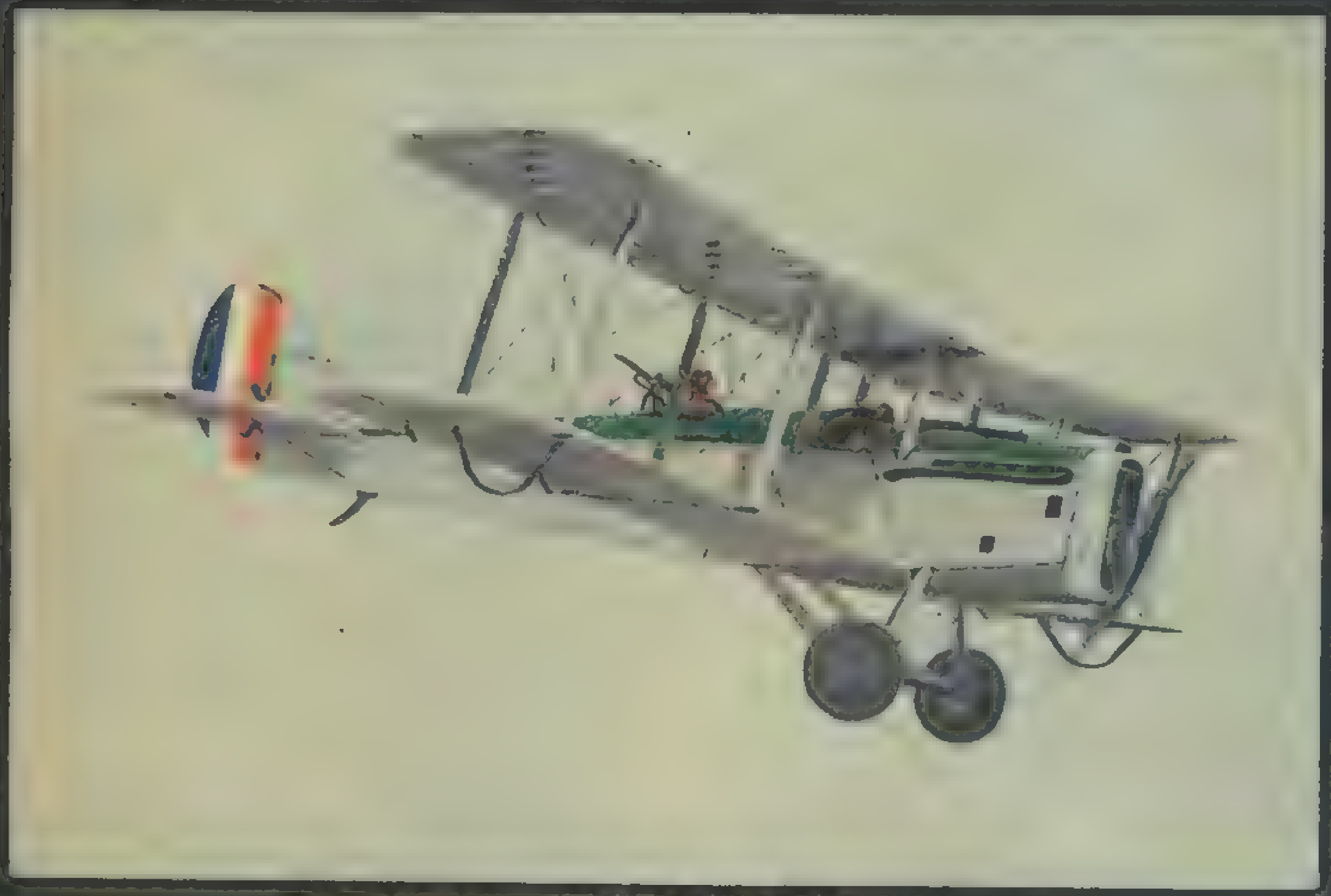
AIR POWER'S FLEDGLINGS *by* Paul C. Maxwell



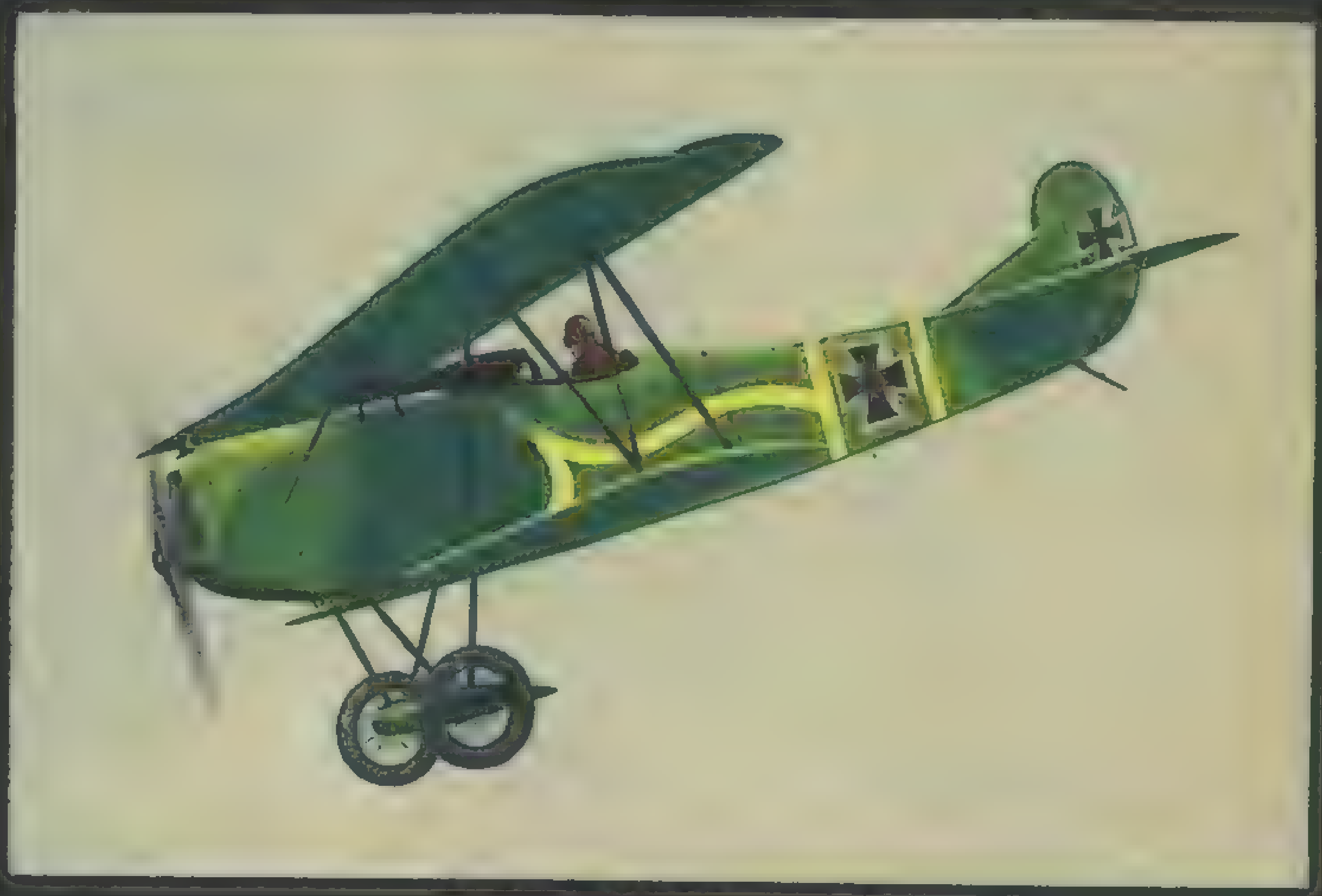
Spad (French)



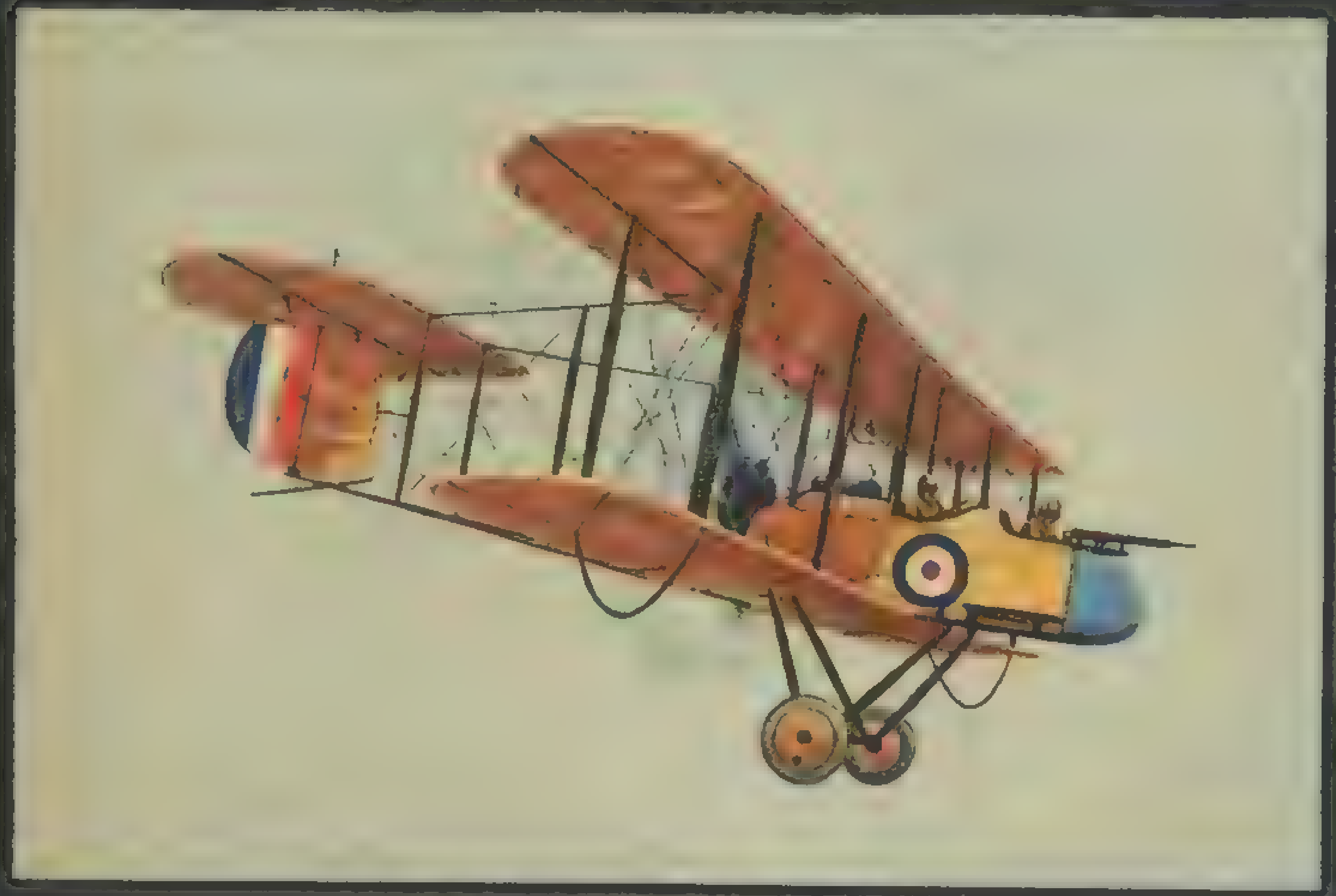
Handley-Page Bomber (British)



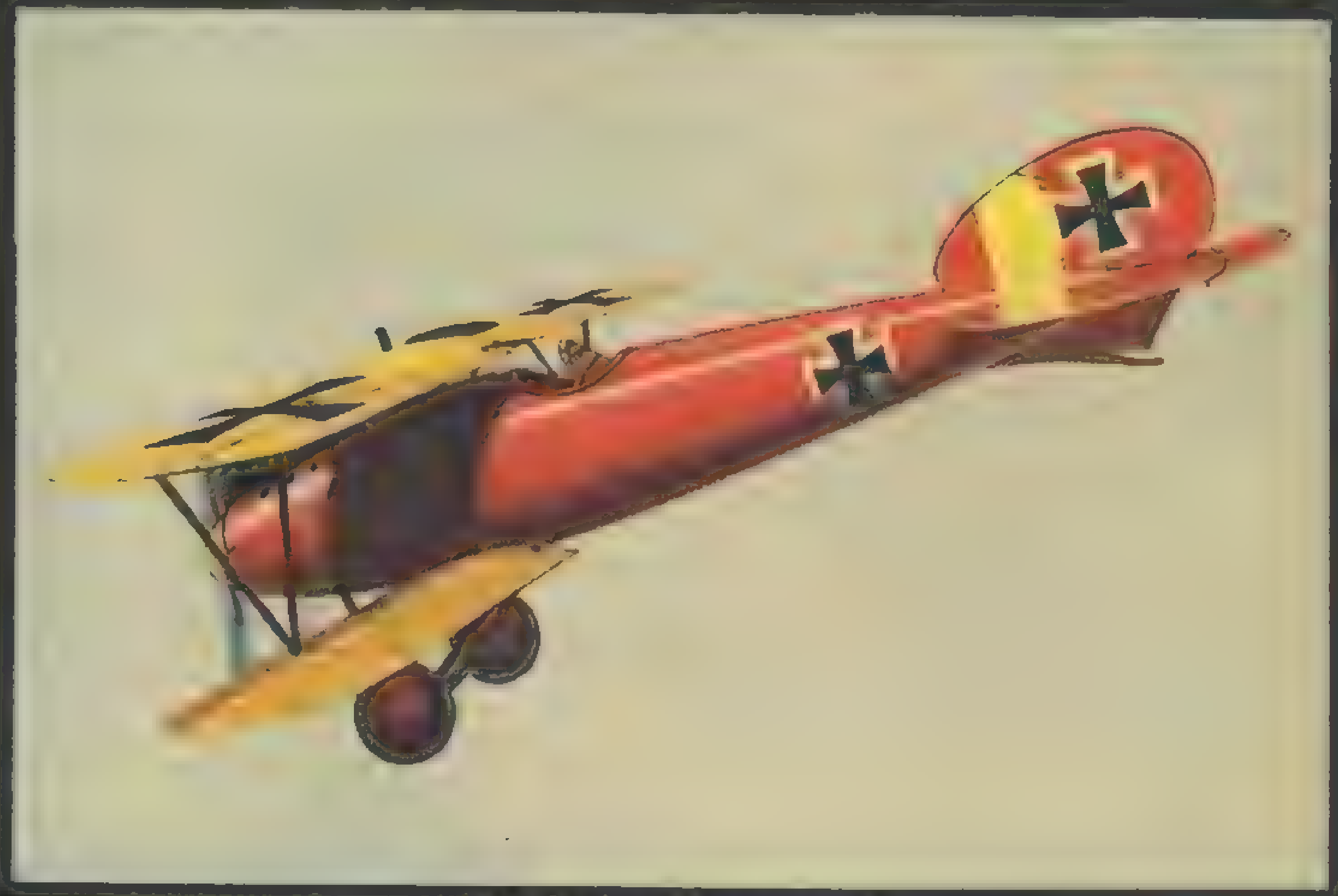
DeHavilland D. H. 4B (American)



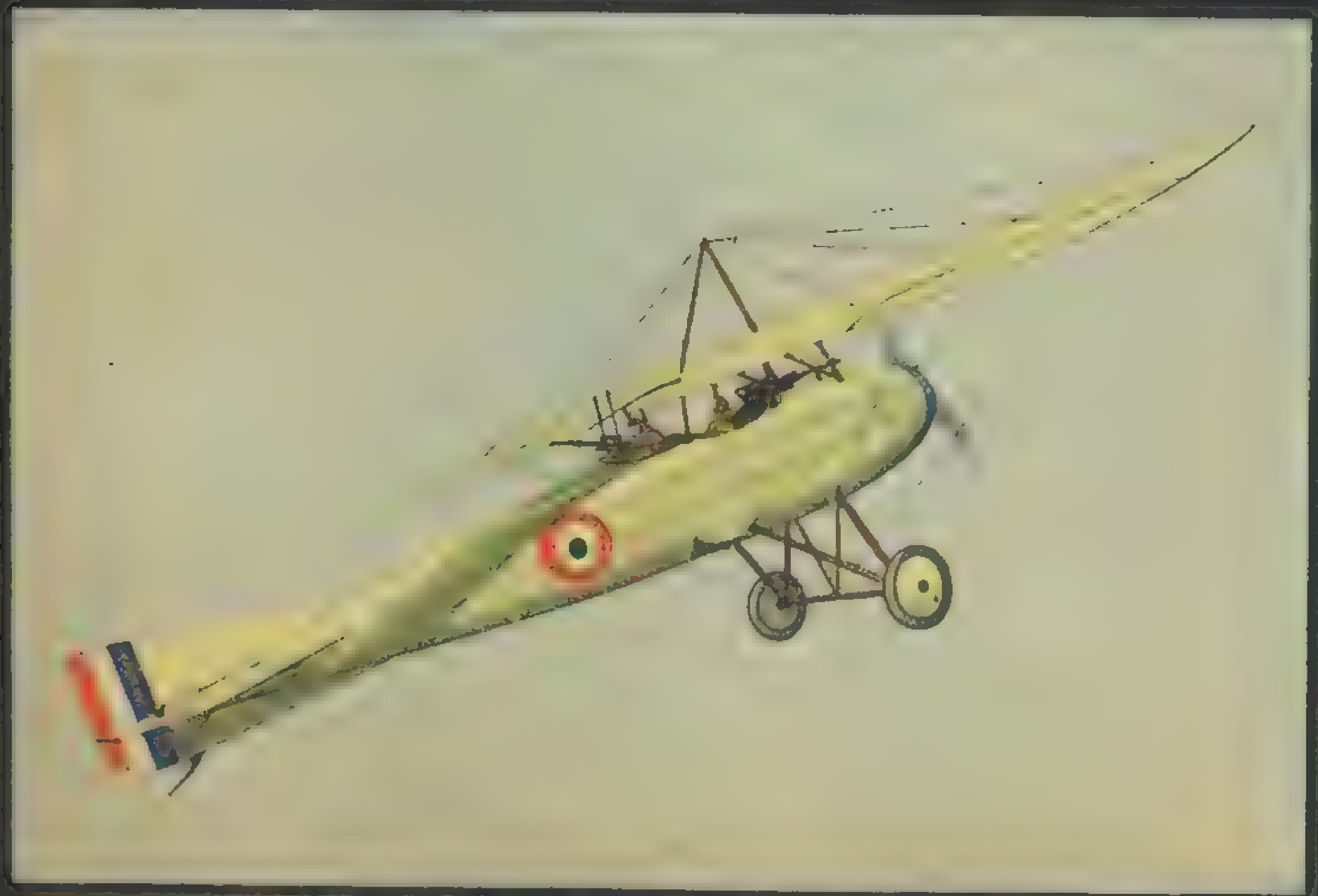
Fokker D7 (German)



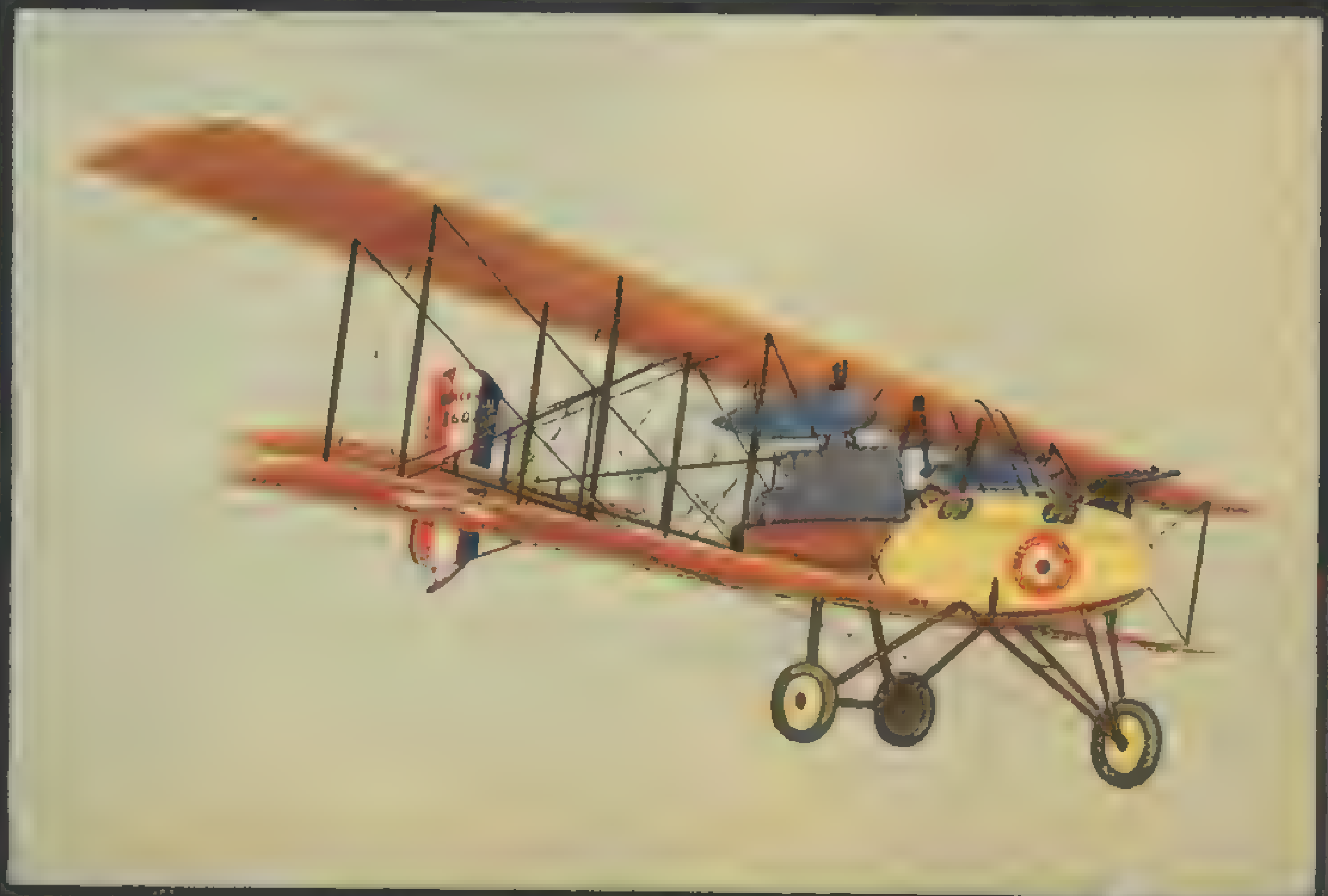
Vickers FB9 (British)



Albatross (German)

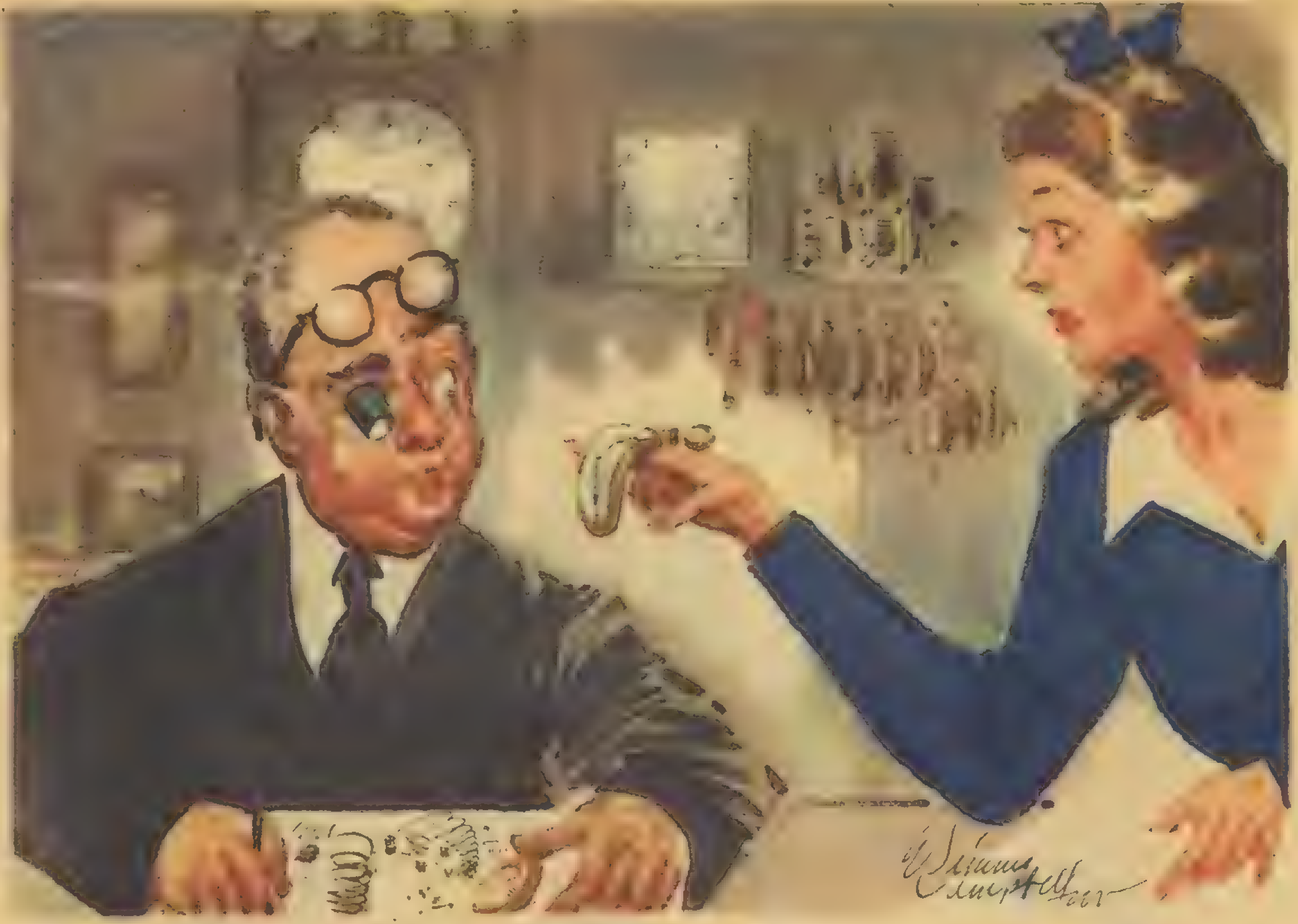


Morane-Saulnier Parasol (French)



Breguet Type 5 Bomber (French)

Paul Maxwell



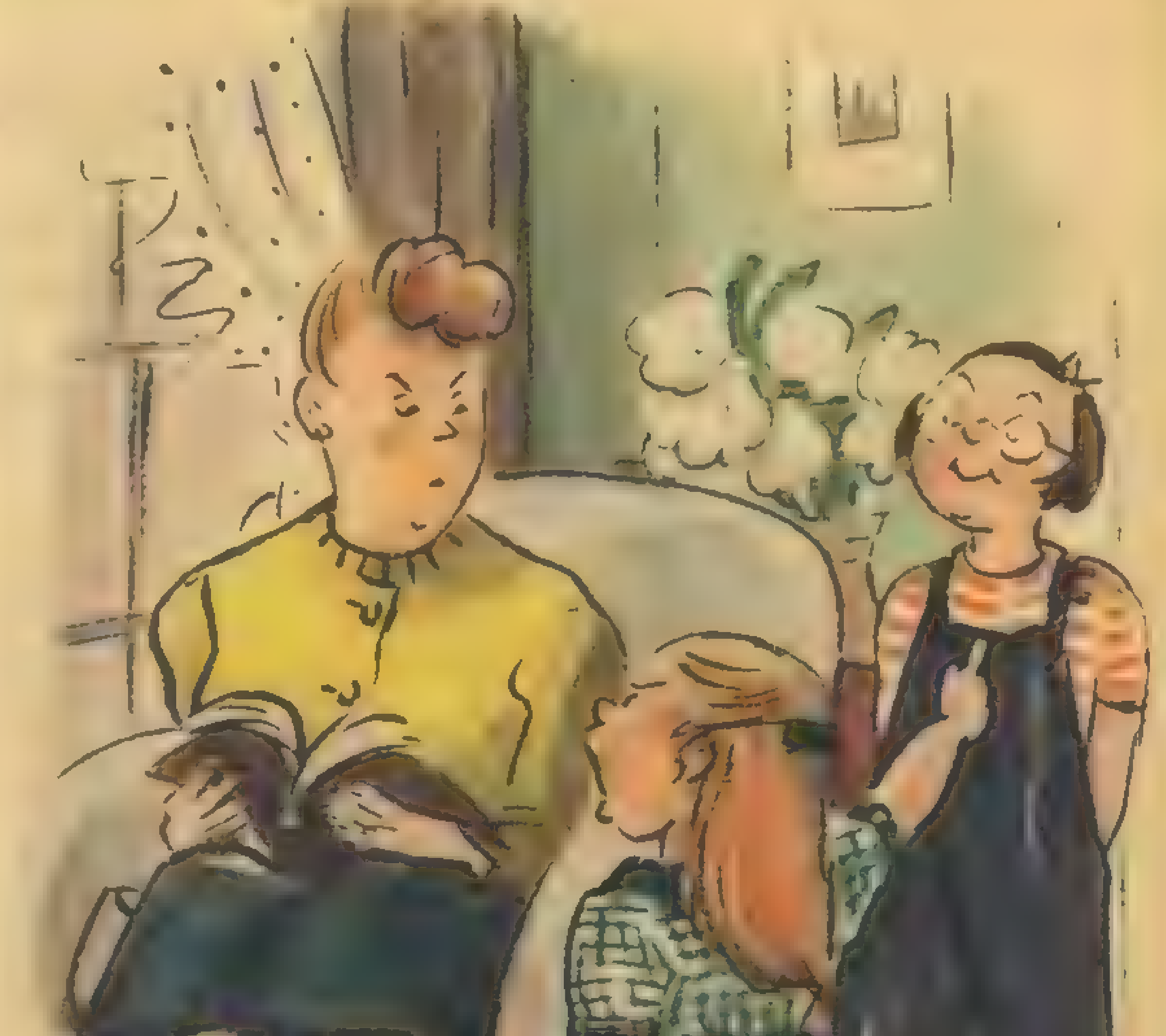
"A man by the name of Salvador Dali left his watch to be repaired"

PLANES OF THE LAST WAR

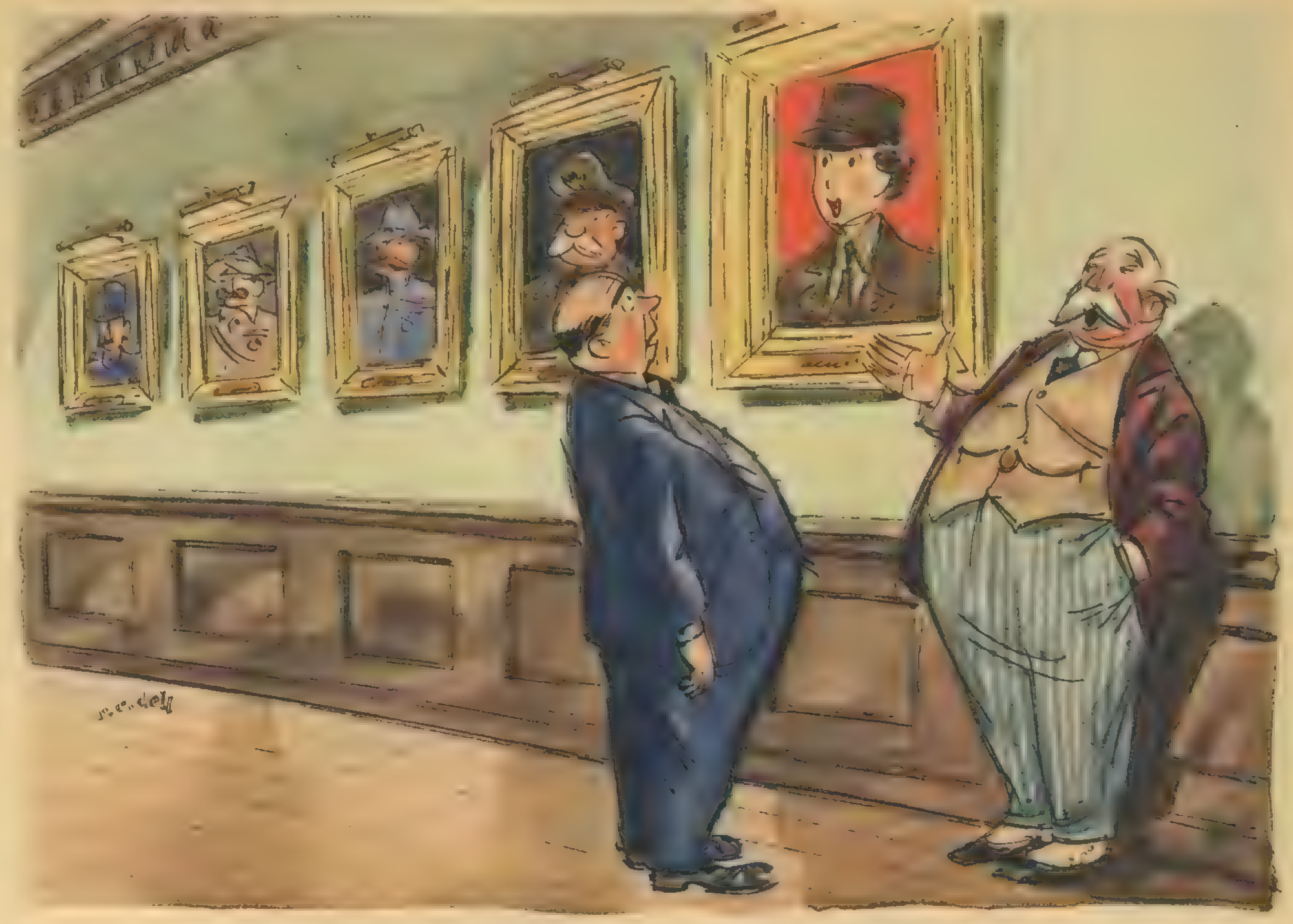
An historical scrapbook

ONE of the great legends in the first World War involved a young American and his flashing French plane. The American was Eddie Rickenbacker; the plane, a Spad. Using his ship for daring aerial thrust, Rickenbacker became America's greatest ace. Reproduced in this third installment of a four part series of World War I planes, the Spad used by Rick had the now-famous hat-in-the-ring insignia, a wing span of slightly over 26 feet and, although a heavy plane, had a top speed of around 130 miles per hour. Another famous ship was the old "Galloping Goose," the fond nickname applied by the Allies to the British Handley-Page O-400, painted on the opposite page. Powered with 2 Rolls Royce Eagle engines of 375 horse power, the Handley-Page bomber could carry 3,500 pounds of bombs. Its wing span was 100 feet, but veteran flyers said the ship was difficult to maneuver in rough air. Distinguished by being the only plane built in America and delivered in France before the Armistice, the de Havilland D. H. 4B was an American adaptation of the British D. H. model. The U. S. version, however, was soon dubbed the "flying coffin," because gas tanks placed behind the pilot and in the upper wing over the pilot's head exploded in flames if hit by an enemy incendiary bullet. Despite this drawback, the D. H. 4B was the standard U. S. Army plane until 1925. A 400 horsepower liberty 12 cylinder liquid cooled motor powered the plane and enabled it to climb 10,000 feet in 14 minutes. Its ceiling was 19,500 feet, but it could travel up to 125 m.p.h. In opposition to these planes, Germany used the Fokker D7, a ship that had a welded steel tube fuselage, a wing span of 29 feet, and a top speed of 116 m.p.h. Very maneuverable, the D7 could climb 3,000 feet in 4 minutes and was one of the most formidable German weapons. One of the best British 1916 fighters was the Vickers F. B. 9, or "gun bus" that utilized a gunner-observer in the nose. Firing a Lewis gun on a ring mounting, the F. B. 9 was a pusher biplane employing various types of fixed and rotary radial engines. The 1917 Baron Von Richthofen aerial circus featured the Albatross D3 single seat fighter, a streamlined ship with a motor cooled by a flat tube radiator mounted in the upper wing. Its armament was two fixed synchronized machine guns firing through the propeller. Used on reconnaissance duty and artillery observation, the French Morane-Saulnier "Parasol" was a tricky plane that saw service throughout the war. The model illustrated mounted two guns and was equipped with a 160 horsepower Gnome Motor. One of the first satisfactory tractor biplanes was the early Breguet type 5 bomber. Night bombing raids were conducted with the type 5 plane after it won a contest for high-powered planes in 1915. Next month other World War I models will be reproduced in the last installment of this series.

—PAUL C. MAXWELL



"Gertrude's mother has signed up with Lockheed!"



"For a while we were afraid there'd be no one to carry on the family's military tradition"

The White Men of the Mountains

Cesario, half-caste guide, had reason to fear the tabu of the savage Tarote

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

ONCE, at the risk of his life, Cesario, my half-caste guide, had seen at close range the white race that lived in the mountains above the Gorongosa plain. So he said. He was my interpreter with the Tarote, the dangerous savages of the plain, but Cesario's usefulness was limited by the dread he had of them. His dread, he assured me, was nothing beside the awe and terror which the Tarote felt for the white men of the mountains.

"If you attempt to enter one of the gorges through the cliffs, the Tarote will massacre us all," said Cesario. "They think the white men would blame the Tarote for the intrusion."

Cesario wished now that he had not talked too much about his having seen the mountain white men. He was brave enough and a clever guide. He had told at the campfire that, years ago, when he was living with the Tarote, he had dared to climb a high peak alone.

"I was hidden among the rocks," he said. "Across a steep chasm I saw them. A dozen men, long-bearded, with leopard hides tied around their bodies, and with skin as white as any Englishman's. They were pounding iron with hammers on rocks."

"White men, Cesario?"

"As white as the Musungu. Light-eyed, big and cruel looking. I stayed where I was and crept down in the night. I did not see any women or the white queen."

"What kind of huts did they live in?"

"I did not see them."

According to Cesario the Tarote traded with the white men twice a year. There was a ceremonial rock in the hills near a gorge. Every six months the Tarote took terra cotta pots, woven grass bags of mealie meal, bananas and a few fine milch cows to this rock. In the morning the goods would be gone and in their place would be arrows and spearheads of iron. We believed Cesario and agreed it would be worth any risk to find a race of white men living the life of our prehistoric white ancestors.

There was no doubt of Cesario's panic that night when we said we were going to visit the men of the mountains. In the morning Cesario was gone. Our cook said that some Tarote had come for him.

"It's not impossible that white men may be here," said the Professor to me as we clambered into the rock canyon. The mountains were difficult to climb on account of the steep rock formation. Half way into the narrow cleft we were in semi-darkness. Suddenly, with an echoing roar, boulders crashed down on us from above. We flattened ourselves under a providential ledge.

At night we got back to camp both needing bandages and convinced that only a strong expedition could attain the mountain top. We were resting when Cesario appeared leading a monster. The creature had nothing left but its feet to walk on. It is in Africa that one sees such things.

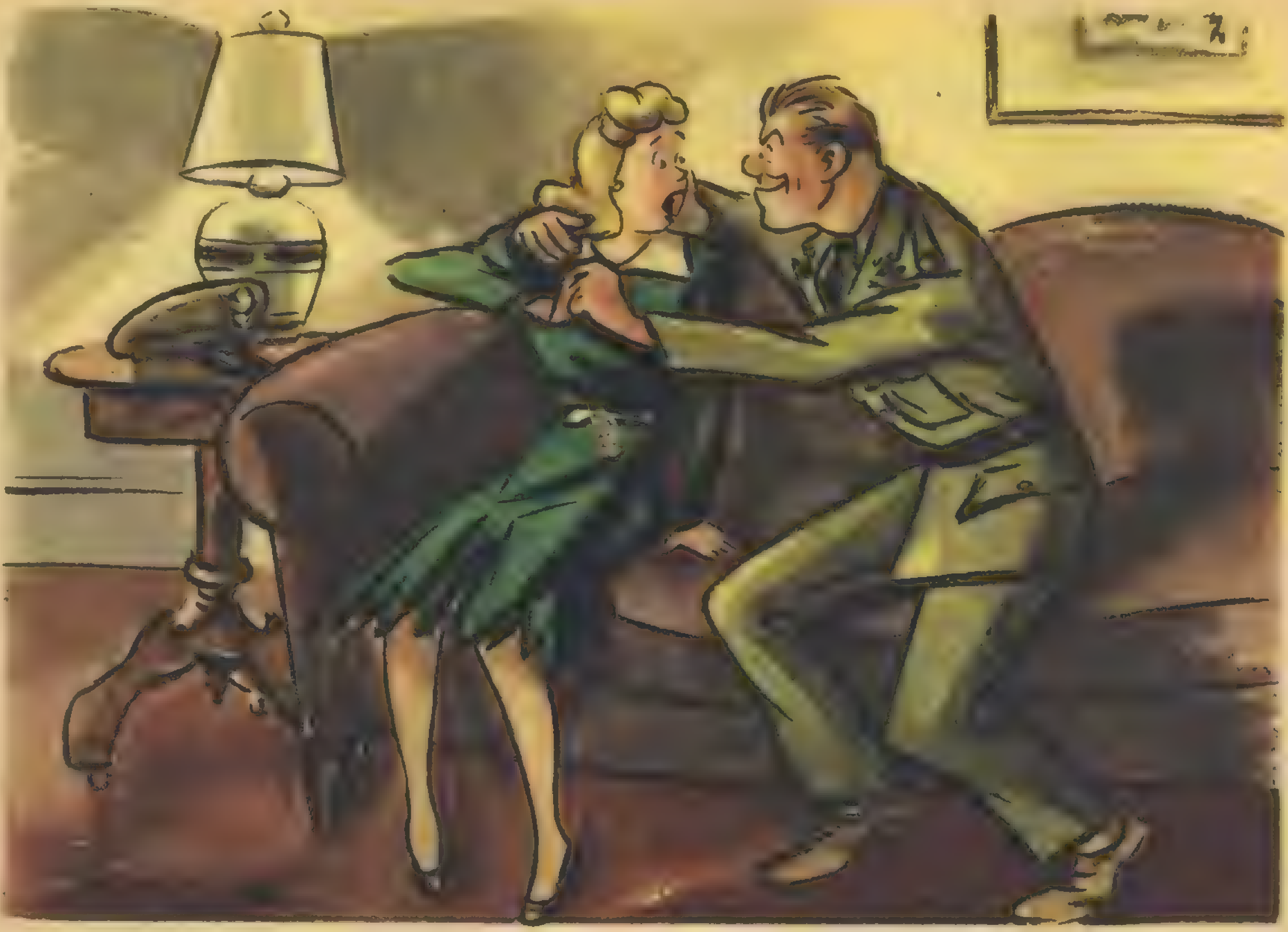
"*Musungu*," said Cesario. "This will prove to you that no one can intrude on the white men of the mountains."

Cesario told us that this dreadful object had been a powerful, young Tarote chief. When they took up the trade goods, years before, this man had hidden to get a look at the white men. They came, a procession of white men with long blond hair and beards and cruel, keen faces. They wore only skins of animals hanging from their shoulders. A woman led them. This was inconceivable; for the Tarote considers a woman merely a beast of burden.

The white men were accompanied by strange looking dogs with thin heads and hair the color of a lion's. They were mute, apparently, for like spirits they stalked to the hiding place of the wretched chief and attacked him ferociously, making no sound.

The white men soon discovered him and dragged him out. The woman, after a fierce oration to the Tarote chief, ordered him to be mutilated, leaving only his tongue, and sent back to the Tarote as an example. We noted that she spoke Tarote. She ordered that after he had given his message to the Tarote, he was to tell them to cut out his tongue so that he never could speak more. We noted that apparently he had delivered the order and it was obeyed.

At a twitch of the hide rope by which it was led the creature waved its stumps and made horrible sounds in its throat. Cesario watched us. He had no doubt that we were convinced now. We were convinced of one thing. If we defied the Tarote tabu on the mountains, we had notice of what might happen. ###



"Please, Mr. Gridley—you're not on Guadalcanal!"

More about the Cummings Plan

Starry-eyed reformer suggests other ways to confuse the post-war world

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

Clothing

When this war is over we need not fear that clothes will become a monotonous uniform. The English will keep on favoring tweeds, Siberians, copious fur, the Orientals, silk, and women will still wear those hats.

However we have a right to look for such improvements as the demise of the zoot suit. And I trust we will not revert to the huge bell-bottomed one of the twenties. I hope civilization will be able to produce a trouser leg wider than a rainspout, yet narrower than a wind tunnel.

The coats and pants of American college students got hopelessly mixed up this past decade, but I believe a rehabilitation program will match them up again. Large quantities of demobilized men can be set to this task, once the peace terms are settled.

We now come to the conclusion that, in the better era, the average skirt length will not vary drastically from year to year. I believe nations will be able to hit on a parity, and that the over-all plus or minus change in length during a given twelve-month shall not exceed some reasonable figure, unless, of course, the figure in question is *unusually* reasonable. There is a possibility that slacks may become the sole feminine habiliment, but the feeling is that in certain cases this would result in the great evils of overcrowding.

What the woman of the future needs is a costume that will cover all contingencies and cover them amply.

Take women's pocketbooks. The four-motored job now in vogue will, I predict, dwindle into something capable of holding only two or three items. This will preclude a lady's holding up a ticket-office line fifteen minutes while she searches a nickel out of $1.94 in change, seven keys, two lipsticks, her driver's license, eight packets of matches, a compact, two dozen bobby pins, six photographs, three half-filled packages of cigarettes and a recipe for apricot upside-down cake.

Men would profit by a dress shirt with a black bow tie already painted on it. A lint-repellent blue serge suit is another crying masculine need, as is a non-crushable hat to be worn at football games.

The crowning achievement will be the stockings our women wear. Whether of silk, nylon, or a new synthetic of equal parts gravel, sauerkraut juice and old ration stubs, it will be seamless, runless and wrinkleless. In fact I believe science will produce its ultimate—a stocking a woman can put on and have it look exactly as though she hadn't put a stocking on.

Language

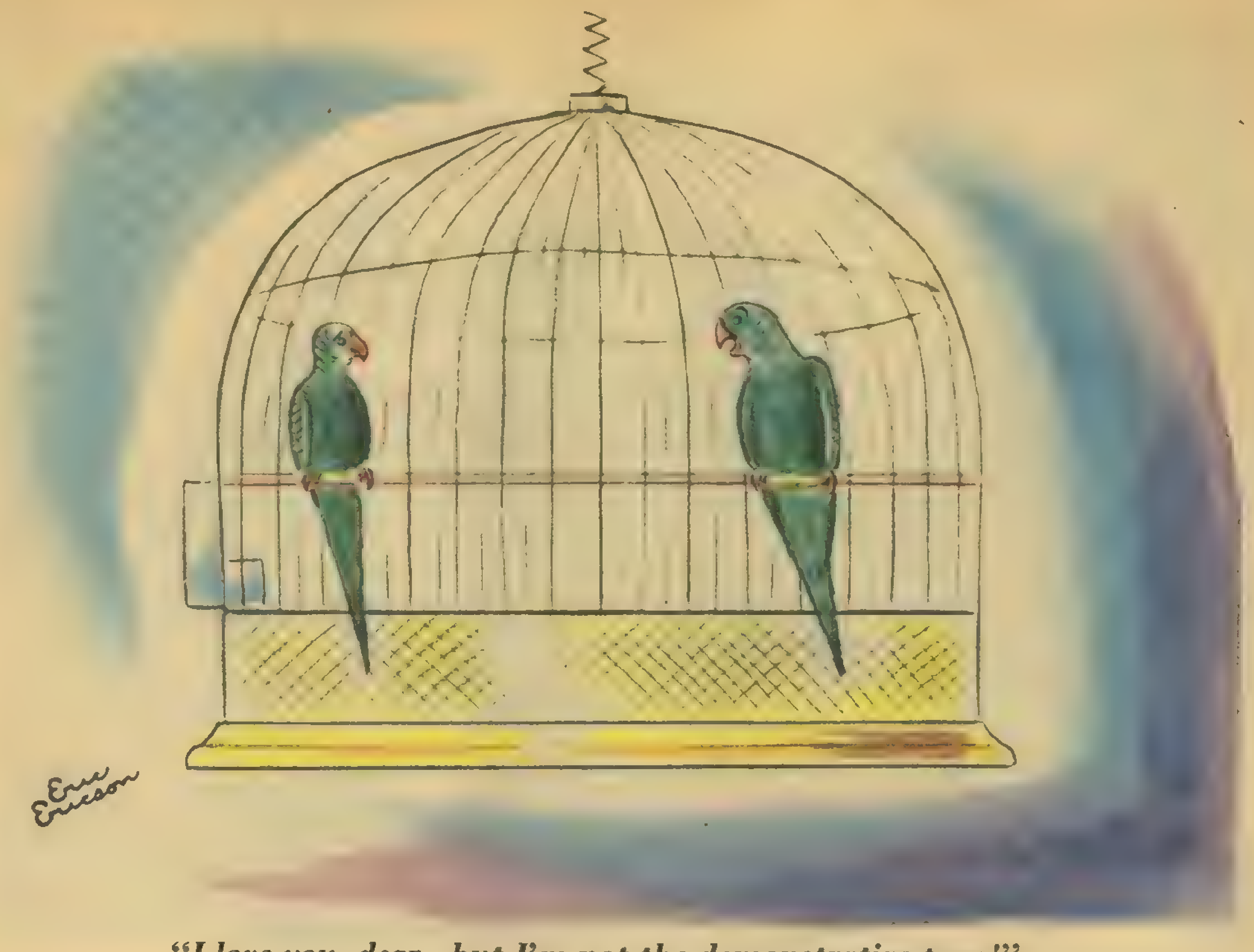
The stuff politely called "language" is not one of the great achievements of the race. French is guilty of such outrageous circumlocutions as "Is it that one says that you me not have not passed the ink?" German is half language, half shower-bath. Italian depends so much on gestures that a one-armed man is unfairly handicapped. Chinese is beautiful in script form, but to write it legibly one must be a second Michelangelo.

English, probably the best of a poor lot, has its drawbacks, notably spelling. For instance take "tough," "bough," "through," "though" and "trough," no two of which rhyme. One of our first post-war aims should be to strike the combination O-U-G-H from the English language.

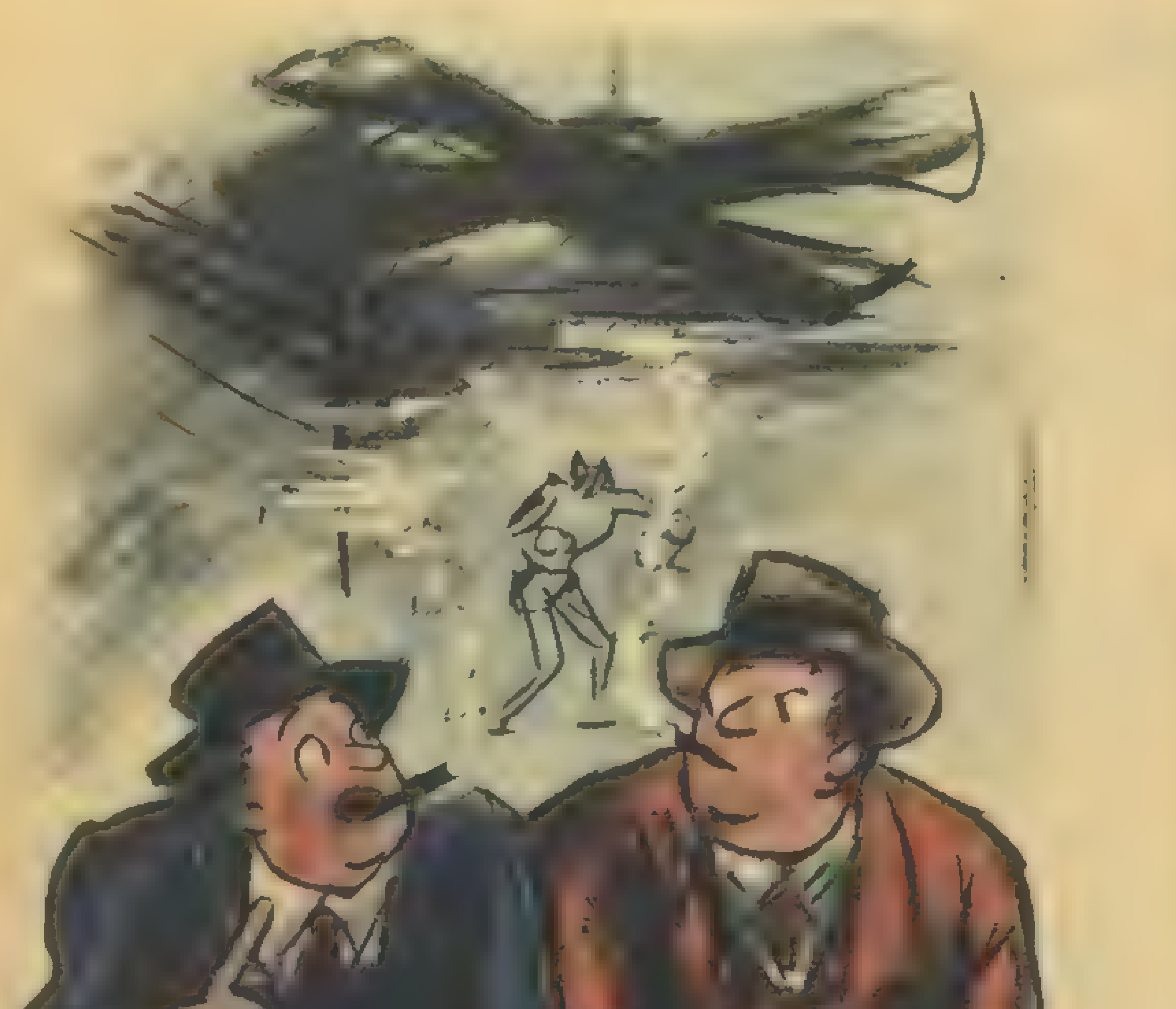
English is grammatically the simplest language. English verbs, for instance, don't have as many endings as other languages do. We say "I run," "you run," "we run," "they run." But we violate this admirable rule by sticking an "s" on the third person singular—"he runs." This is foolish. If it is sensible to say "I run" or "we run," it is just as sensible to say: "he run" or "he run after she" or "she run after he." See what I mean?

I favor "he do" over "he does." "He don't" would accordingly become just as correct as "I don't," creating a problem for movie script writers who rely on "he don't" and "it don't" to portray a coarse, uncouth character. But the build-up could be achieved by having the character spit oftener or wear his hat further back on his head.

Finally we come to the "It's I" vs. "It's me" controversy, one of our most complex problems. As soon as the average person learns to say "It's I," he goes hog-wild, proclaiming "between you and I." I propose that "I" and "me" be merged into one word, "mi," i.e.: "Mi like Hedy Lamarr." And while we're at it, "mi" could take the place of "my" and "myself." Do mi make mi clear? #



"I love you, dear—but I'm not the demonstrative type!"



"Aw, have another—your wife can only live your life once"

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ◆

The face and fortune of Dusty Anderson

Meaning no special offense to Toledo, Ohio, one Ruth Anderson concluded at the age of 19 that she was all dressed up in a drama school education, ambition and—well, looks—and no place to go in her home town. All she lacked to get her to the Big City was money. And that was supplied in believe-it-or-not fashion when she won the $400 Bank Nite prize at her neighborhood movie.

Not so fast, though. The $400 melted much more rapidly than the frigidity of Broadway casting directors, and Ruth rated herself lucky to land a job with a Seventh Avenue wholesale dress house. Then a kind friend brought her to the Harry Conover model agency after a hard day's work. Mr. Conover, who justly fancies himself as a name-thinker-upper, took one glance at her work-stained countenance, dubbed her Dusty, and a model was born.

Few girls have gone to the top faster. Miss Anderson specializes in everything, but super-specializes in outdoor shots. She not only looks outdoorsy but is one of the few models who can pose as if she knows, through direct and frequent contact, that golf clubs and tennis rackets do not bite back. On the other hand, she once did a job for *Vogue* involving an upswept hairdo and a purple unicorn.

Miss Anderson has been on the cover of most popular magazines and was selected by *The Farm Journal* as their "Cover Girl" in the Columbia picture of that name. She demonstrated that she has something inside her decorative head when, in a Models vs. Photographers quiz program, she spieled down seven other models and eight photographers.

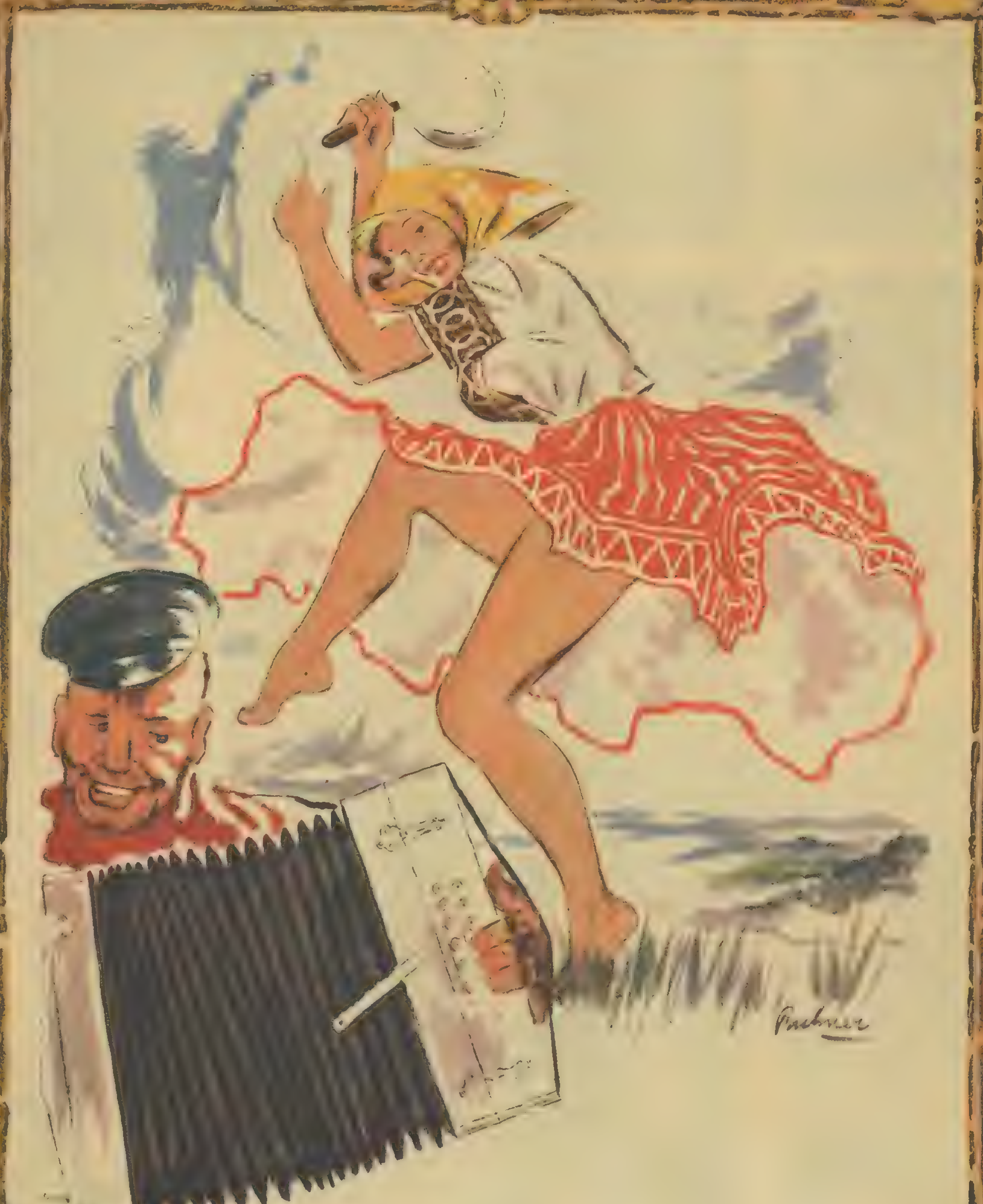
Miss Anderson on Men: "A smart man will act on his first date as if it were his fifth. It saves time. All this introductory fluff and pretty persiflage is so much eyewash. A real person acts himself and accepts you as yourself from the very beginning. That puts things on a friendly footing—if there's going to be one—without wasting time on false fronts.

"The first thing a man should do is try to find a mutual meeting ground with a girl. Then, if they discover they have nothing in common, they needn't squander any more time on each other.

"One thing a man can do, if he wants to make friends, is to develop a girl's dormant talent or interest—in literature, music, skiing or what have you. That can lead to a lasting friendship much faster than phony romance. Taking girls out more often in daytime is a good idea too. It helps bring you down to reality. . . . But I'm really not as serious as I sound."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 23; *Height:* 5′ 10″ with heels; *Weight:* 122; *Bust:* 34; *Waist:* 23; *Hips:* 36.

JON ABBOT PHOTOGRAPH



GLORIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS

. . . her sniper's rifle laid aside, the Russian girl will dance again with renewed zest, having earned the right to the pursuit of happiness . . .

Robby, All-Around Coach

A. J. Robertson, basketball, baseball and football whiz, builds big leaguers at Peoria's small-time Bradley Tech

by MARK COX

SPORTS

THE folks around Peoria, Illinois have been calling A. J. Robertson, athletic director, coach and instructor at Bradley Polytechnic Institute, the greatest all-around coach in intercollegiate athletics for years. And now the word is getting all around the country.

The bald, corpulent coach who still turns handsprings at fifty-one to keep trim didn't begin to get recognition for himself and his Braves until he began taking on and knocking off the big ones, and in this procedure he only too often found that the process of taking them on was more troublesome than that of disposing of them.

Back in the 1938-39 basketball season, for example, he managed to persuade one of the large eastern universities to come all the way out to Peoria. The result was a brutal 64 to 26 defeat for the visitors. When the finish came, the invading coach, considered one of the authorities on the game, was so irate that he demanded his guarantee right then and there.

As the price ranged into four figures it was impossible for Robby to meet it other than through the conventional business office draft and this was equally impossible at that hour of the night. When the guest coach finally became downright nasty about the matter, Robby in disgust called the hotel manager where the traveling team was stopping and asked him to give the coach a check for the guarantee on Robby's own word. This the hotel executive did.

"But that's not the worst of it," Robby recalls. "Those fellows wanted twenty extra passes the night of the game after they had already been given a liberal allotment. We wanted to be gracious hosts so presented them with the extra ones regardless of a near sellout at the time. And what do you think? When we came to the game there was the team manager standing out in front scalping the passes!"

In the three visits Mr. Peoria has made to Pop Knickerbocker's sports emporium, Madison Square Garden, Robby has posted a .500 record in four Garden games, losing to Temple in 1938 and Long Island U. in '39, and winning over St. John's for third place in the latter year, and St. Francis in a regular double-header attraction in 1941. But it isn't only in basketball that Robby has led his Hinterland small college into the big backwaters of first-rate competition, and done it with success. He has done the same stunt in football and baseball.

Here are a few of his achievements during his twenty-two-year span at Bradley.

1. His basketball teams won 39 straight games and were unbeaten in the last six seasons in the Illinois College conference.
2. His combined football, basketball and baseball representatives won 38 consecutive victories in the conference from 1936 to 1938.
3. Bradley teams netted 32 triumphs in a row against all opposition during the Fall and Winter of 1925-26.
4. His football squads compiled a string of 26 straight wins without a defeat from 1924 to 1927.
5. His teams recorded another streak of 21 straight without defeat from 1937 to 1939.

His record is no less impressive from the standpoint of games won and lost and their resultant championships. The figures run like this for the three sports he has called his own over the last twenty-two years:

FOOTBALL—Won 134, lost 56, tied 10. Percentage .705. Eight conference championships were won. Fourteen of the losses were in games with Big Ten schools. His elevens had ties in two of the last three games with Western Conference teams. In intersectional games, his teams have won 14 of their last 15. Three of his teams have been undefeated.

BASKETBALL—Won 255, lost 138. Percentage .648. The Braves have won ten league titles, including the last six in a row. Two teams that played in the New York Writers' tournament were eliminated by the ultimate winner both times, but did salvage third in 1939. In the last six years, the Braves have won 97 and lost only 24 for a .802 average.

BASEBALL—Won 186, lost 135, tied 4. Percentage .580. Eight conference pennants were won. About 40 per cent of the competition came from major schools, and on the annual southern spring swing.

There were five years when Robby's team trio swept the conference in titles, including the past season.

Robertson's story is simply the story of a man who has loved sports all his life and has devoted almost everything to them. He was born on May 19, 1891 in South Haven, Minnesota, where his dad was a section boss on the Soo line. When Robby was a year old, his family moved to St. Cloud, where the male members of the family were going to work in the car shops.

"We lived on the wrong side of the tracks," Robby recalls. "Most of the boys from the West End never bothered to finish grade school, let alone high school. However, I was sports crazy even then and went on expressly for the privilege of competing in athletics. Baseball was the sport there, and I was playing with adult teams when only thirteen years old. I remember riding a bicycle five miles every Sunday to catch for a country town team. There was no basketball squad in high school, but my last two years in school I joined the town team of the St. Cloud Athletic Club. Basketball was in the raw in those days. We wore sleeveless jerseys and baseball pants and played in halls where we had to dodge stoves, pillars and pop bottles."

After graduating from St. Cloud high school in 1910, Alfred Robertson went to Carleton College in Northfield, where everybody called him Bob. He became quarterback on the freshman football team and held the job for the next three years on the varsity, the last two producing him as unanimous election for all-state. He was captain of both the basketball and baseball teams as a sophomore and received the same recognition in football at the end of his junior year.

However, in those days he was already in the habit of looking for bigger game, and in February decided to leave Carleton to enter the University of Minnesota, where it was represented, he would still have some eligibility. After a month he discovered that this was not right, owing to a new eligibility rule. "Without athletics, school held no attraction for me," he recollects. "So I decided to take a whirl of professional baseball. I signed a contract with Virginia in the Northern league under the assumed name of Roberts. Spike Shannon, the former New York Giant star, was the manager. I tried out as a catcher, but made the team as a shortstop! The only part of it I like to remember is that they fired my roommate on the road, and who do you think I drew for my new roomie? None other than Rube Waddell. I roomed with him the whole trip but never slept with him once. He was always coming in from making the rounds of the local Elks' clubs just as I was getting up."

There followed turns at both pro football and basketball. These ventures served to convince Robertson that he would like to finish his collegiate competition and obtain his degree; so learning there was a law school available, he migrated to the University of Montana. There he took another shot at intercollegiate athletics, the highlight of which was a 6 to 6 tie with the great Syracuse eleven that had Chick Meehan at quarterback.

During the middle of his second year at Montana (1916), the Carleton and Minnesota credits arrived and Robby received his bachelor's degree. It was back to law school at Minnesota then, but when the following June rolled around and the University had reduced his Montana hours to such an extent that he couldn't get his

Continued on page 112

"We're moving next week—our maid got tired of this apartment!"

The Elegant Overcoat

Mme. Monnier's avidity flourished with the war and her great aversion was the refugee tenant who owed her some rent

by ALFRED POLGAR

• FICTION •

The war already had lasted longer than half a year, and the Parisians had become used to it. As in peace time, Dr. Marcel Monnier was on duty in the hospital of the fourteenth district. Every morning he followed Chief Surgeon Bosselier on his round through the wards.

The Monniers' plain two story house belonged to Mme. Monnier. It was a good marriage: Madame commanded, Monsieur obeyed. She rented part of her house and she saved as only a French *petite bourgeoise* can save. Constantly there was wrangling over centimes—trouble with Louise, the colored maid from Martinique who complained that she could not satisfy her hunger with the small amount of food Madame allowed her. When Dr. Monnier witnessed such scenes, he would utter in an imploring tone, "Don't get excited, my dear."

Her special aversion was one of her tenants, Mr. Swetz, a refugee from Czechoslovakia. Mr. Swetz was always in arrears with his rent. But he secretly gave food to hungry Louise and he had a handsome overcoat while Dr. Monnier's wardrobe was poor, indeed.

Madame's exasperation with the Czech was further increased by the sympathy Dr. Monnier offered the man. In the basement during air-raid alarms Dr. Monnier would have a blanket over his shoulders, while Mr. Swetz was wrapped in his soft, warm overcoat.

"Quite an overcoat," Mme. Monnier would remark poisonously.

"It is all I have left of my wardrobe. I escaped in it," Mr. Swetz would explain. "My chest is feeble."

In June, 1940, all who could flee were in flight out of Paris.

Mme. Monnier would not desert her house and property at No. 31, Rue du Commandant Marchand. Mr. Swetz, however, who had fled the Gestapo before must flee again. Friends had bought a discarded milk wagon and he could join them. Mr. Swetz hurried to pack his clothes and linen. At three o'clock the wagon stopped before the porch, bursting with men and objects. There was no room left for more than the smallest handbag. "I leave my little all with you, dear Madame Monnier," cried Swetz. "Above all guard my overcoat. I shall send for it if I can."

"Good luck," she replied, acutely remembering that Mr. Swetz owed her three months' rent.

Mme. Monnier and the maid, Louise, went into Mr. Swetz's room. There stood his trunk, not yet packed. And there hung the fine, soft overcoat.

The occupation did not change much in the outward life of the Monniers. The doctor continued to go to the hospital. And when winter came Dr. Monnier wore the overcoat of Mr. Swetz. Not without shame, not without a struggle. But Mme. Monnier was in command.

"Wear it," she ordered. "Your old overcoat I have sold for coal and you have none now. Did he not go away owing me his term?"

"None the less it is shameful. It is not in accord with right. Mr. Swetz may be needing his coat now. We should endeavor to find him. I should sink into the earth if he knew of this."

"He is probably in America by this time. Do as I bid you."

"Don't excite yourself, my dear," pleaded Dr. Monnier.

Mr. Swetz, however, was not in America. He was in Paris.

A few miles from the Porte d'Orléans the milk wagon had broken down in a ditch. Mr. Swetz's head was deeply gashed. Mr. Ambroise Lecand, cobbler by trade, gave refuge to him. When Mr. Swetz was able to walk again, the rag with the violated cross was waving from the Eiffel Tower. As a Czech refugee he had not dared to go back to Mme. Monnier's even though he was in great need of his warm overcoat.

One day he read in the newspapers of confiscations of the property of those who had fled. He remembered that in his trunk was a list of names. He started on the long way to No. 31, Rue du Commandant Marchand.

Louise was sweeping fallen leaves from the sidewalk. "Mr. Swetz! *Au nom de Dieu!*"

"Have the Germans looked for me yet? No. Is my trunk still here?"

"In the basement. Your trunk is locked."

"Hurry, tell Madame Monnier that I am here and I must have something from my baggage. Tell her I must have the key."

Louise knew that Mme. Monnier considered the belongings of Mr. Swetz as her property. But Louise had her own idea of what was right. Mme. Monnier was in her bedroom. So, without asking her, Louise went to the straw basket in which were Madame's keys. A minute later his trunk key was in the hand of Mr. Swetz. He rushed down the basement steps, his heart full of blessings for kind Mme. Monnier.

He was kneeling before the trunk when above him men's voices sounded loudly. Now the beat of harsh steps could be heard, going upstairs; steps on the sidewalk too. Germans before the house, Germans in the house.

Mr. Swetz heard the men's steps pounding downstairs and Mme. Monnier's voice protesting. In front of the recess in the wall was his trunk. He clapped down the lid and forced himself behind the trunk, into the recess.

The basement door opened; down the steps came the men of the Gestapo and Mme. Monnier. "These boxes here?" a rough voice asked.

"They belong to my lodgers."

One of the men made chalk marks on the boxes. "And this trunk here? Pull it out."

"This one?" replied Mme. Monnier. Rage at giving away what she considered her own property was suffocating her. "This one belongs to my husband."

To her good fortune she looked immensely ridiculous as she stood there in her gaudy cotton house coat, her mouth and cheeks distorted to a sticky friendly grimace, while the eyes peering over the rims of her glasses could not hide their hatred.

The two blackguards laughed, and went away.

Mme. Monnier's knees shook. She sat down on a step of the stairs to the basement, realizing what she had risked. If the men had opened the trunk and found out that she had lied the Gestapo would have stripped the house and maybe worse, prison camp, death.

The trunk moved and out of the recess behind it came Mr. Swetz. He fell on his knees and kissed her hand and told her his infinite thanks. She had given proof of unequaled nobility of soul. She had saved not only Mr. Swetz but also a number of patriots of his homeland from German hangmen.

"You knew I was still in the basement. Only a few minutes before you had sent me the key. Oh, Madame Monnier, not until my last breath, shall I forget the voice with which you spoke, 'This one belongs to my husband.' "

Once more he kissed her hand. "You have spoken the truth, dear Madame Monnier. All that I have is yours. I shall never come back to put you in danger again."

He opened the trunk, found a paper and burned it. Then he must hurry away to be off the street before curfew.

Mme. Monnier sat at her window. She was weak. Suddenly a sentiment overwhelmed her, pity for Paris, for her fine good husband Marcel, for Mr. Swetz. She relived the scene in the basement. "This one belongs to my husband," she said aloud. Her deed separated itself in Mme. Monnier's conscious mind from the mean motive for which she had

PEARLS
39¢
McKAY

"Don't be fooled by their looks—they're really imitations"

committed it. How self-forgetful Mr. Swetz had been. He was overcoatless, shrunken and pinched with cold and he only thought of saving his countrymen. He had not looked for his overcoat nor mentioned it.

At night she told her husband that the Germans had been there. She did not tell of Mr. Swetz and forbade Louise to speak of him.

The doctor remarked, "How lucky that Mr. Swetz has gone. If they had caught him, *mon Dieu!*" "They are such stupid beasts," Monnier said, full of contempt.

The next morning, when he reached for his hat and overcoat to go to the hospital she said, her face averted: "The coat is much too large for you."

Dr. Monnier was extremely surprised. "You think so, too?"

"I'll have to try to find another one for you, this very day." Her voice sounded commanding, permitting no disagreement.

"No hurry, no hurry. Don't get excited, my dear. The days are so mild now. At the moment I don't need any coat at all."

She rummaged through all the clothing stores, finding nothing in stripped, cleanly plundered Paris. Thank God, for a spell of warmth. There was time to find Mr. Swetz and give him back his overcoat.

Monday the weather changed suddenly. A cold wind whistled. Rain fell in icy torrents. One had to walk three quarters of an hour from the hospital to the Rue du Commandant Marchand and there was no chance of riding. The doctor returned in a lamentable state. Madame put him in bed immediately. She reproached herself for having yielded to sentimental moral impulses concerning the overcoat of Mr. Swetz.

The next day Chief Surgeon Bosselier came and found that Dr. Monnier had pneumonia.

Mme. Monnier was wrathful with God: This, then, was the reward for her good deed!

Dr. Bosselier came every night, even when Dr. Monnier was out of danger. And then Dr. Bosselier stayed away two days.

Sister Claire came from the hospital. Dr. Monnier was asleep. "Don't awaken him," said Sister Claire. "He will know soon enough."

She told Mme. Monnier that two days ago while Chief Surgeon Bosselier, with his train of doctors—among whom Dr. Monnier had never been absent until his illness—made his usual morning round through the large ward, men from the German military police marched in to take a prisoner patient from his bed. The man had had a serious operation, and the doctors declared he would not survive being moved.

The sergeant gave the bed a kick. "Get up, you bastard"; and as the bastard couldn't get up, they jerked him up.

From the other beds came boos.

Chief Surgeon Bosselier said, "Leave the man here only a few more days. I personally will guarantee that he—"

The sergeant interrupted, "He will be taken care of."

"But he will die in your hands!"

"That could easily be."

Sister Claire begged, "Don't be inhuman!"

The German sneered at her, "I don't understand such Jewish talk." His two subordinates grinned at the witty rebuff.

The prisoner was hanging between their fists. They pulled him towards the door.

The Chief Surgeon opposed them.

"Allow us to renew the dressing. It is done in a few minutes."

The two men looked at their superior.

"March," he said, commandingly to his two subordinates.

The excitement of the patients exploded in hysterical cries. The sergeant fingered the holster of his revolver.

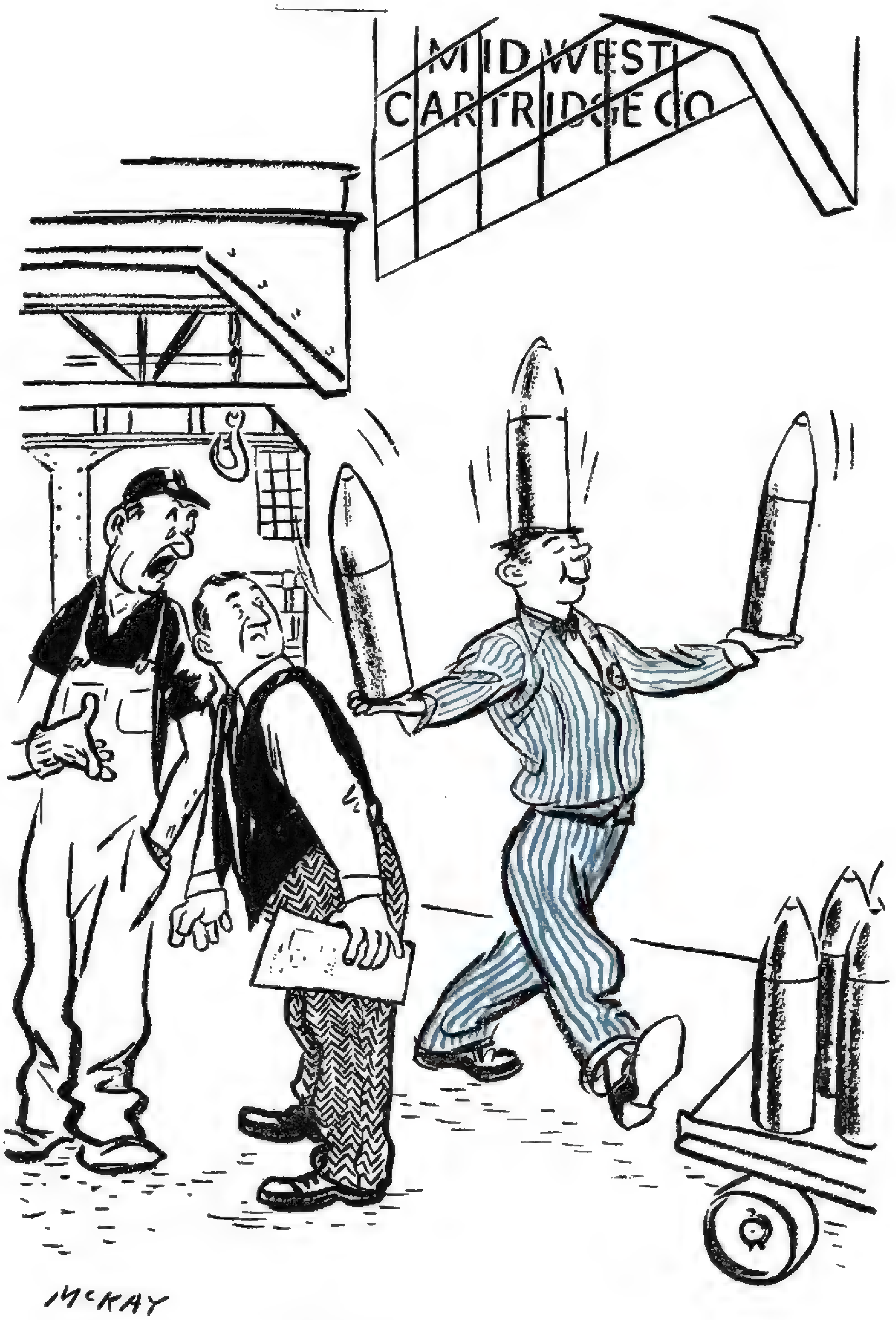
For a short time there was complete silence. Then a glass flew through the air, and in the next second a torrent of glasses, spittoons, water flasks, ash trays rained down on the heads of the Germans. "One water flask unfortunately struck one of the policemen on the temple," said Sister Claire. "He fell to the floor."

"Unfortunately? Fortunately!" shouted Mme. Monnier.

"He was dead. They arrested the Chief Surgeon and the two physicians who were with him. Within forty-eight hours the one who had made the deadly throw was to be handed over to the Germans, or—an impossible demand because the water flasks came from all sides. This morning they were shot. Outside, in Vincennes. Chief Surgeon Bosselier, Dr. Dinloche, Dr. Rabault."

With tears running down her face Mme. Monnier accompanied Sister Claire to the door. Sister Claire embraced her. "You may thank God that your husband was not in the hospital Thursday—"

Mme. Monnier went to her bedroom and knelt. In a parcel near her was the overcoat of Mr. Swetz, freshly brushed and folded, ready to be returned to him. ⱡⱡ



"One of these days we're going to hear from Sigmond!"

Pearl Harbor Won't Happen Twice

Watching the night sky with some of those volunteers who perform a vital task in the Ground Observers Corps

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• ARTICLE •

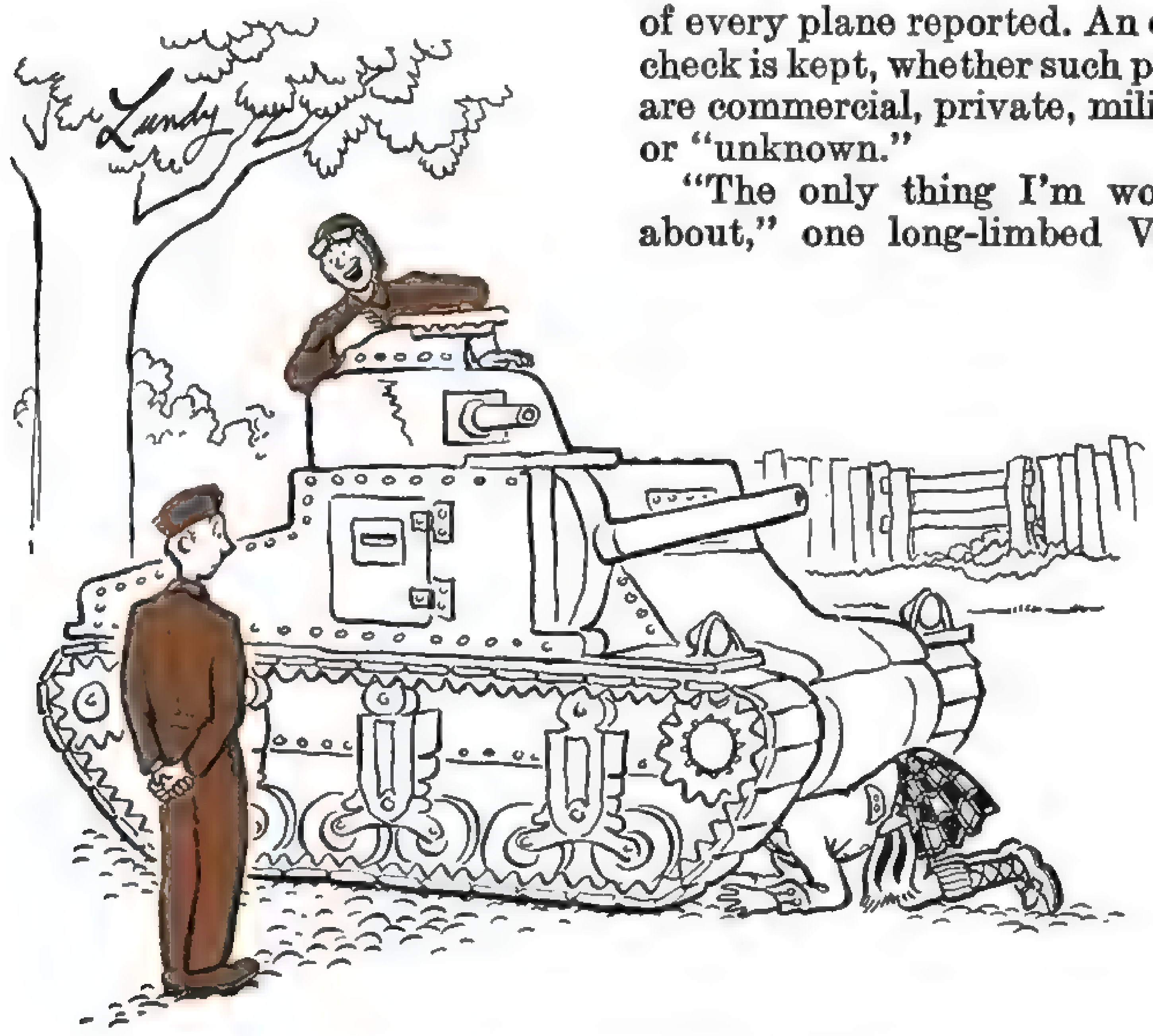
"I WANT to sign up," one grandfather said, recently, as he presented himself for enrollment at an Eastern post. "I've just had word that my grandson was killed in North Africa. I'm to replace him . . . in some way."

Here, in a word, is the temper of the men—and women—who drag themselves from warm beds on icy nights, who travel long dark miles to hold high trysts on higher towers, to the end that no enemy plane gets through. These, the greatest Paul Reveres, are yet unsung: they are the men and women of the Ground Observers Corps.

There is no square mile of American air not scanned by their wary eyes, no plane motor which escapes their trained ears. Nor is there a minute of the fourteen hundred and forty which make up the solar day that these Horatios and Horatias are not patrolling their assigned bridge.

All over the country, such citizens have banded together, built their own observation posts, organized their relief crews, installed their own optical and maintenance equipment. Forming a volunteer right arm of the Army's Fighter Command, they have developed one of the most efficient and most democratic citizens' corps in the history of this staunch republic.

There is a determined consensus that, as one watcher put it, "Pearl Harbor will not happen twice."



"I told him I just stopped on a dime"

Two showgirls from a Broadway production go on regular duty in Westchester, after the last curtain in Manhattan, thirty miles away. "Suppose we are girls," they said. "We are the best fitted for midnight shifts—we are still wide awake . . . and we're trained to stay on our toes."

A number of defense plant workers go on duty at the Graveyard Shift, afterwards leaving for the factory. "What's the difference," they argue, "whether a guy gets up at 5 a.m. or 2:30 a.m.? Early is early."

In most communities, bank presidents and plumbers, brokers and butchers, ministers and saloon keepers, share alike the rigors and discipline of the watch. Fellow citizens of hamlets, villages, and microscopic bailiwicks, men who had never before spoken to one another—these men now rub shoulders on the ramparts, as they share their binoculars and take turns heating one another's coffee.

This civilian army, in short, is as patriotic and important an addition to our national defense as any group which has assembled since Valley Forge.

Only a few miles apart, in an unbroken network across the country, and in an unbroken chain of watches, these men and women scan the skies.

At the other end of the detection system, at plotting tables and in so-called "filter rooms" whose location are strategic secrets, trained volunteers plot the course of every plane reported. An exact check is kept, whether such planes are commercial, private, military, or "unknown."

"The only thing I'm worried about," one long-limbed Varga-like girl said to me, about 2:00 a.m., on the lobster shift, "is that the big moment will come when I'm off duty."

Her colleague, who looked like something the late Mr. Ziegfeld might have enshrined on a white horse, chimed in. "That's why," she said, "I like the before-dawn shifts. It means giving up my social life. But when action comes, I'll be here to see it."

There is glamor and charm as well as high seriousness in this civilian army. And more people are needed to share in all three. For each civilian who lends his or her all-out energies to this all-important job, releases a military man for more technical work. This epistle, consequently, is both an appeal and a newsletter. It is designed not only to open the eyes of Esquire readers to the multifarious excitements and the curvilinear beauties of plane spotting, but to invite them, as well, to put their eyes to good use and their ears to the ground.

Suppose we follow through on some typical maneuvers. Suppose we join a typical watch, and let signals fall where they may:

We meet a certain Miss X at the stroke of midnight, nigh on to the town hall of the village called Y, in the area known, technically, as "Henry."

A jalopy, well-stocked with gas, is waiting. The earlier shift had used it to jitney to town. Gallantly, we help Miss X into the chariot and drive off into the night. About ten minutes later we are on the grounds of an abandoned estate. We drive to the foot of an old water tower. "Here we are," says Miss X, hospitably, as far off the hoot owl sounds his mournful note.

Slowly we ascend the steps of the tower, prepared for anything —and looking forward to it. At the top, on a compressed platform, stands a cubicle shack with a nubile cubicle.

Through the cubicle Miss X pipes an introduction to an old man and a youngster who are standing there, protected a bit from the wild, winter winds. "We are the relief watch. I am Miss X. This is Mr. Biff."

The couple on watch turn out to be the school principal and his nephew. The boy has been doing his home work, between turns around the ramparts. This couple, a few hours earlier, had taken the place of another pair, the village bank president and the plumber.

"Not much doing, tonight," said the principal, regretfully, "two bi's, nothing more."

"Two-motored ships," Miss X interpolates. "We go on watch."

Miss X parries all attempts to turn the conversation to Baudelaire and the relation of the romantic idea to the cloistering of women. She is all business, scanning the skies with binoculars, and pacing the platform with the regularity of a metronome. Suddenly whirring engines are heard. Over the treetops to the right is a speck of light.

She rushes into the cabin, picks up the phone. "Army flash." Steadily she begins to sing-song: "One . . . multi . . . low . . . seen . . . Henry 14 . . . East . . . five . . . West."

For your special delectation she translates: "A single multi-motored ship was seen—as well as heard—flying low, station reporting is Henry 14. Ship seen East of post, was about five miles away . . . flying West."

At headquarters, this routine report calls for a systematic flurry of unhurried charting and uninhibited checking. Immediately, on receiving the first report of this plane, a "plotter" at a large table map at headquarters starts preparing a "pip"—a small marker—with letters on it, indicating reported information. After two reports have come in, from two observation posts, the moving ship's information has assumed compound proportions, and the "pips" have grown into a "tree" several inches high. The tree is then placed on the observation board map, and kept moving by its individual guardian.

Watching the board from a mezzanine gallery are observers from the Civil Aeronautics Authority, from the Army, and from the Navy.

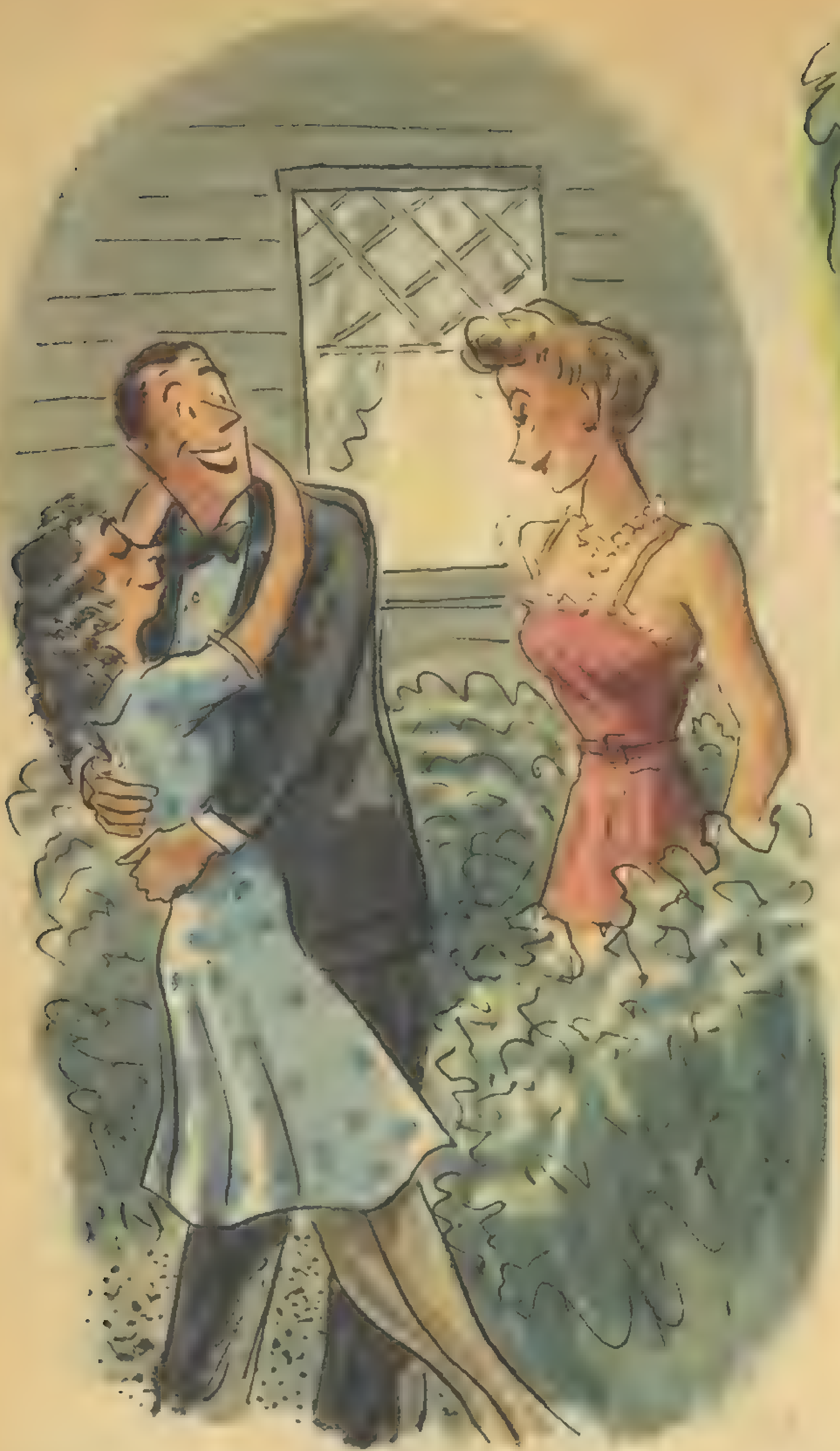
"Not mine," answers the C.A.A. man, on being quizzed by the central control. His information covers no commercial flight in that vicinity.

"Not mine," reports the Army man.

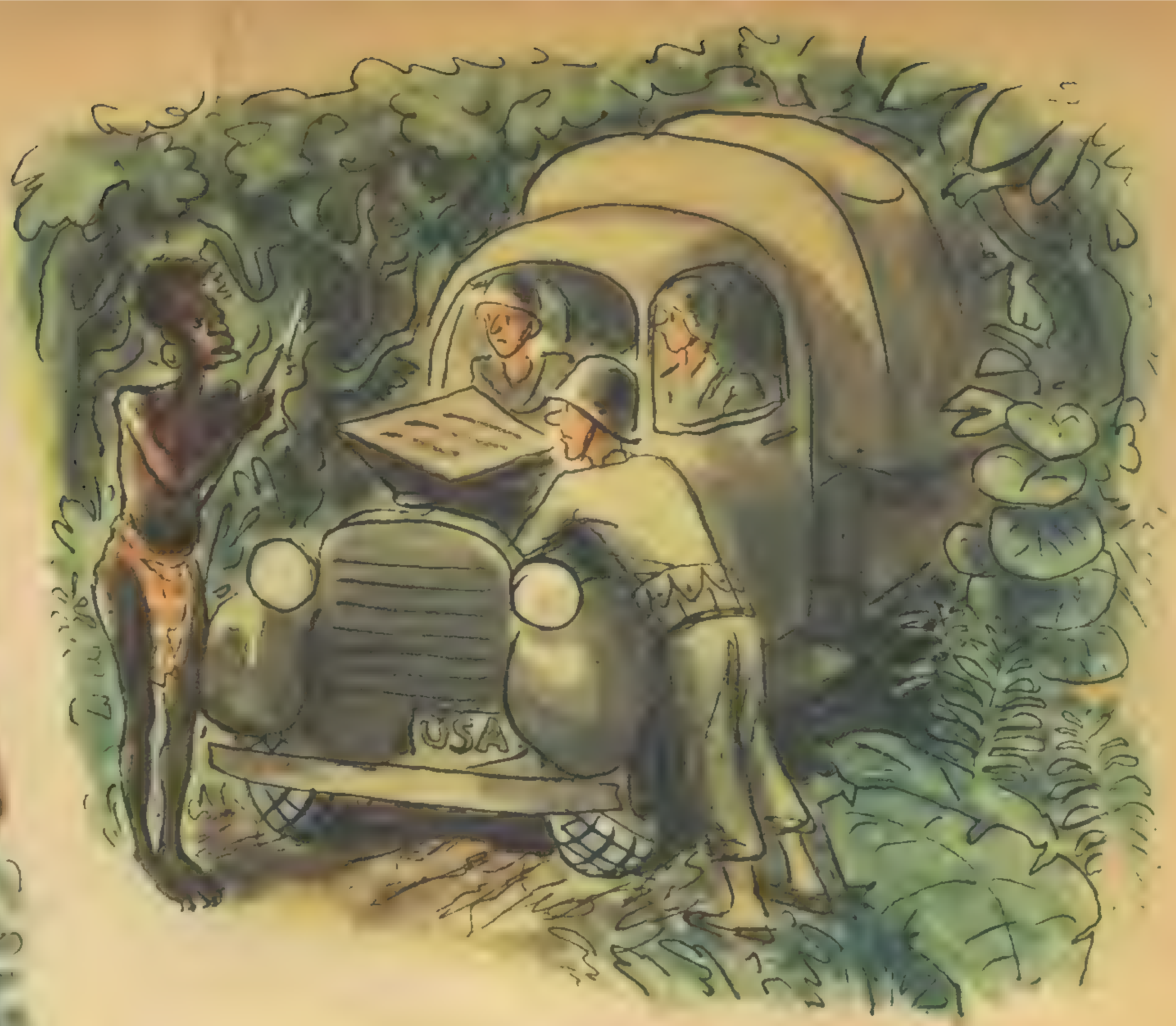
All now is up to the Navy. If the ship doesn't turn out to be a Navy ship, trouble is in the offing. But in our hypothetical incident, the Navy man is not going to let a detail interfere with a postulate. "Not mine," he yells, endorsing a free-for-all.

"Not mine," volunteers the

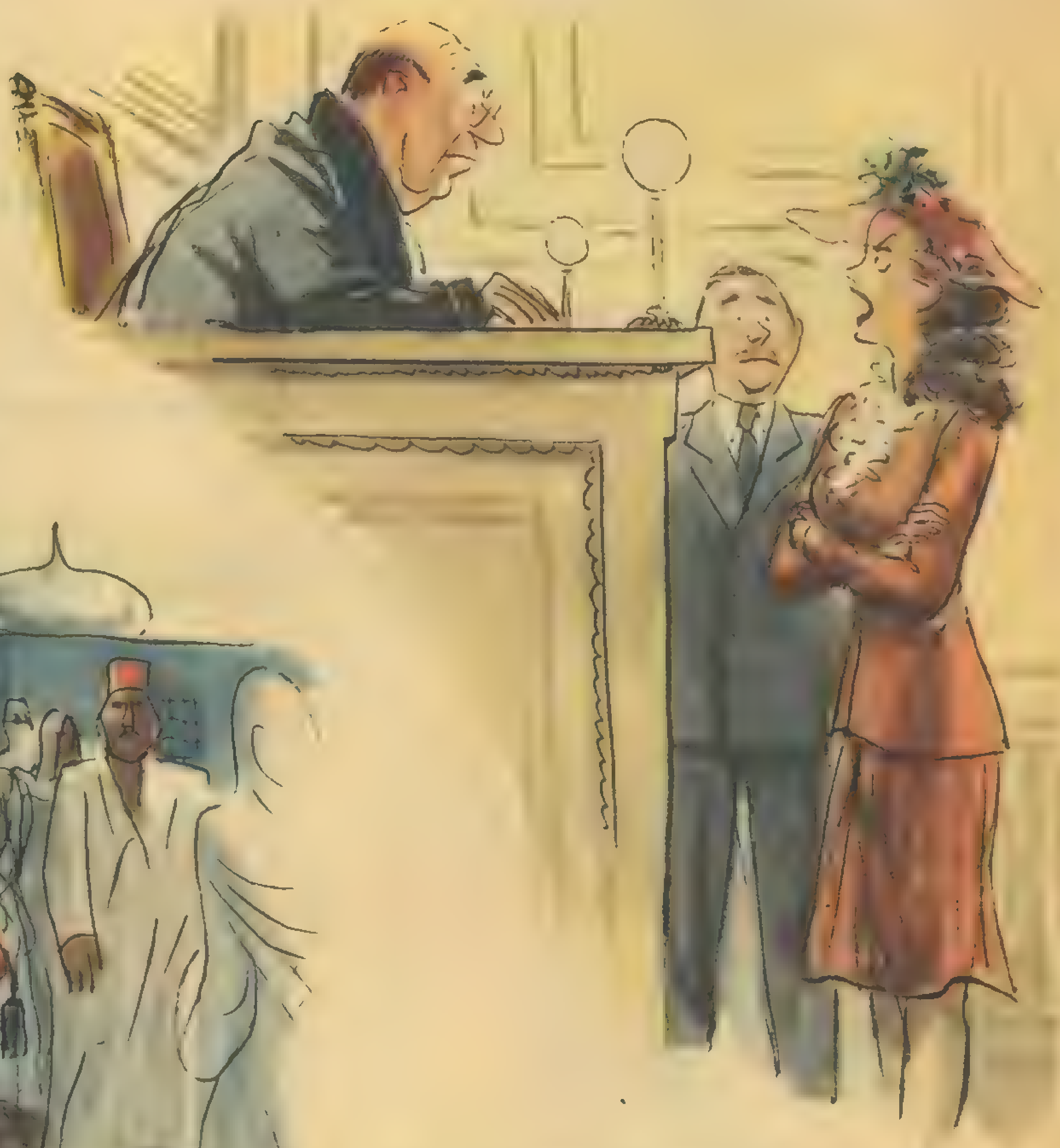
Continued on page 169



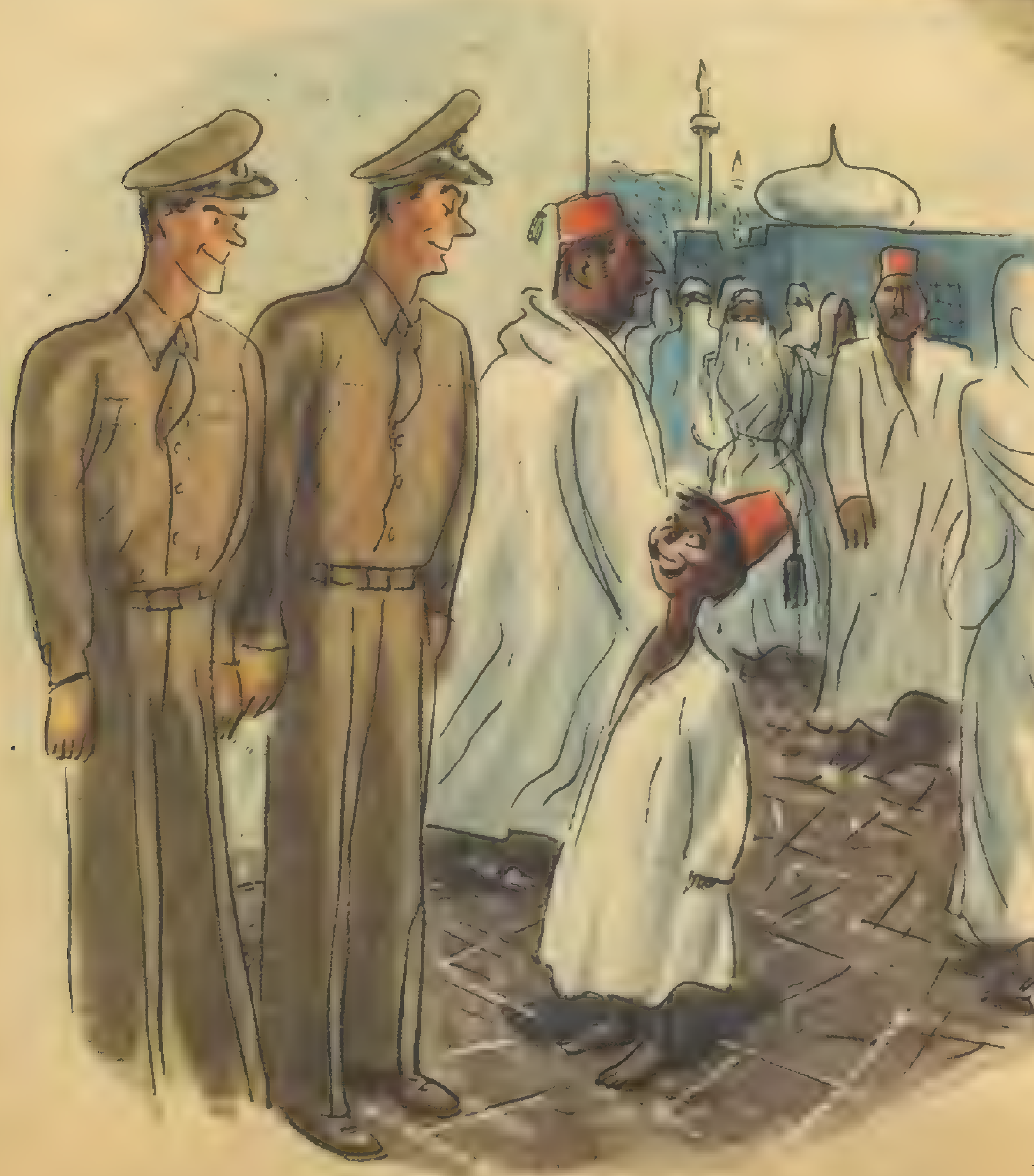
"Darling, I'm the happiest man in the world—Miss Foreski has just consented to be our cook"



"If it's ignition trouble, we have a complete stock of parts in the village"



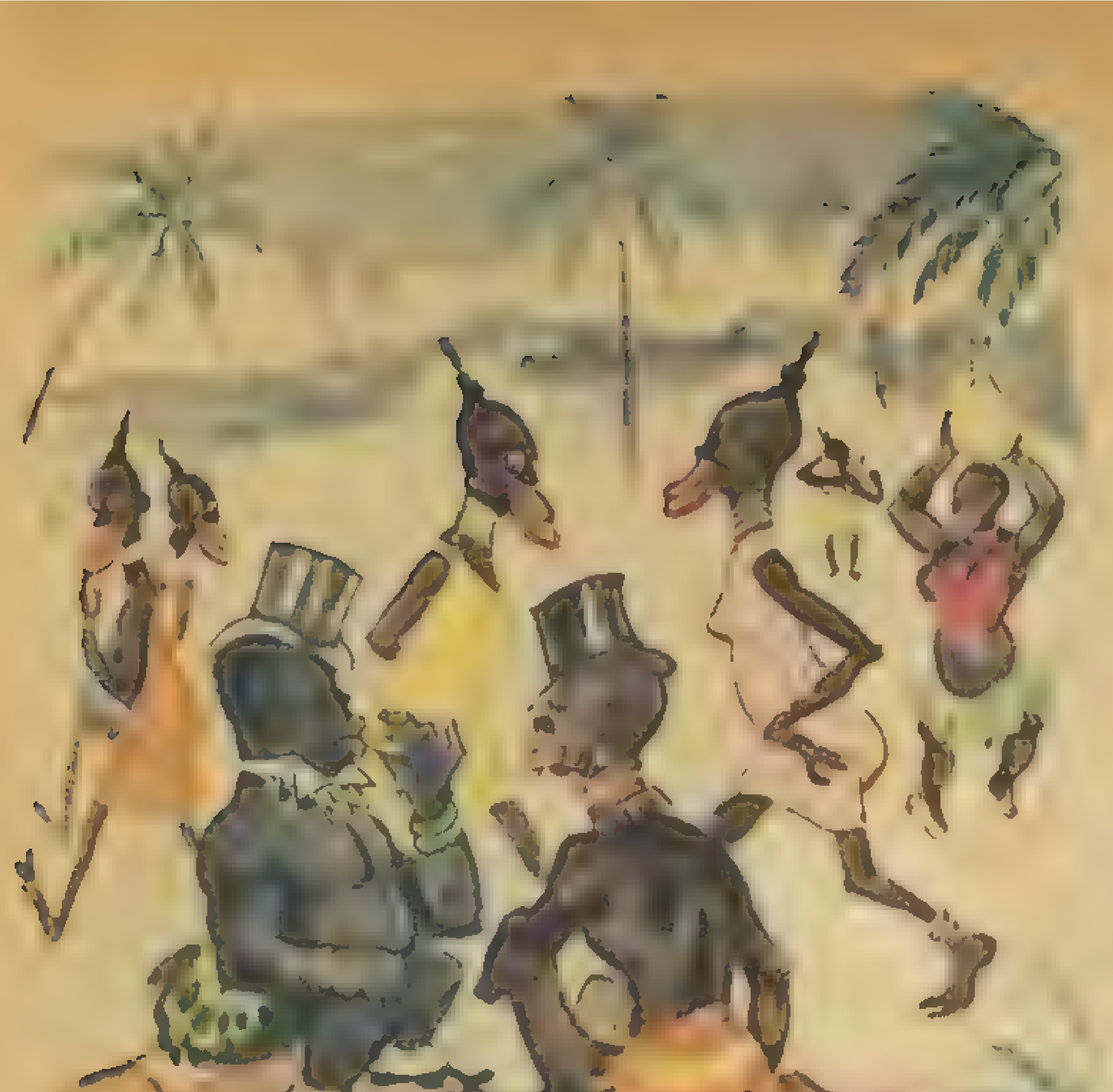
"He can have custody of the kids, but who gets the 'C' card?"



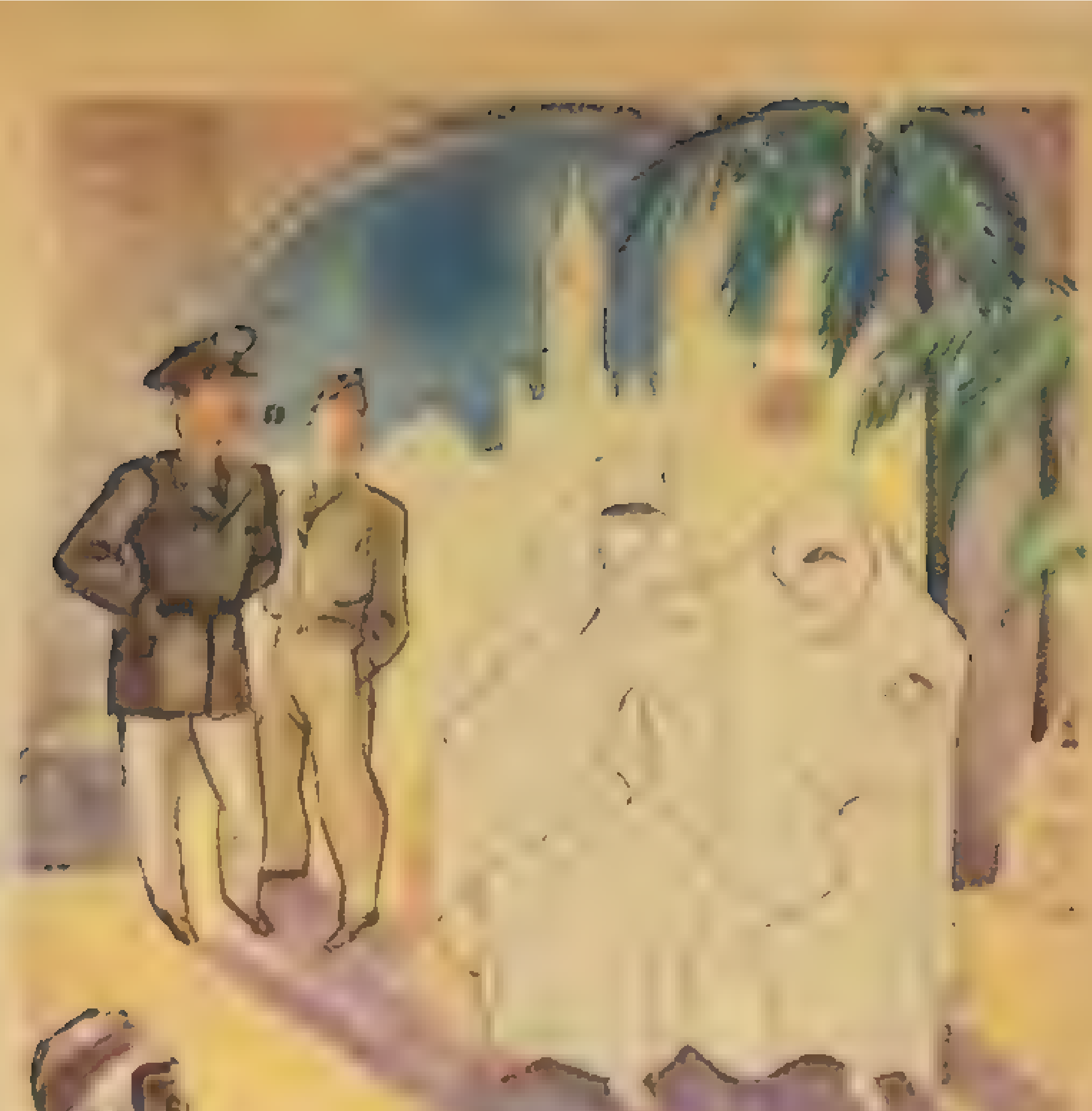
"I knew you fellas would get here—you couldn't miss with Superman on your side"

One Rare June Day

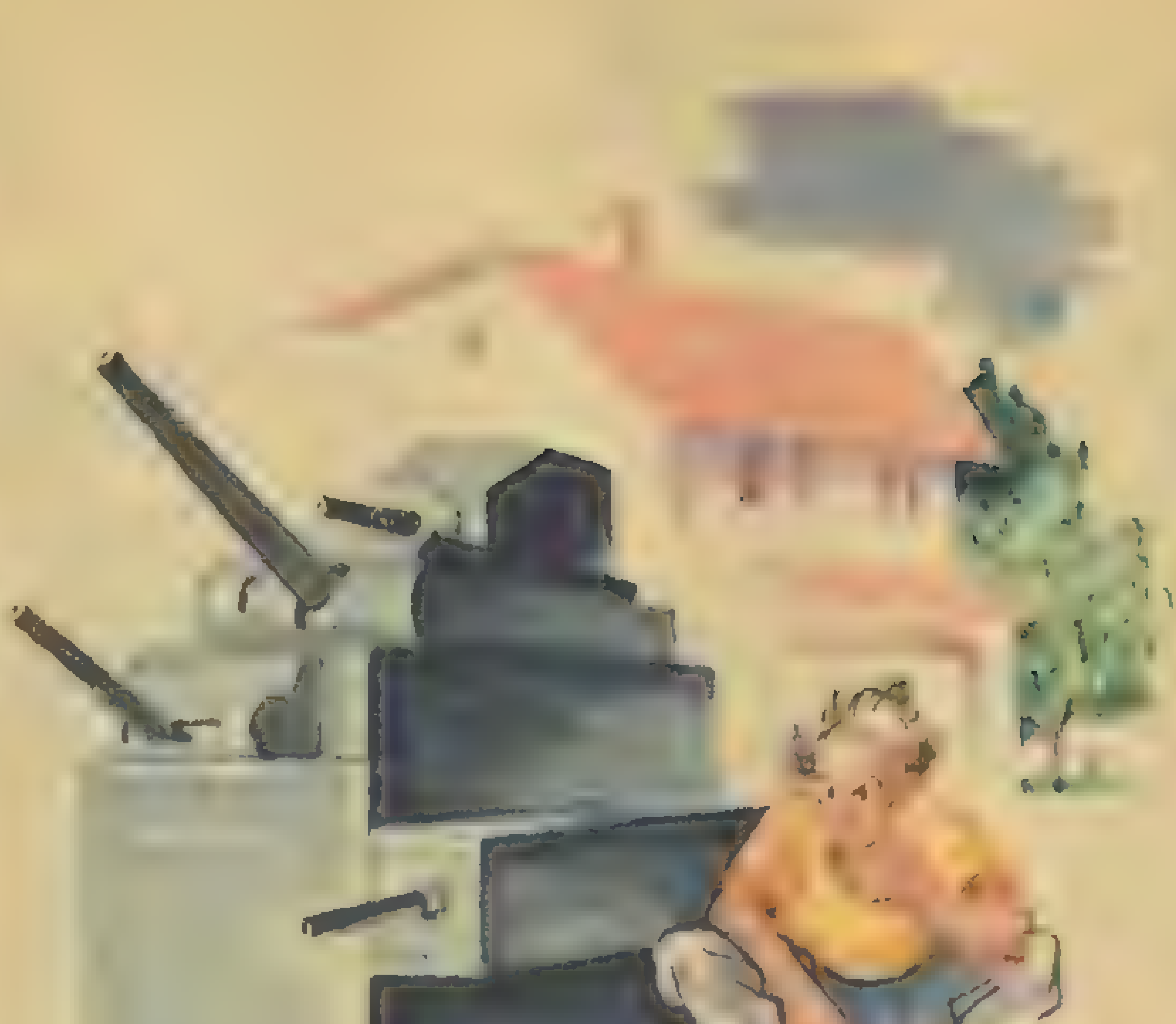
by HOWARD BAER



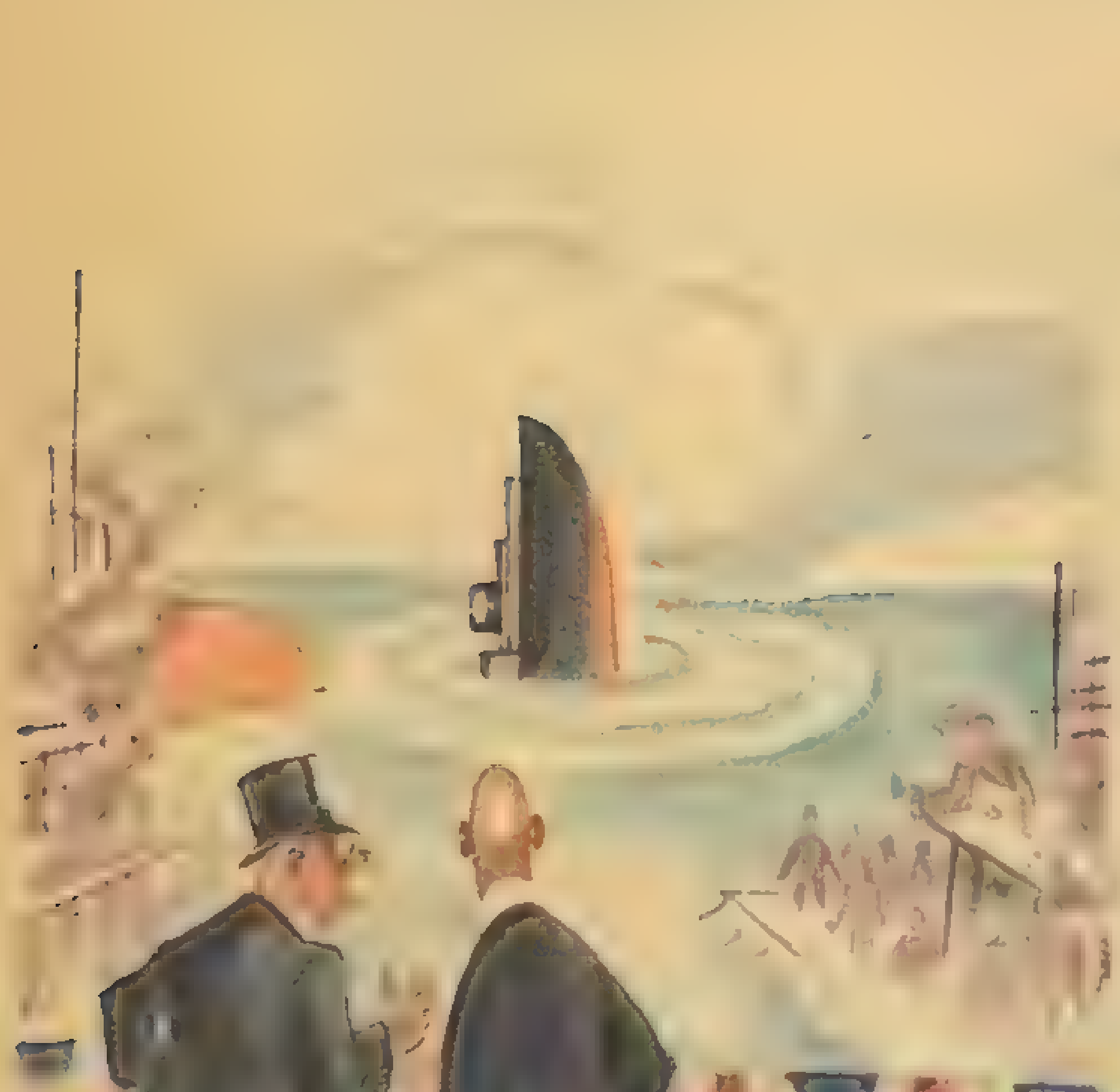
"Oh, I suppose I'll get married some day—when the right one comes along"



"And we think we are taking a chance when we marry an American girl"



"What a tank—no wheels to lose—no tread to break —now if I can figure out a way to make it move"



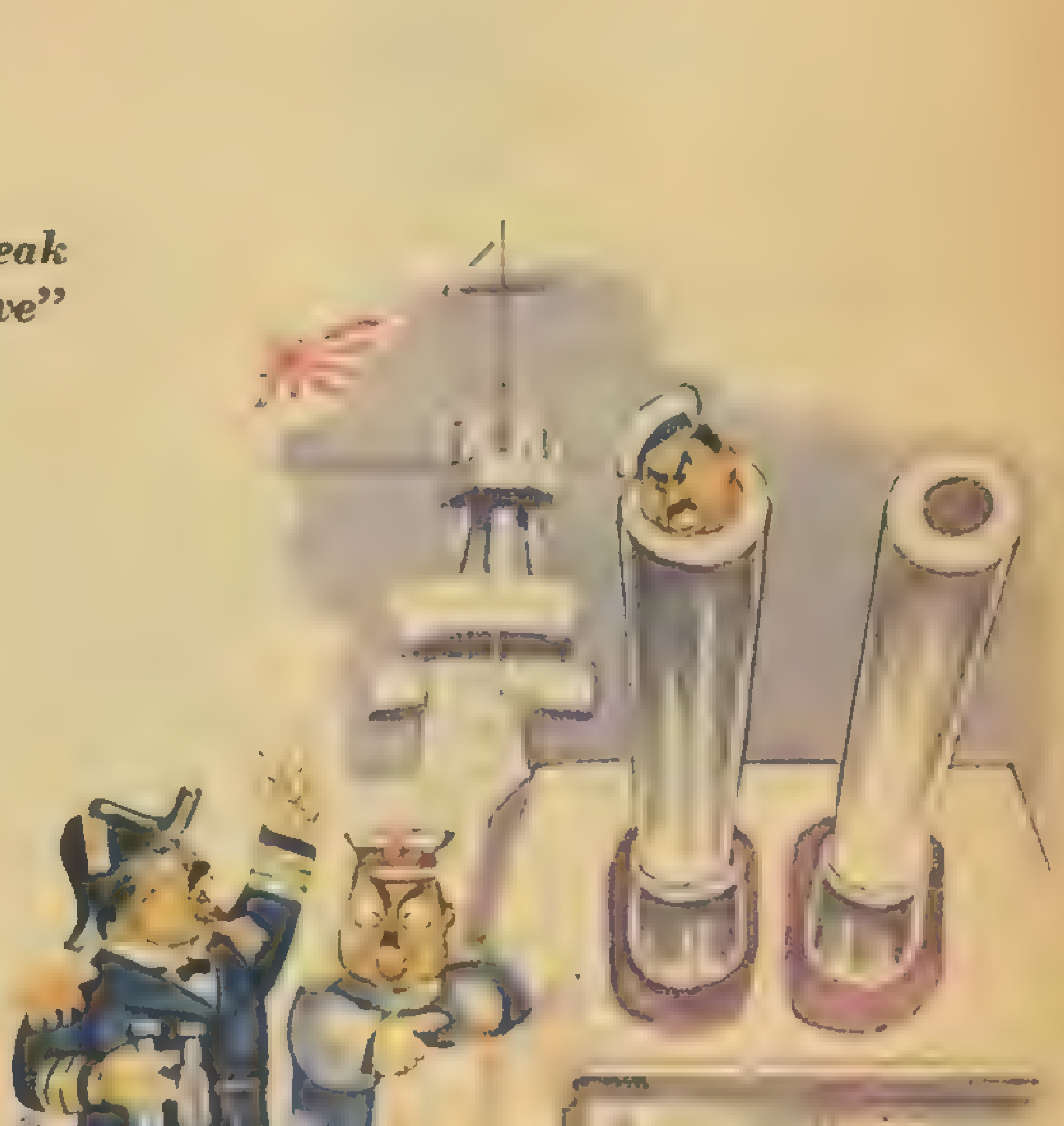
"I wondered how we managed to beat Henry J. Kaiser's record!"

Time Waltzes On

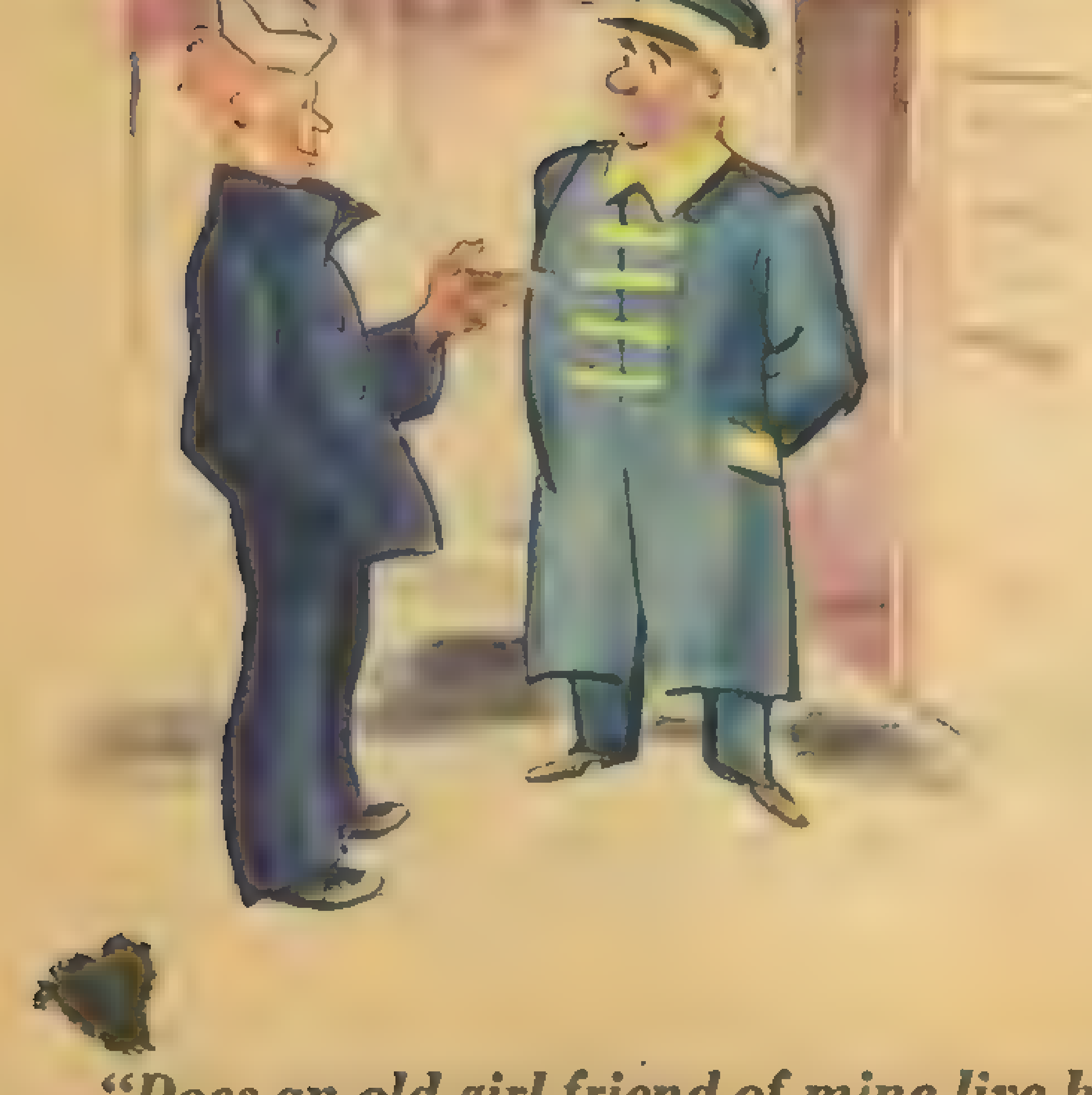
with

DERSO *and* KELEN

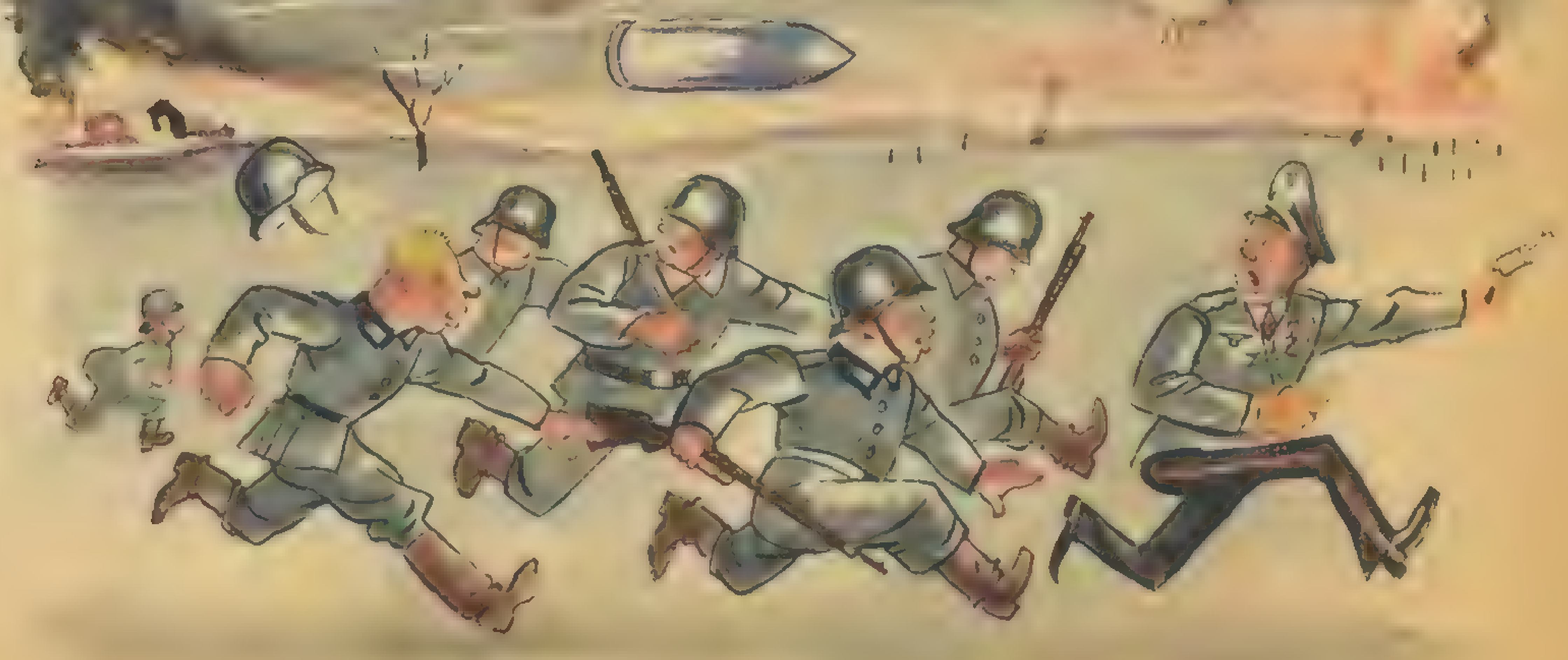
doing a double-take on doings of the day



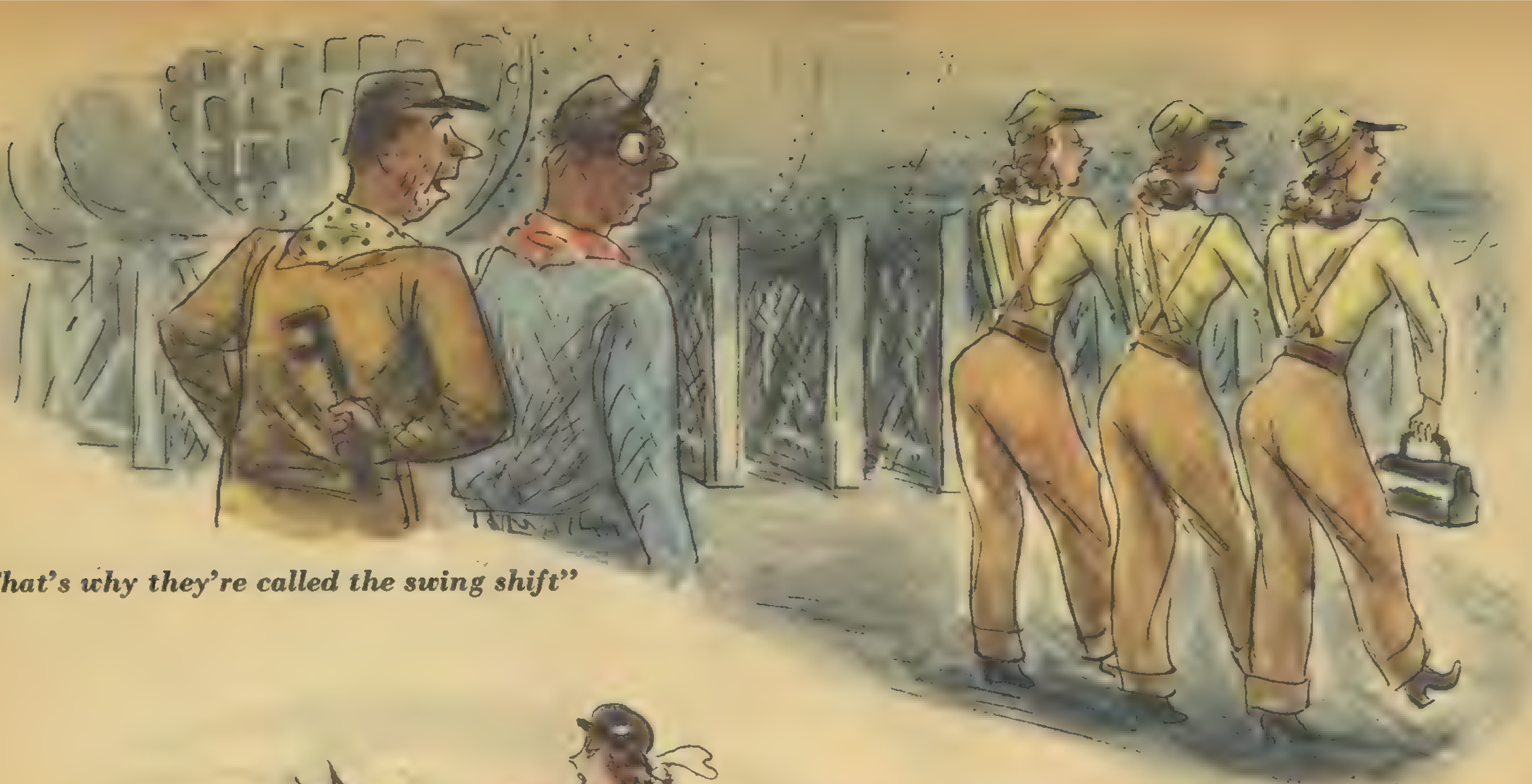
"Yes, please—but how do I get back?"



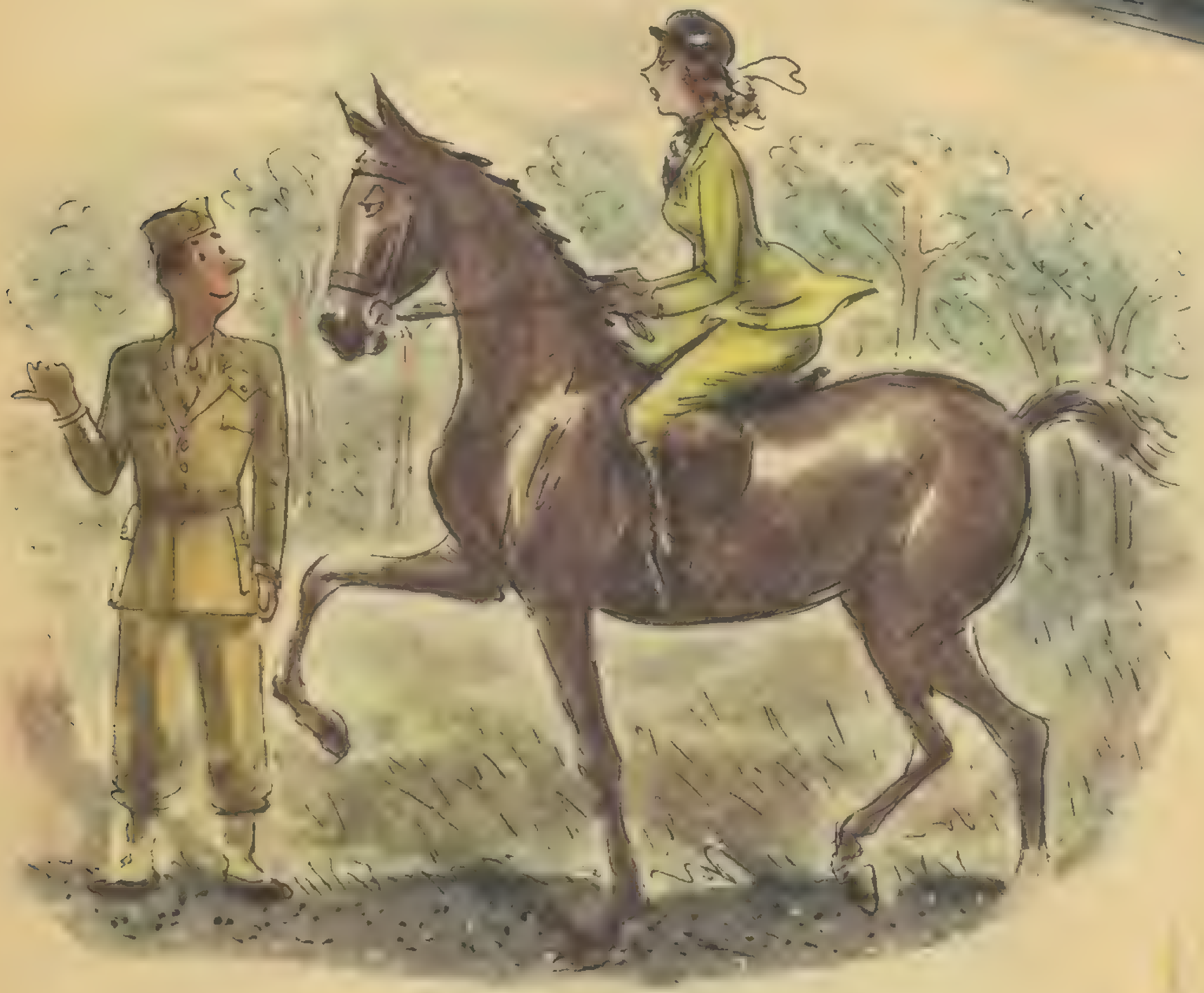
"Does an old girl friend of mine live here? She's a big, beautiful blonde, brunette, or redhead!"

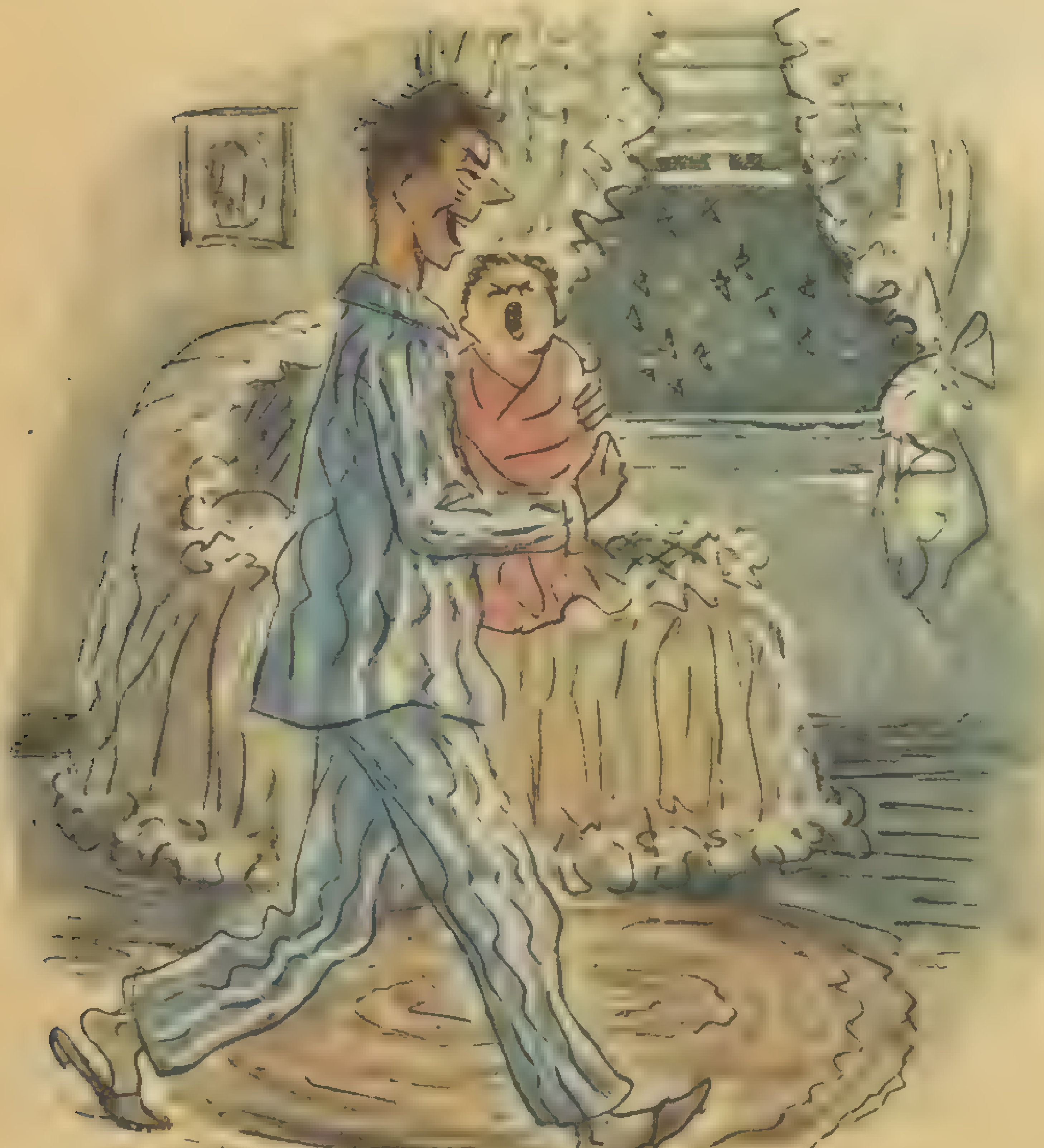


"Keep in step! Der Fuehrer wants no disorganized retreat"

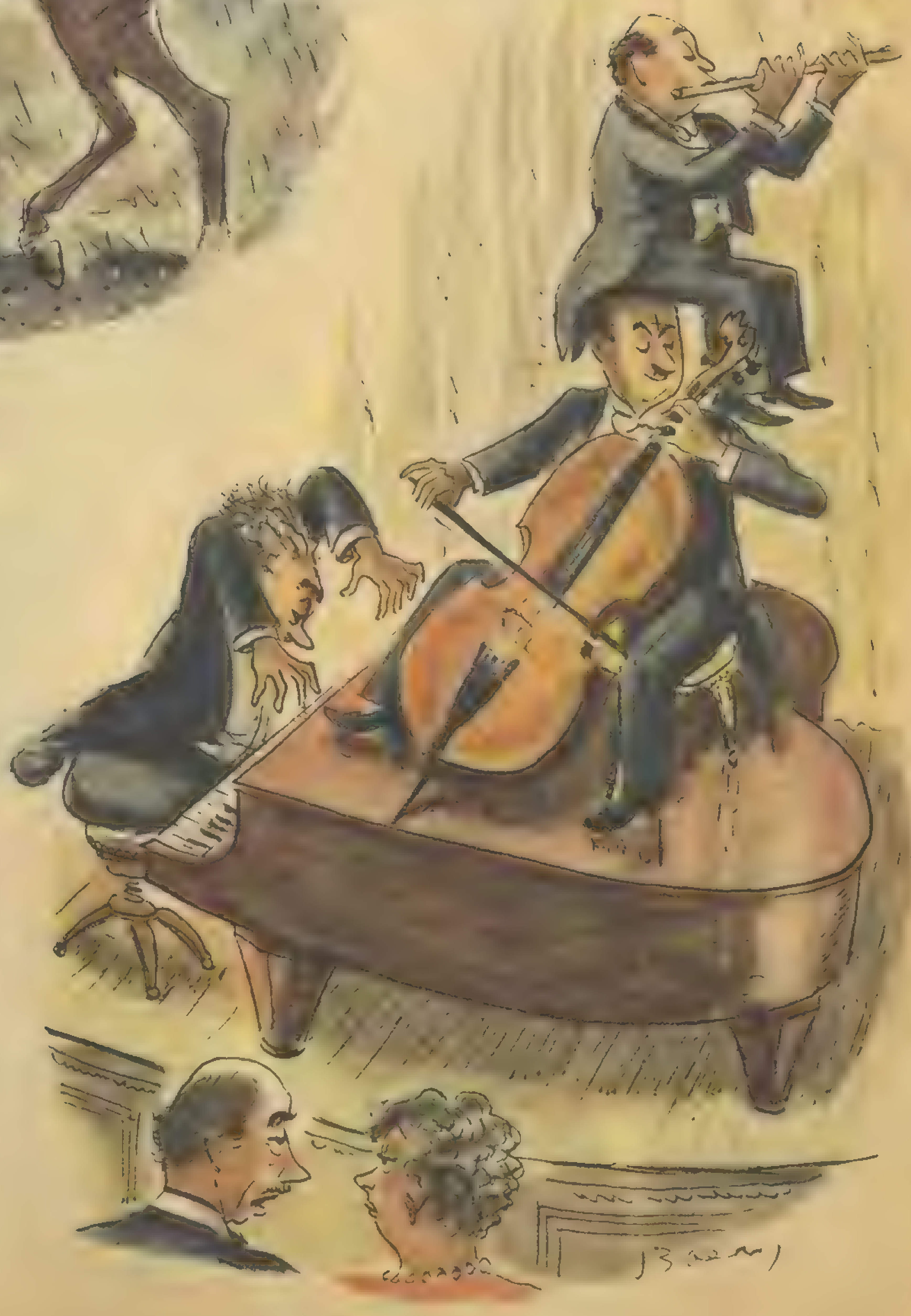


"That's why they're called the swing shift"





"Two weeks more and I'll be in the Army, sleeping until 5:45!"



"They live in a very small apartment"

Only to Serve the Gun

The headmaster of a military school where dying for freedom has become a tradition learns from his heart what heroism means

by RODERICK LULL

•FICTION•

HE SAT looking out the window, his back to the dark study with its portraits of former headmasters and its rows of books in neat, glassed cases, and its general air of soberness and scholarship and permanence. Outside the window there was brightness, and it was good to see brightness now, even if he had no part in it. There was sun on stone and grass; and the quick, sudden voices of the boys had a very special brightness of their own.

Dr. Forrest Richardson thought, "He served the gun to the last. That was the way they put it—he served the gun. He sent the others away to where it was safe, and he stayed there alone to serve the gun."

He leaned forward, one hand upon the window sill, and intently watched the school yard below. Some of the boys were crossing it—the seniors aloof and exceedingly important; the freshmen very boyish in the red-and-white skullcaps that tradition forced them to wear. Then the yard was momentarily empty and Dr. Richardson looked beyond, to the quadrangle and the chapel. In the quad there was a brass plate listing the men from Fredericksburg Academy who had served in the Spanish American War. In the chapel there was another, larger plate telling the names of those who had served in the First World War, and beside some of the names were little asterisks which meant that these had not come home. Some day, he thought, lifting his hand and putting it down again upon the sill, there would have to be still another memorial, and the largest one. There would have to be room for many, many names.

Dr. Richardson said aloud, "He served the gun." Then he stood up and crossed the room. He looked slowly down the line of portraits of headmasters who had preceded him. Some day his own portrait would hang in the row, with a little metal plate on the frame telling his name and his tenure of service. And for a little while a few people would speak of him, and then he would be forgotten. He had not served a gun....

Dr. Forrest Richardson put his hand against the wall and for a moment he was very still. Then he went upstairs. He went into the bright music room where his wife was, and noticed that the grand piano was closed. He didn't like that. A piano should be open, ready for music.

His wife looked up at him and made a small smile. He saw the lines about her eyes and the deeper, darker lines that ran from nose to chin. "Have you decided what you will say, Forrest?" she said.

He didn't look at her. "Just about," he said flatly. Almost, he went to her and touched her hair. Almost, but not quite. He sat down and closed his eyes and felt the sunshine.

It might have been better if he had accepted Dr. Mather's offer. Dr. Mather would have done it superbly well. He could imagine what he would say, and how he would say it. He could see him standing in the chapel, a handsome man with a dramatic, beautifully tended mane of hair, and he could hear his voice, resonant, magnificently modulated. It was a voice that could do whatever Dr. Mather had in mind—at his will, the voice could bring tears or laughter, peace or disquiet, happiness or despair.

It was not too late to telephone and accept the offer. He wouldn't have to make any explanations. He would simply say, "This is Richardson, Mather. I've been thinking it over and—I wish you'd do it." The fine, kind voice would run back along the wire to him, and that would be the end of the matter.

Mather would do it with dignity and emotion. There would be a moral drawn. At the end there wouldn't be a dry eye in the chapel. And, Dr. Richardson thought harshly, he would give it no real meaning at all. "He would not know what it meant to serve the gun," Dr. Richardson thought. "I don't know what it means myself. But at least I'm trying to know. I couldn't expect Mather to do that. Not when there are so many fine words, and they come to him so easily."

His wife's voice startled him, and he opened his eyes. She said softly, "It's almost time to go, Forrest." He looked at his watch, surprised that it was so late. The hours had slipped away quietly, like water into a pool.

He stood up. "They would have let him finish college," he thought. "That's one of their rules. He didn't have to go. Perhaps if I had argued with him he wouldn't have gone. But it's a queer thing—even now I'm glad I didn't try to talk him out of it."

Inside the chapel it was cool and dim and all he could see of brightness was the stained glass window of St. Francis and the birds. He did not watch the people coming in. He looked for a little while at the new flag with a star for each Fredericksburg man in military service. Three days ago all the stars had been blue, but now one of them was gold. Suddenly Dr. Richardson did not see the gold star at all. He saw instead a very young man, a very earnest young man in an ensign's uniform—serving a gun.

He heard the muted music and he heard the minister's prayer. Then came silence, loud and sudden, and it was time. He stood up and walked forward.

For a moment he looked down the length of the chapel, seeing rows of faces yet seeing only one face, his wife's, clearly. Then he said, "I suppose most of you read what was said of it in the paper." His voice was flat and without inflection. "It was very simply put. They said only that he sent his men away to a place of safety and served the gun himself. It said he was badly wounded, and would perhaps die anyway, so he did that to save men who might live, when he had so small a chance himself.

"I don't know what he thought of at that time, but I am very sure it was not of heroics. I think perhaps he thought that his ship and his men and himself had been attacked, and there was a gun to serve, and someone must serve it. I think perhaps he thought that if only the guns were kept served everything would come out right in the end."

He stopped, and knew that Mather and many of the others would be thinking him awkward and inept. They would be waiting for the splendid, beautiful poems of war, and death in war, and nostalgia in war, but he could not say them.

"And I think that is what this school is for, to make that kind of thinking, and I think that is what this country is for. There is really nothing more to say."

He leaned forward, resting his arms on the pulpit. They were all looking up at him, and he did not care about what might be in their minds; it was of no consequence. The thing spoke for itself; he had served the gun. To elaborate upon it would be to weaken it in some monstrous way that he could not define.

Dr. Richardson said gently, "I have tried not to think that he was my own son. I have tried to think of him as if he were almost a stranger. I did not want the fact that he was my son to make any difference in what I said or thought."

He turned away and went back to his chair, and after a pause the organ began playing again, very softly. He sat down and looked steadily at the long rows of lifted faces, come to pay tribute to Forrest Richardson, Junior; Ensign, USN.

It was, he thought, too dark in the chapel. Forrest had loved brightness. All boys loved brightness, and they were entitled to as much as they could get. He would be glad when the service was finished and the boys could go outside, back to their games and their talk. #

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST BET

WITH this entry for our gallery of photographs, Henry Waxman, formerly known to this audience as the dog's best friend, appears in a new role. It is a natural one for him though, since he has long been one of the foremost girl photographers, and ventured into canine circles only as a sideline and a kind of relaxation. He finds that models of every breed are similar in that they respond to a word of praise from the cameraman. Most of his human subjects, however, prefer their hamburger cooked. This month's piece of resistance is Dolores Moran, a recent discovery. One day a school girl on a picnic and the next, thanks to scout Solly Baiano, sharing honors with Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins. The crew of *Old Acquaintance* applauded a letter-perfect scene of Warner Brothers' blonde newcomer and dubbed her "One Shot Moran." Five foot seven of proportions!—waist 25", hips and bust 35"—weight 120 and years 18. A born head-turner but smart enough to have run up two foolproof rules to keep her own head straight—she doesn't overestimate herself and isn't given to believing everything she hears and reads about herself. Still a student in the schoolhouse on the lot, she likes Spanish best. One day she hopes to perfect her accent by taking a trip to Rio—what a break for our South American neighbors.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN

The Esquire Sports Poll

Voters thumb-down gals muscling in on professional sports while Barney Ross is rated America's Number One War Hero

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

▪SPORTS▪

THE QUESTIONS

I

In view of the general war-time curtailment of sports, would you favor encouragement of participation of women in professional sports? Yes ☐ No ☑

Civilian 55.93%

Military 83.33%

II

Who, in your opinion, is America's outstanding athlete-hero of the war to date? *Hero*

Civilian *Barney Ross*

Military *Barney Ross*

III

Should private golf clubs be consolidated for the duration, with the most convenient club being the nucleus of the union? Yes ☑ No ☐

Civilian 64.39%

Military 72.51%

IV

The Navy has introduced special headgear to protect its boxers in competition. Would you favor adoption of such helmets in professional boxing to eliminate many of the dangers and facial marrings resulting from these bouts? Yes ☐ No ☑

Civilian 56.89%

Military 74.14%

V

Many reforms are possible under the urgency of war that are not feasible at other times. In your opinion should military and physical training now be made compulsory in high schools and colleges? Yes ☑ No ☐

Civilian 89.24%

Military 90.86%

While Russia was kicking the beejeez out of the Germans so emphatically that the medals over Goering's nipples jingled like the bells on a runaway sleigh and there were practically traffic jams of American bombing planes over Germany and France, this poll was taken. At the same time some tovarichs were getting time off from the front to participate in what probably was the largest program of national games since the early Olympics—the sports carnival celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Red army.

Also at that time probably some punk was thickening the bunions on his behind in these good United States figuring out that sports in wartime were sinful and should be abolished.

The sedentary citizen, frustrated in childhood by being unable to make the scrubs of his school's beanbag team, will be trying to work up the rest of the populace to an anti-sports hysteria. He'll be happy only if he can get a dismal populace dragging itself from work to read a ration book by candlelight.

And the hell of it is that there are just enough psychopaths of that type to run American sports into a deep dark dugout temporarily unless a strong offense of energetic rational Americans gets in and punches for the proposition that an element of pursuit of happiness is entirely legitimate and required while the nation also is fighting for life and liberty.

An interesting and probably significant feature of this poll is that the votes from the men in uniform are accented more boldly than the civilian votes. The civilian populace, criticized by the lead-fannied for wartime sports interest, invariably runs second to the men in the armed services in vehemence of opinions favoring sports. It is plain that the soldiers, sailors and marines want sports continued and are not backward about saying so.

This time the poll was conducted among the usual civilian groups of sports writers, sportscasters and the general public and among men at the Georgia Naval Pre-Flight School, Athens, Georgia. In the military camps, sports are not only a balance of mental interest of uniformed men, but an important factor in training men to keep alive while the loser speeds to judgment.

Housed in fifteen buildings on and near the University of Georgia campus, the Navy Pre-Flight School at Athens, Georgia, is the largest of the five now in operation. The stress at the Pre-Flight School, where the men are given advanced ground school work and physical conditioning, is on toughening physically and mentally the young trainee for the ordeal of war. Academic, military marks and physical condition count equally in making up the cadet's final grade. A typical week's program includes a dozen football games, 84 boxing matches, 48 wrestling bouts, 24 to 48 basketball games, and a dozen soccer games. While these are going on, more than 450 other cadets are competing in military track events and another 150 will be performing competitive tricks in tumbling and gymnastics.

The Commandant at Athens is Captain C. E. Smith, former Navy football and baseball star, who was later Athletic Officer at Annapolis. Lieutenant Commander Madison (Matty) Bell, on leave from Southern Methodist, is head football coach. Lieutenant Commander Donald M. Miller, peacetime Dean of men at Marion Institute, an Alabama military school, heads the academic department, while the regimental commander is Lieutenant Commander Ralph W. Burleigh, an Annapolis man who saw duty in World War I.

Taking up the first question, there seems to be a strong note of old-time chivalrous attitude in the fighting men's expressions. They prefer that the little girl be more of the blushing violet by the trunk of Mr. Sturdy Oak, and stay home like Penelope waiting for her Ulysses to clean up Troy or to do a lonely sweetheart's labors with riveter or soldering iron, rather than develop a tendency to exhibit the biceps, triceps, glutaeus maximus, adductor magnus, peronaeus longus, gastronemius, etc.

A degree of pique is present in some comments from men in the armed forces. They have been nettled by drawing the pay and risk of enlisted men while damosels get commissions for beating typewriters, filing paper work, giving their gum a Gene Krupa smacking and wearing a society modiste's snappy number as a uniform. Apparently there are many enlisted men who have more than a bit of burn at being outranked and underpaid in comparison with women in uniform and do not have loving feelings toward such dolls, whether the ladies' uniforms are designed by Mainbocher, Molyneux, Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Spalding or the Everlasting wrestling trunks dressmakers. Those who mentioned this point in their comments make exceptions for the Army and Navy nurses. They are rated world champions.

But those on the other side of the question make no reference to points other than that of entertainment. Generally their comments are to the effect that if the girls can get jobs as pro athletes and put on a good show; why not?

"Let the dames join the WAACS, the WAVES or the WOWS," suggested **Bill Kinney,** *Rock Island Argus*, "but let's keep 'em out of professional sports. Ladies haven't yet learned to be ladies in athletics. They gripe, they have no idea of organization and they're catty with themselves in competition and with practically everyone else dealing with them. There are exceptions, naturally. But a few good sports fail to make up for the lovely things who try, oh so hard, and flop so miserably. Women are swell to live with, to love and to marry. But my athletic relations with 'em are happier when confined to bridge, and even that can be troublesome. I fear the girls never will learn how to compete successfully. At least, from the showings they've made so far, it's doubtful."

Along the same line, **L. D. Gasser,** Owensboro, Kentucky, *Messenger*, opined: "Women in pro tennis, golf and similar sports may be okeh, but, brother, believe me, I still remember the 'bloomer girls' in baseball, and I have a fair idea of how they will perform as gridderettes. So deliver us from them. They just don't seem to be born as athletes, where prowess and brawn are needed."

Randall Hobart, South Haven, Michigan, *Tribune*, continued: "I have yet to see a pro female athlete in action who added to my appreciation of professional competition. Women don't look their best in sports contests and I see no necessity for encouraging them simply because we have a trend to WAACS, WAVES, SPARS, WAFS and WUMPS." **Bill Sutherland,** KDKA, Pittsburgh, agreed that: "Even to the avid sports enthusiast, women's participation in professional sports is not easily acceptable. Even in the rasslin' racket, the women participants were looked on more as freaks than as professionals. Lowering the bars, even for the duration, could cause irreparable damage to the prestige and public acceptance which professional sports have spent years in building."

On the other hand, **Miss Jill Jackson,** WSMB, New Orleans, said:

> There is no reason why women's sports should not be professionalized—either now, or after the war After all, it's pretty tough on the gals to earn a living at one thing and to keep fit for competitive play. They may as well be paid to play baseball, golf or tennis, so they may take the required time to train, practice and perfect their form. The caliber of women's sports would greatly increase—and you gentlemen might be surprised at the show the little ladies can put on.

"I would say," wrote **John O. White,** Ottawa, Illinois, *Republican-Times*, "let the women pick up a few bucks if they can in sports. That is in golf, tennis, swimming, softball and such, but war or no war I'm still an old-fashioned bachelor who thinks a woman's place is in the home and if we can't keep them at home with all the war work there is, let's at least keep them out of the ring. To women boxing or wrestling, the answer is no." **George H. James,** Brazil, Indiana, *Times*, added: "Women should have a program of physical culture, but deliver me from women wrestlers, women basketball teams, and the missies in the Olympic Games." **O. G. Willoughby,** Iron Mountain, Michigan, *News*, continued: "Football, wrestling, boxing and such strenuous sports are clearly unsuited for women. No man admires a tough or muscular woman; or one with a mashed nose, cauliflower ear or football knee." **C. E. McBride,** *Kansas City Star*, said: "Between their household duties and their work in war plants, women can be far more useful than by going into professional sports." "Professional sport, including horse-racing," wrote **Scott Nearing,** "is a dope peddled by the ruling class to keep the masses diverted and to prevent them from thinking about their troubles. I would therefore favor its total abolition and its replacement by sport in which people participate. Professional sport does as much as any other one thing to foster the deadly malady known as spectatoritis."

"The biggest wrestling gates in the country today," insisted **Gene Sullivan,** St. Joseph, Missouri, *News-Press*, "are being drawn by Mildred Burke, the best of the gal grapplers. If the opportunity is there, the women athletes are only too glad to turn pro and they are always hammer and tongs competitors which adds to their box-office draw. If a pro softball league for women develops, the fans will go crazy over Nina "Tiger" Korgan, the New Orleans pitcher who is the pick of the crop."

Fred K. Leo, WMBD, Peoria, Illinois, said: "Peoria has many women active in sports—and has some of the best of the female athletic teams, but the caliber of their play in spite of this fact is anything but good. Spectators will have to be re-educated to a poorer brand of sports if women go professional." **Seaman First Class C. A. "Stretch" Miller,** U. S. Naval Training Station, Toledo, said: "No muscle girls for us sailors!"

Lieutenant Commander Carl G. Olson, senior member of the Chicago Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board, was favorable; **Lieutenant T. Elwood Cooke,** U. S. Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, was opposed. **Mrs. John Calvin Briggs,** Los Angeles, said "no"; **Harry Keck,** *Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*, said "yes." "Let 'em stay home and make Red Cross bandages," suggested **Royal Brougham,** *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

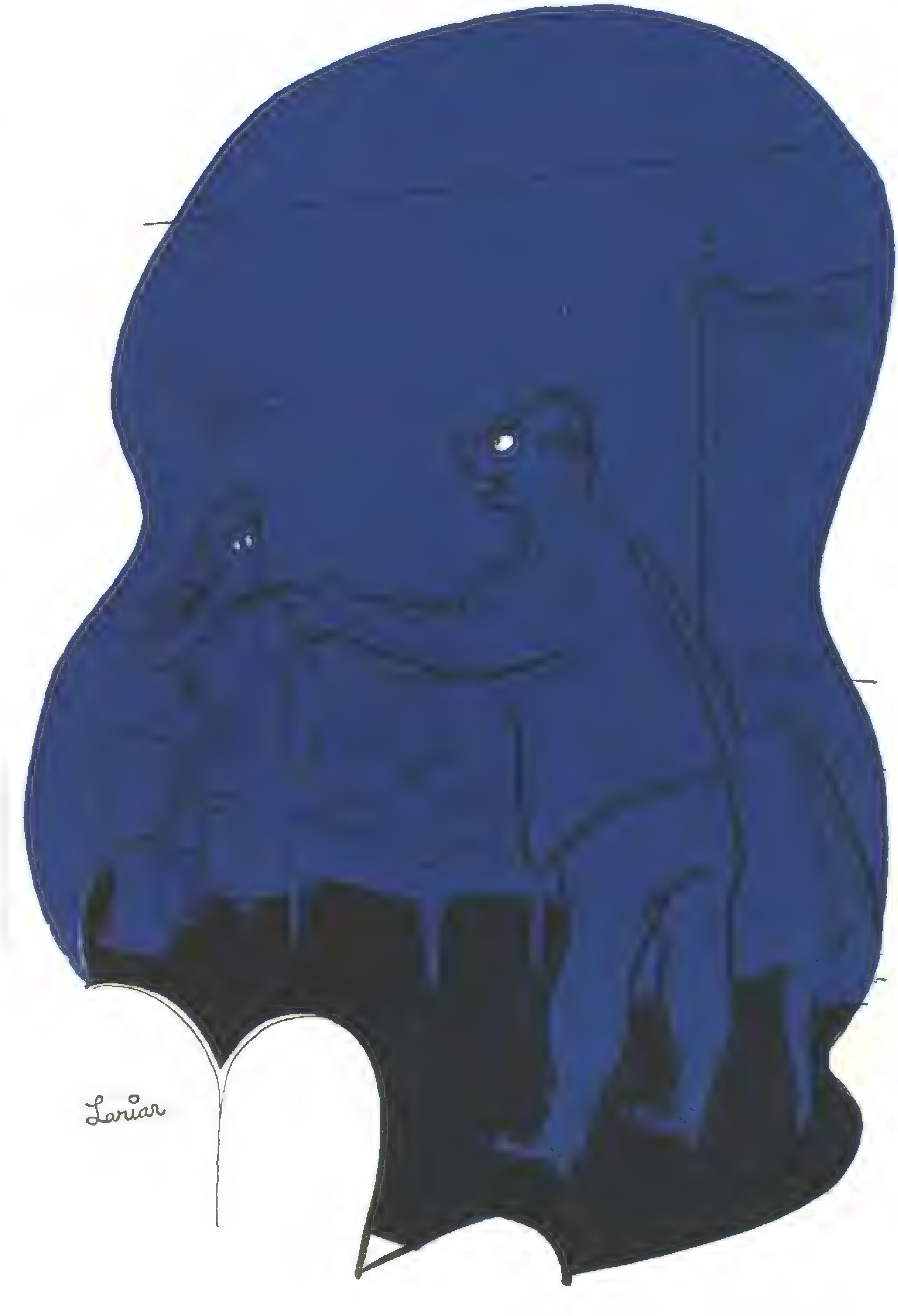
Land, sea and air fighters gave Barney Ross of the United States Marines the decision in question II, and so did the public and the sports experts.

This poll and other awards to Ross, born on Rivington Street in New York's Ghetto, must be somewhat annoying to Hitler, Goebbels, et al. Barney was considerably annoying to Japs on Guadalcanal, getting at least 22 of them before they knocked him out with shrapnel.

Among those supplying competition for Ross were:

Captain Colin Kelly, West Point boxing; Lieutenant "Butch" O'Hare, skeet; Brigadier General LaVerne G. Saunders, West Point football; Colonel Tom Trapnell, West Point football; Lieutenant Bob MacLeod, Dartmouth football; Captain Billy Southworth, Jr., baseball; Lieutenant Richard Amerine, University of Kansas football; Captain Clint Frank, Yale football; Lieutenant Buzz Borries, Navy football; Don "Scotty" McLennon, Yale hockey and

Continued on page 117



"Is this a blackout or didn't you pay your electric bill again?"

The Hoosier Swimmaster

Bud Sawin, top coach of frails, says with right coordination and rhythm they can swim long races with ease

by VIC RENSBERGER

▪ SPORTS ▪

CHARLES (BUD) SAWIN was teaching swimming classes while he was still in high school. He coached his college team when he was a freshman. His pupils hold eleven American records and have won more than thirty national championships. But, by his own standards at least, Bud Sawin is not much of a swimmer.

What Sawin has taught about swimming to hundreds he has learned from observation and study; he never had any personal coaching. A swimmer, with his face in the water half the time, has to have some one correct his mistakes. Coaching, Sawin believes, is more important in swimming than in any other sport.

At thirty-four Sawin has become the nation's leading coach of women swimmers. And to the great consternation of the richly-endowed swimming clubs on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts he has reached that pinnacle in the land-locked Middle West. His unheralded Lakeside Club team from Louisville won the National Women's championship in 1940. Then he left Lakeside for the equally unknown Riviera Club in Indianapolis. From there he took a half-dozen girls, none more than eighteen years old, to the 1941 National Championships at High Point, North Carolina. His team was ignored by the writers and photographers until suddenly it began to sweep aside all opposition, taking sixteen places in the summaries. The team title was won in a walkaway.

In the annual Women's National Long Distance swim, a three-mile test regarded as the most gruelling of all feminine athletic events, Sawin's girls have made an especially outstanding record. In 1939 one of them was first; in 1940 he had the first and second place finishers, and in 1941 first, second and third. Lakeside won the team title in 1940, and the Riviera Club in 1941. No other club but the Women's Swimming Association of New York ever had won it before.

There was a pool in the Columbus (Indiana) high school where Sawin was a pupil in the '20's, but the school had no swimming instructor. The swimming pool was the most fascinating thing in Columbus to the young Sawin, and he spent most of his time in it. Eventually the school's one-man athletic department turned the swimming classes over to him.

Before he had finished high school, however, Sawin's parents moved back to Indianapolis, where he had been born, and Bud finished high school there. About the time he was being handed his diploma, Butler University, in the same city, was finishing its gigantic new fieldhouse, still one of the nation's largest basketball palaces. Included in it was a spacious swimming pool.

George (Potsy) Clark, later of professional football fame, was Butler's athletic director. For its size the school was spending considerable money on sports, but there was not enough available to hire a full-time swimming coach. There was enough, however, to give some boy a job that would go far toward paying his way through school.

Sawin fitted into the situation perfectly. He had been working as a life guard for the city recreation department and convinced Clark he had enough experience to be a college swimming coach although he had not yet entered college himself. So at eighteen, Bud Sawin turned professional and became a Butler freshman and a member of the coaching staff at the same time.

Sawin soon found that the boys Clark gave jobs as life guards for the pool were usually not such good swimmers, but when he complained to Potsy about the situation, he was reminded:

"Maybe not, but they're good football players."

A year later Sawin extended his activities to take over the duties of swimming professional at Indianapolis' Hoosier Athletic Club. There most of his pupils were youngsters, many having yet to swim. The club wanted a team, and from these beginners Sawin built one that soon was competing with the best college and club aggregations in the Middle West.

One night at Evanston, Illinois, Sawin's team, composed entirely of high school boys, defeated a Northwestern University outfit that finished behind only Michigan in that year's Big Ten meet. Ziegler (Buster) Dietz, who won three races for the H.A.C. against the Wildcat tankmen, got a Northwestern scholarship as a result.

Dietz, a farmboy from south of Indianapolis, had come under Sawin's direction in an unusual way. From time to time various pools and beaches in the vicinity would ask Sawin to recommend good swimmers for life guard jobs. To return the favor of securing this employment the guards acted as scouts for the H.A.C. coach.

Dietz, who had taught himself to swim, was recommended to Sawin as a diver. When Sawin watched him dive, however, he was not particularly impressed, but he noticed that the lad had a smooth stroke as he swam out of the pool after his dives. From that spring day on, Buster forgot about diving. Under Sawin's direction he developed rapidly as a swimmer. By October he was good enough to beat some of the best free stylers in the Western Conference.

Meanwhile down at Louisville, Kentucky, events were occurring that were to change the course of Sawin's career. A real estate company had bought a tract of land containing a limestone quarry at the outskirts of the city. From this quarry, stone was hauled to build homes, leaving a small lake in the center of the development. This lake, buyers of the houses were told, was to be the site of a swimming club; each property owner in the section to get a free membership with his deed.

The houses were sold; the real-estate promoters disappeared. The property-owners held free memberships in a club which did not exist, but they still thought it was a good idea. They agreed on annual assessments to finance the building and maintenance of a pool and clubhouse.

Thus Louisville's Lakeside Club was born.

These suburbanites however, went further than merely providing comfortable facilities for their families to disport themselves in the water. They put up 400 dollars for trophies and invited the best swimmers in the Midwest to come to Louisville and compete for them. Bud Sawin brought his H.A.C. boys down and took home most of the trophies.

The Louisville club members were pleased with their promotion and continued the meets, but eventually they came to the realization that they would like to keep some of those trophies for their own mantel. So they asked Sawin to come to Louisville and be their professional.

Sawin sent to Indianapolis for Buster Dietz and had him work out every day at the Lakeside Club. Soon the boys and girls were lining the sides of the pool each day to watch him.

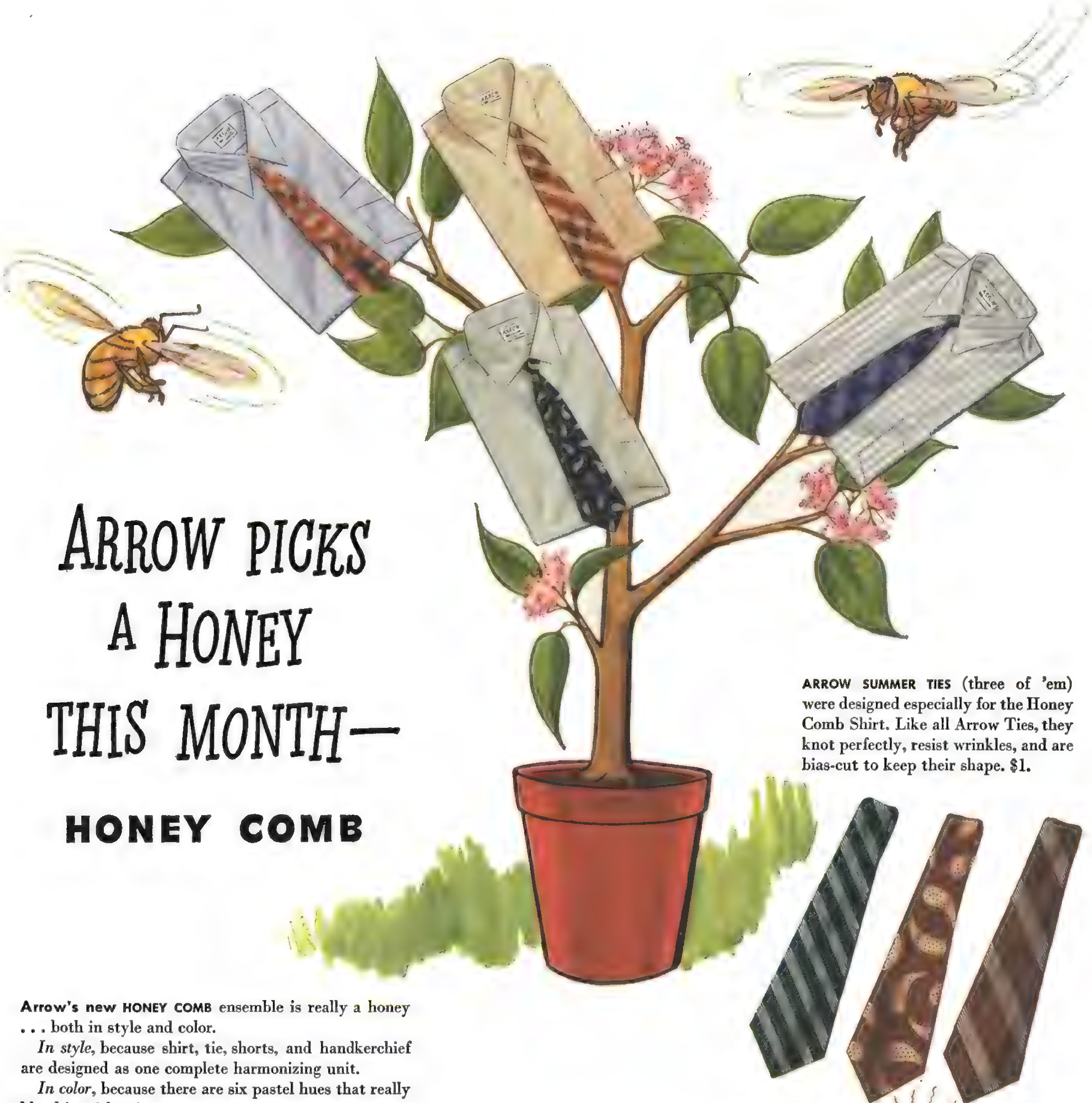
Sawin found, however, that he could not maintain a sustained interest among the boys as well as he could among the girls. The boys had too many other interests. The girls were willing to practice more regularly and thus showed more improvement.

One especially was Mary Ryan, who was ten years old when Sawin taught her to take her first strokes. A year later Mary had become such a good swimmer that Sawin asked the club to send her to Pittsburgh for the National Women's Junior half-mile race.

Little Mary, eleven years old and weighing only seventy-two

Continued on page 130

"Remember that girl I've been chasing in my dreams?"



ARROW PICKS A HONEY THIS MONTH—

HONEY COMB

ARROW SUMMER TIES (three of 'em) were designed especially for the Honey Comb Shirt. Like all Arrow Ties, they knot perfectly, resist wrinkles, and are bias-cut to keep their shape. $1.

Arrow's new HONEY COMB ensemble is really a honey . . . both in style and color.

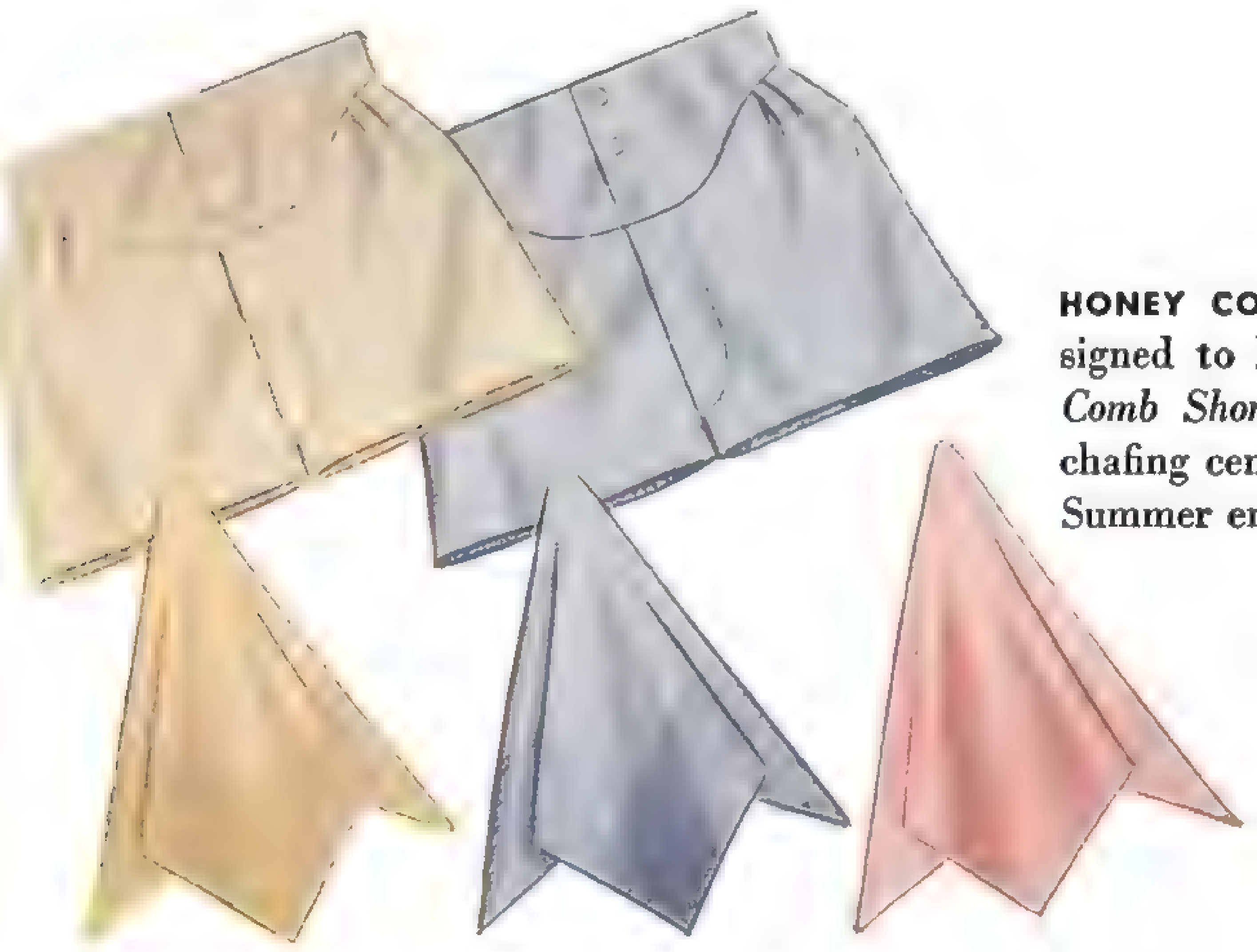
In style, because shirt, tie, shorts, and handkerchief are designed as one complete harmonizing unit.

In color, because there are six pastel hues that really blend in with suits.

The HONEY COMB shirt has an open weave that will keep you cool as your favorite candy mint. And it's an *Arrow* . . . with a perfectly shaped Arrow Collar, trim "Mitoga" figure-fit, and a "Sanforized" label, your guarantee of permanent fit. $2.24.

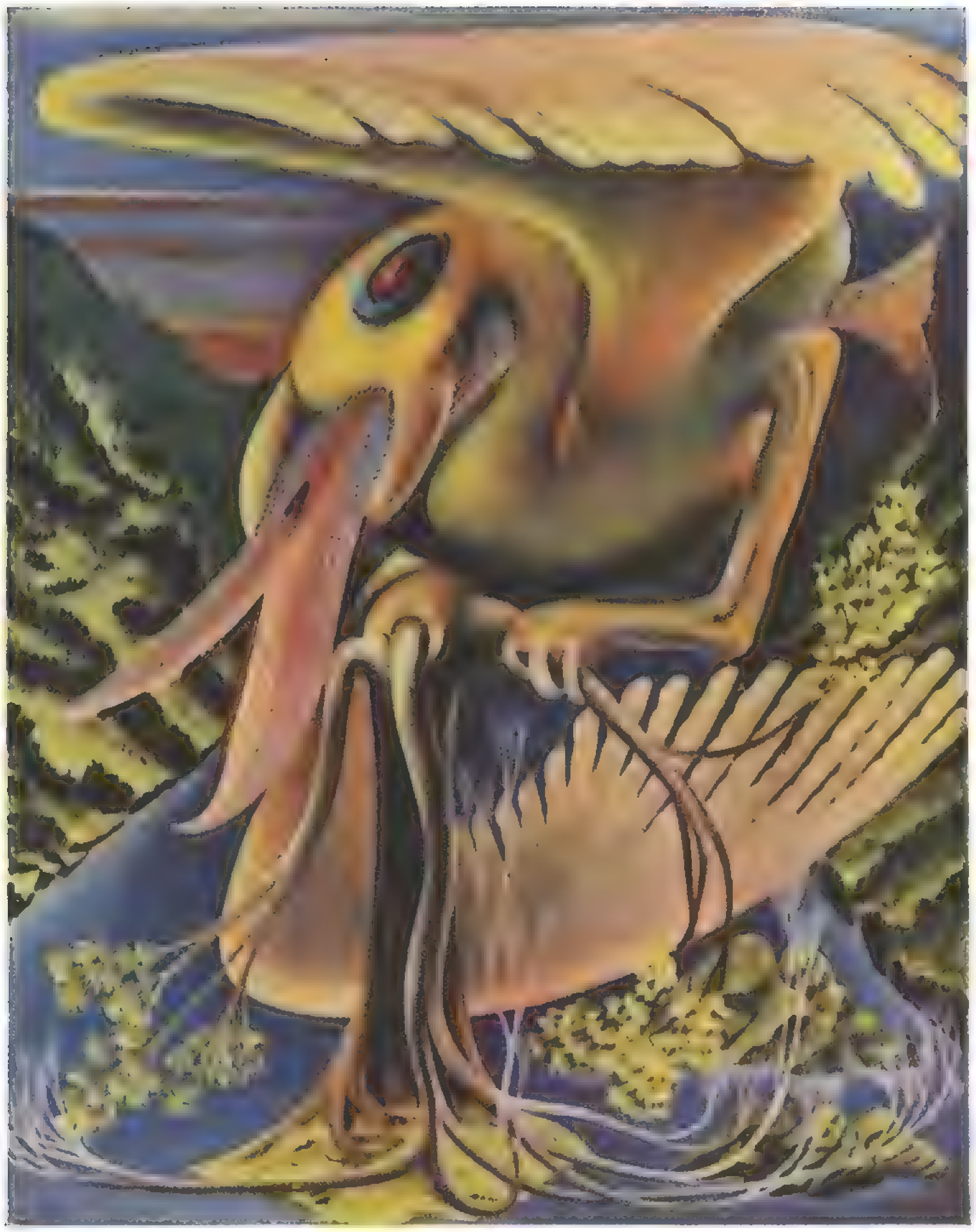
ARROW

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



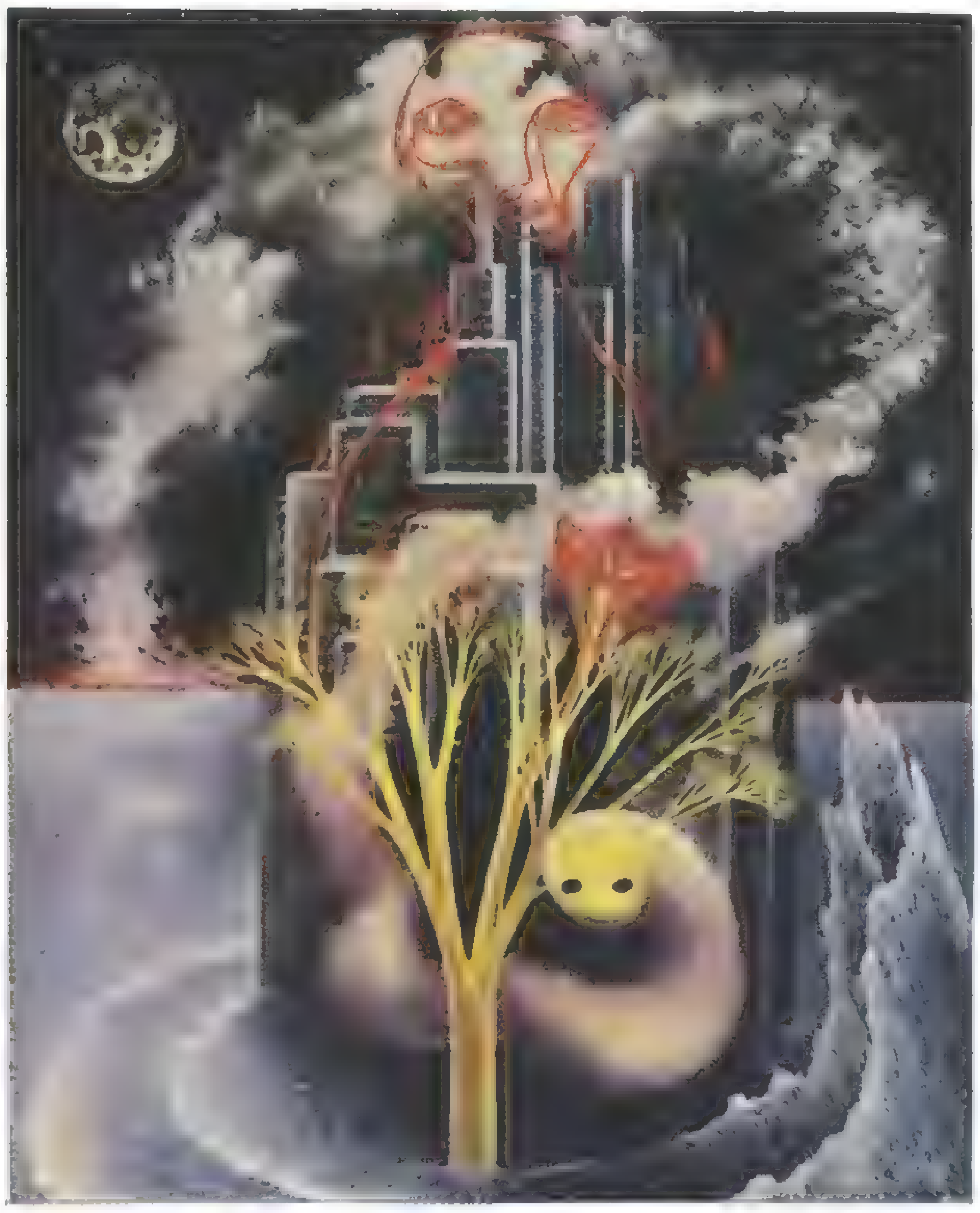
HONEY COMB HANDKERCHIEFS were designed to harmonize (35¢). Arrow *Honey Comb Shorts,* cool and comfortable — no chafing center seam—round out this swell Summer ensemble. (75¢).

Nothing shows off a coat of tan like a white shirt. May we suggest Arrow Gordon, made of fine oxford cloth, with plain or button-down collars? Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



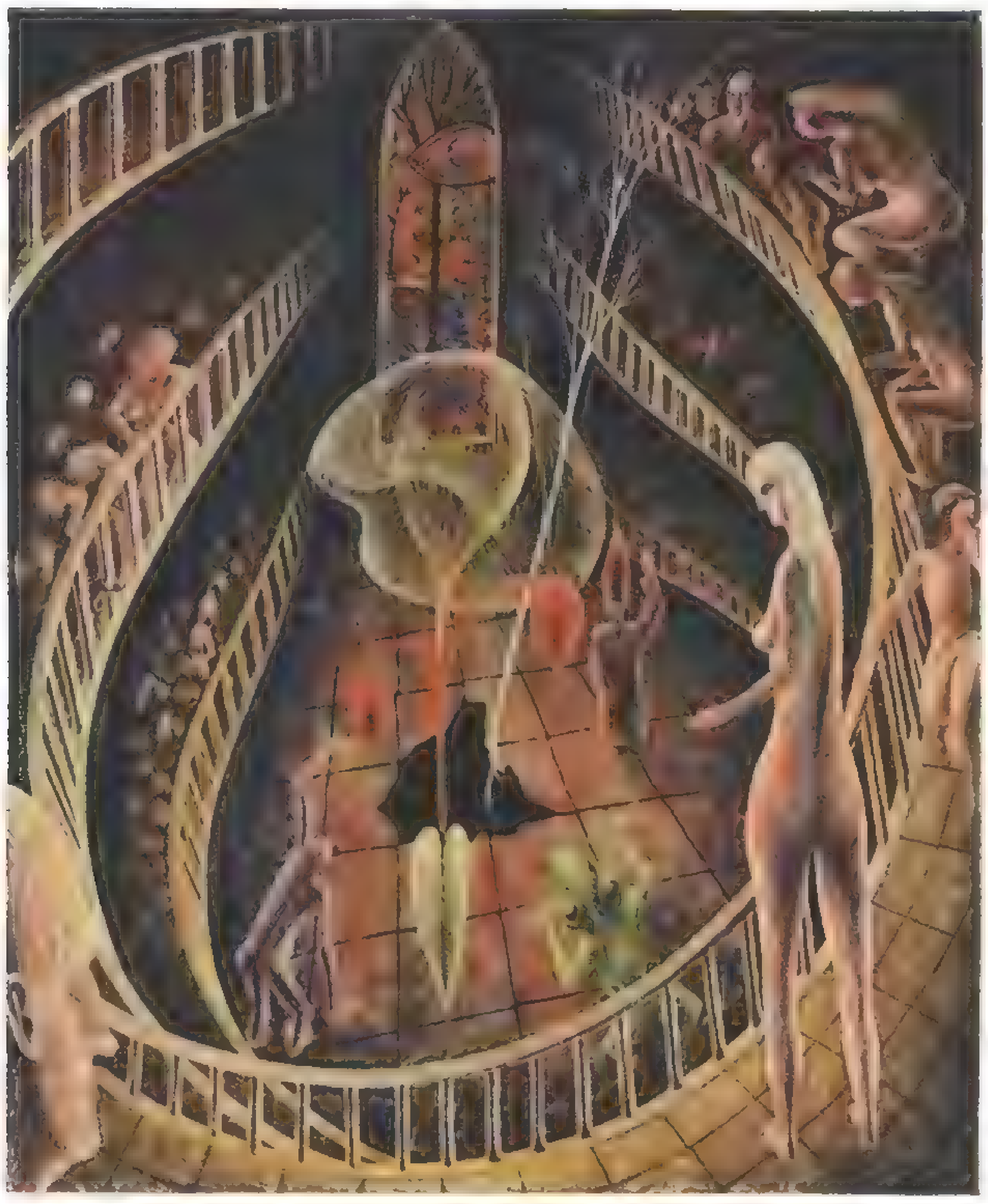
GIANT BIRD

Reproduced in Chicago by the courtesy of the Perls Galleries, Inc., 32 East 58th St., N. Y. C.

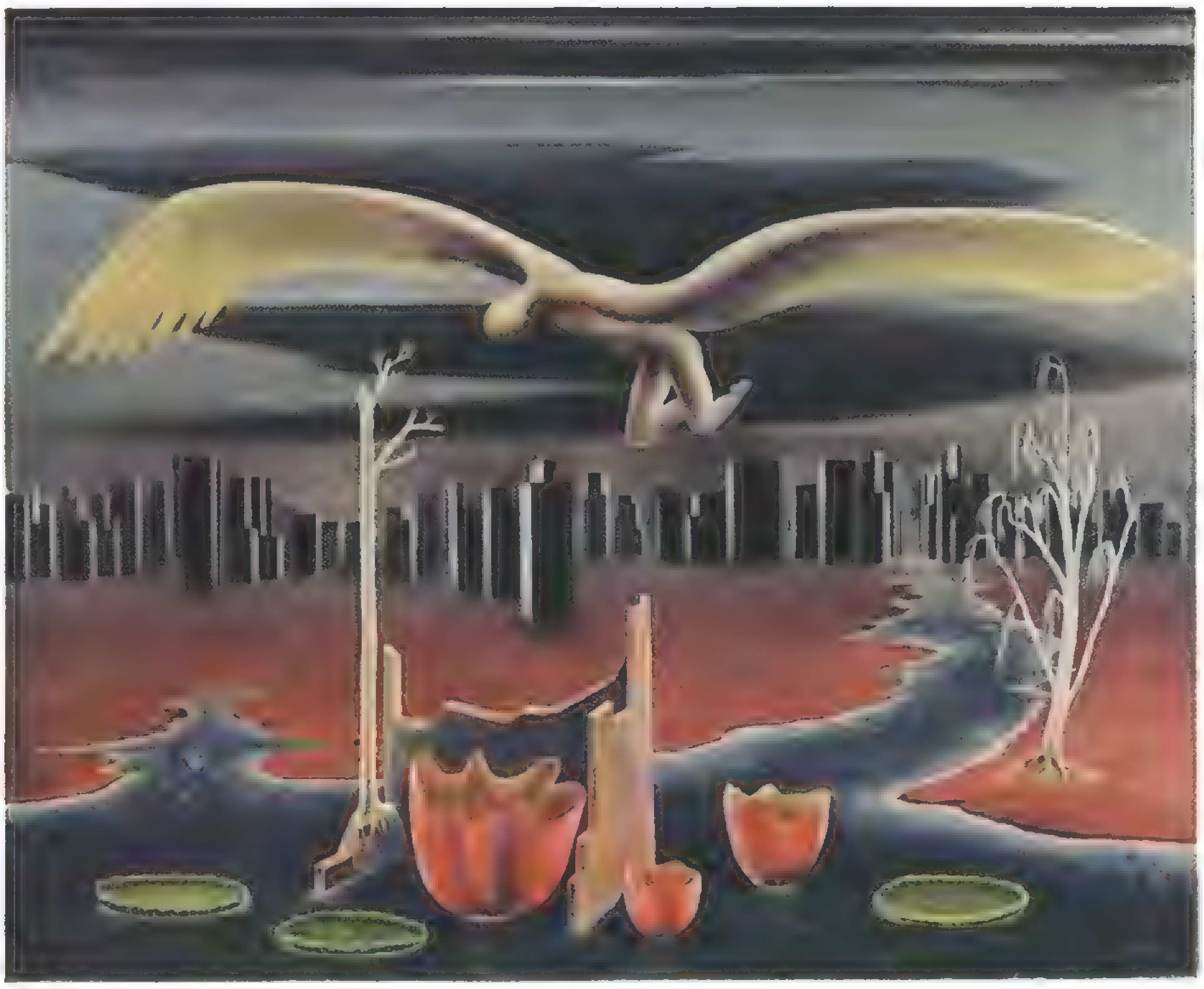


THE SHADOW OF BLOOD

Four Paintings
by FREDERICK HAUCKE



RECEPTION OF A NEW ORDER



FLIGHT

Indefatigable Frederick Haucke

His tremendous energy is scattered in all directions and the message in his paintings is obvious only to himself

by HARRY SALPETER

•ARTICLE•

An hour spent in the company of Frederick Haucke, though more intellectually stimulating, is about as refreshing as an electric trip-hammer massage. That hour leaves one persuaded that, relatively to Haucke, the rest of the world is either asleep or dozing. Even brief contact with a man so endowed that he appears to be operating on the double- and the triple-quick puts the rest of us by contrast into slow and dreamy motion. Most of us can whip up energy for a spurt, cashing a draft against future resources, but Haucke is one of the few men I know whose normal pace is the double-quick—physically, mentally, creatively, in the variety of his knowledge and his accomplishments, in his mental and manual controls and dexterities. The highly debatable question of the quality and the merit of his accomplishment in that creative field in which he is most eager to excel—to wit, painting—one must leave to future consideration.

Yet at the moment, panting somewhat in the over-ozoned atmosphere as charged by Haucke's energetic presence, argument and exposition, I am ready to wager that Haucke's present comparative obscurity in the field of art is in direct proportion to the diversion of his physical and mental energies, impressive as they are, between painting and the following occupations and avocations: a sixty to seventy-hour weekly stretch as a machinist in the Staten Island reconditioning yards of the Bethlehem Steel Company, the "free-time" study of texts on steam engines and Diesels, the cultivation of a Staten Island victory garden on which he grows and cans as many as forty kinds of vegetables, the designing and building of sailboats, odd jobs of construction around the house and the occasional designing and making of fine tools for his private workshop.

Even for a man living at the double-quick and requiring next to no sleep, there is hardly time in this schedule for the painting of immortal masterpieces, but he does manage to paint with the intensity with which he does everything else. He realizes that painting is a jealous mistress who cannot be conquered on a part-time basis, not even by him, but he has constantly to struggle against the temptations and allurements of mechanical skills and problems, and the problems also of philosophy, psychology, religion and sex, through whose undergrowth he is ambitious to cut individual paths.

"I want to know everything and do everything so far as I am able." There perhaps you have the reason that Frederick Haucke, at thirty-five, is not yet a first-rate or even a mature painter. He has a terrific jaw and can chew a lot with it, but in his tremendous conceit, he is ready to bite off much more than he can chew.

Perhaps it was wise of Nature not to permit Frederick Haucke to concentrate his immense energy on one clearly definable object and achieve it too soon. Haucke may not think so, but it is poetic justice that the handicap of scattered energy discounts at least part of the endowment of physical stamina and mental endurance with which he was stocked at birth. Throwing his energy around in all directions—fiction, poetry, essays, psychology, philosophy, protozoology, philology, ethnology and so forth—was one of the penalties Haucke has had to pay for not having just enough energy on which to get by, which is the fate of most of us.

Haucke is his own most fascinating psychological problem. He will probably paint himself through it, for all the realities which he depicts are inner ones, both created and perceived by the artist's psyche. The blunt truth is that ever since people have become conscious of Frederick Haucke they have regarded him as at least a wee bit wacky. It is one of the world's most open secrets, which robs it of sting. Haucke's attempts to know all and do all constitute his grand reply to the world's estimate, and for the world it represents confirmation of its belief in his wackiness. At any event, a man like Haucke, made in a larger or a different mold, one who hungers to take all knowledge as his province, is presumed to be wacky until he proves himself a genius. Pronounced faith in oneself, in one's purpose, direction and destiny, is usually regarded as proof that a man is nuts. Well, genius isn't *always* modest and retiring, but that doesn't mean that the man who thumps his hairy chest is sure to be the next Leonardo. "I am one of the biggest hunks of the direction along which American painting is proceeding . . . the direction of El Greco, Blake and Ryder . . . and Haucke." This is what is called faith in oneself and it is that extra lump of sugar that makes the mare go.

Although he can take a lot of punishment and seems to thrive on it, the central fact about Haucke is that he has never been at home in the world. He has suffered from and enjoyed the sense of being different and superior, and has sought to emphasize both his difference from the superficial world and his kinship with the central core of the universe.

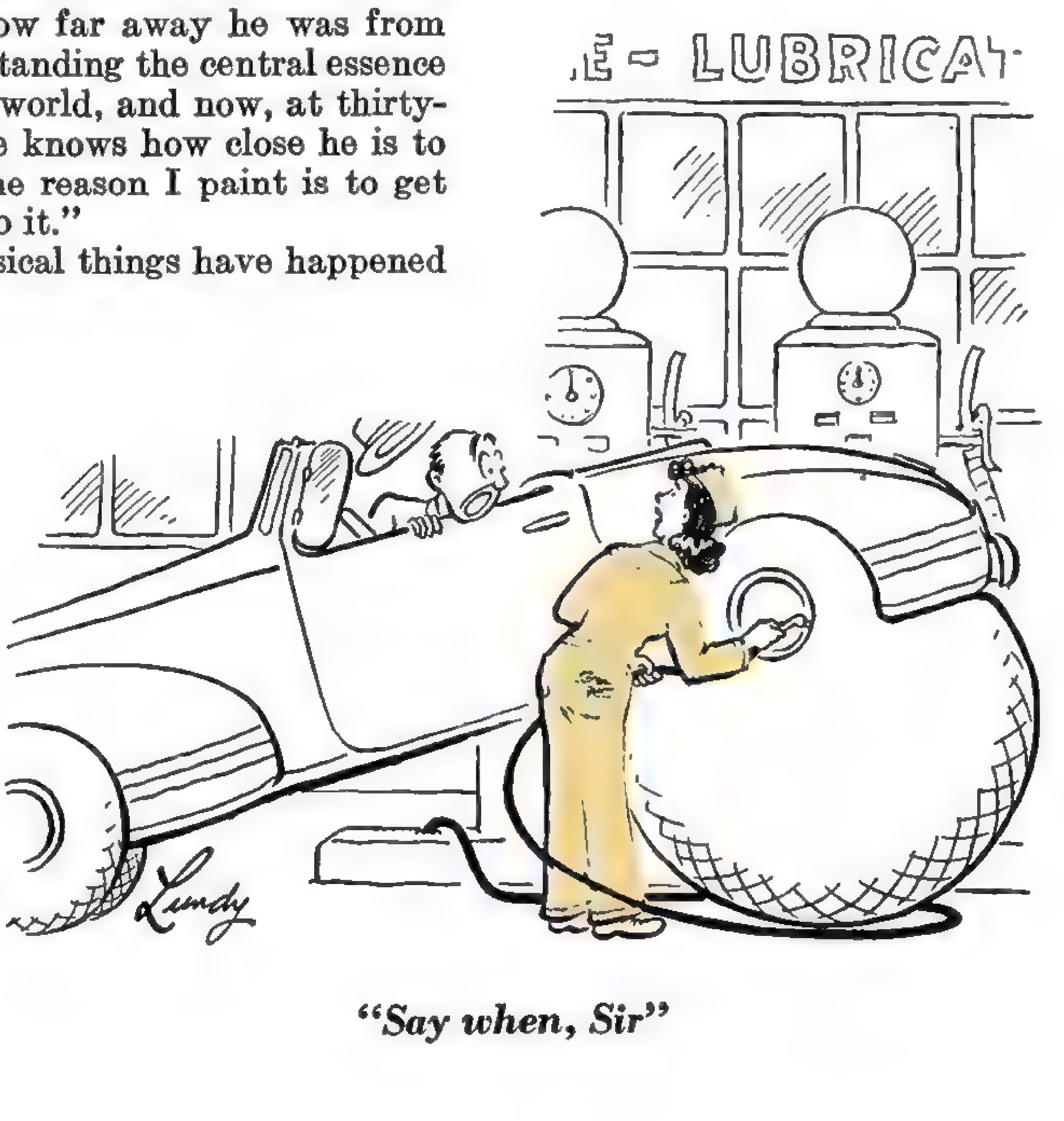
He was born in Kimberley, South Africa, of German parents, brought to Germany at the age of fourteen, and, four years later, to the United States, in which he has since lived. In South Africa he felt he was a German; in Germany he felt like a South African, and in the United States it was a long time before he could feel that he belonged neither to South Africa nor to Germany.

Almost from the time he became conscious of his fellow-man he was tortured by the sense that "there was such a big gulf between me and everyone else" and only recently has he been able to get along with anyone for any length of time. An unbroken marriage with a woman who believes in him has helped to reduce to a minimum his need of other people. He was only five years old when he became conscious of the world religiously. He then threw down a challenge to God, who paid no attention to him. At five he realized how far away he was from understanding the central essence of the world, and now, at thirty-five, he knows how close he is to it. "The reason I paint is to get close to it."

Physical things have happened to accentuate his sense of being different. In South Africa an explosion blew off the tips of the fingers of his left hand. This produced something in the nature of an anxiety neurosis. The blunted finger tips exaggerated the feel of being set apart from humanity. He suffered also from excessive perspiration. During the period in which he was storming the gates of Parnassus with fiction, essays and poetry, his perspiration did not interfere with work. But when he took up the brush, the saline rivulets from his finger tips caused Haucke to submit to a rare operation—a sympathectomy. There was edited out of his system a piece of nerve controlling sweat glands on the right side. This operation created an imbalance in his system of heat control. This later put him in the 4F classification, without in the least reducing the contribution he can make toward winning the war in Bethlehem's shipyards and machine shops.

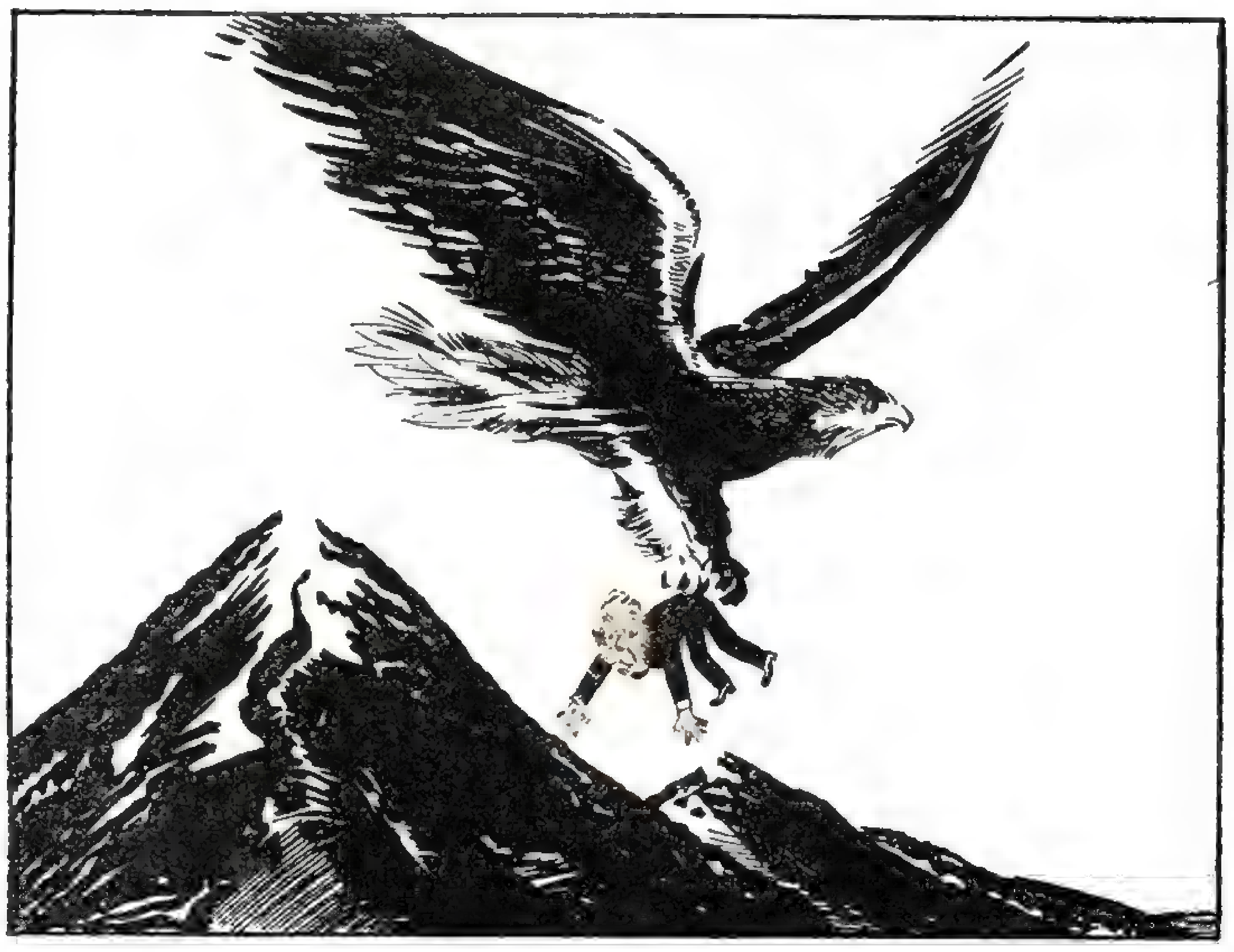
How did he become a painter? Like Venus, he rose from the waves, full-bodied and uninfluenced by mimicry and instruction. His individuality as a painter derives in part from a reversal of the usual process. He knew what he wanted to say before he could say it. His formal education has been along precise technical and scientific

Continued on page 164

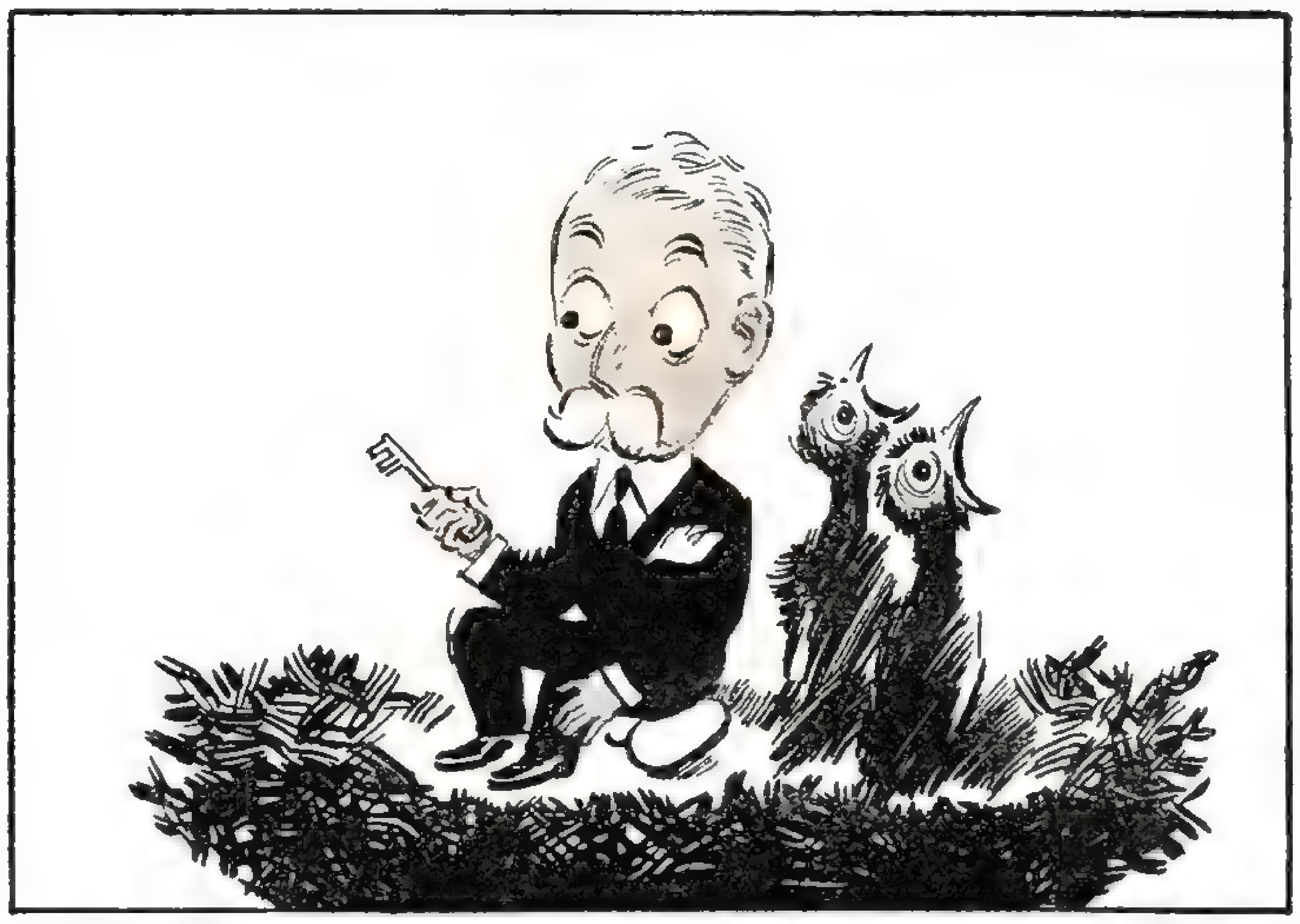


"Say when, Sir"

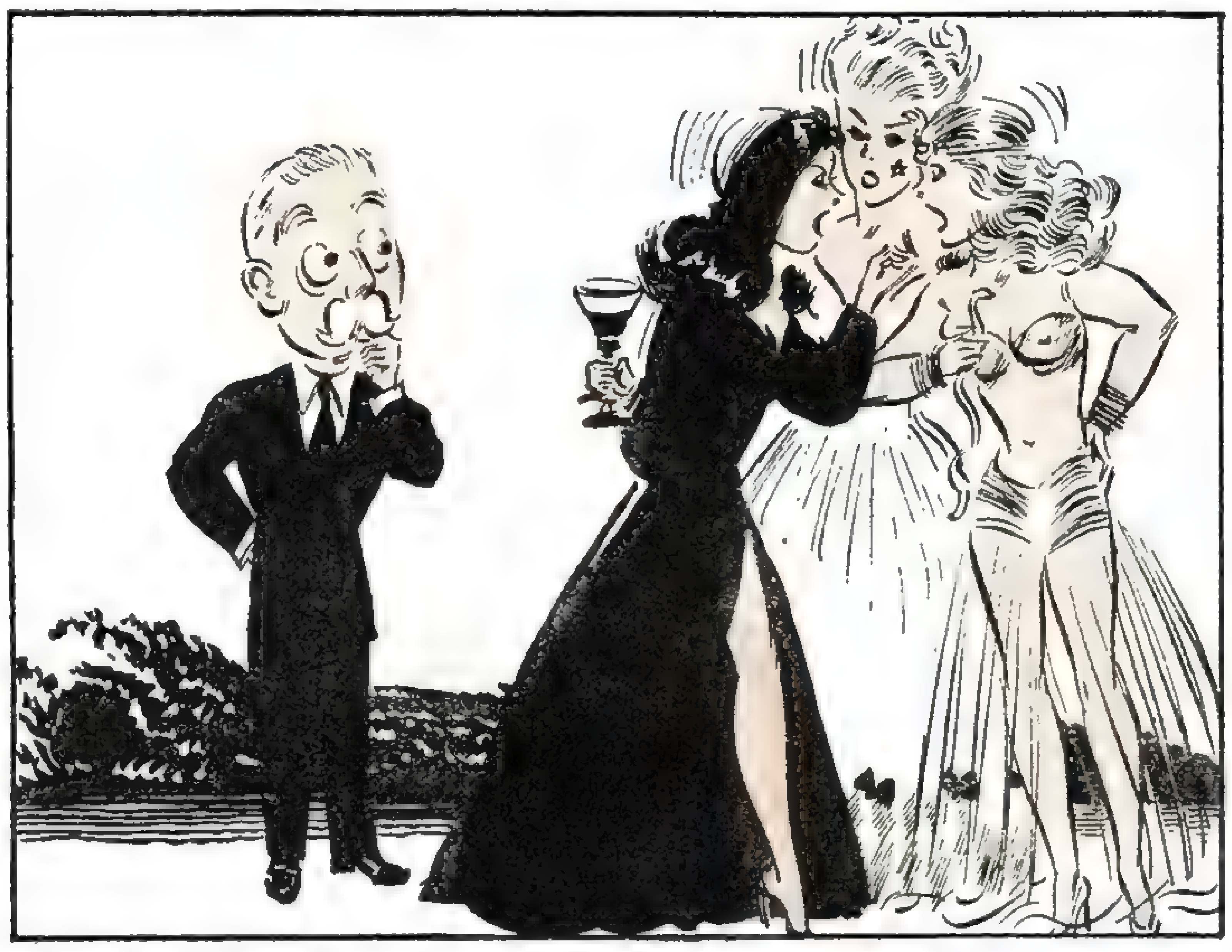
THE EXPLOITS OF ESKY—*pictured by*



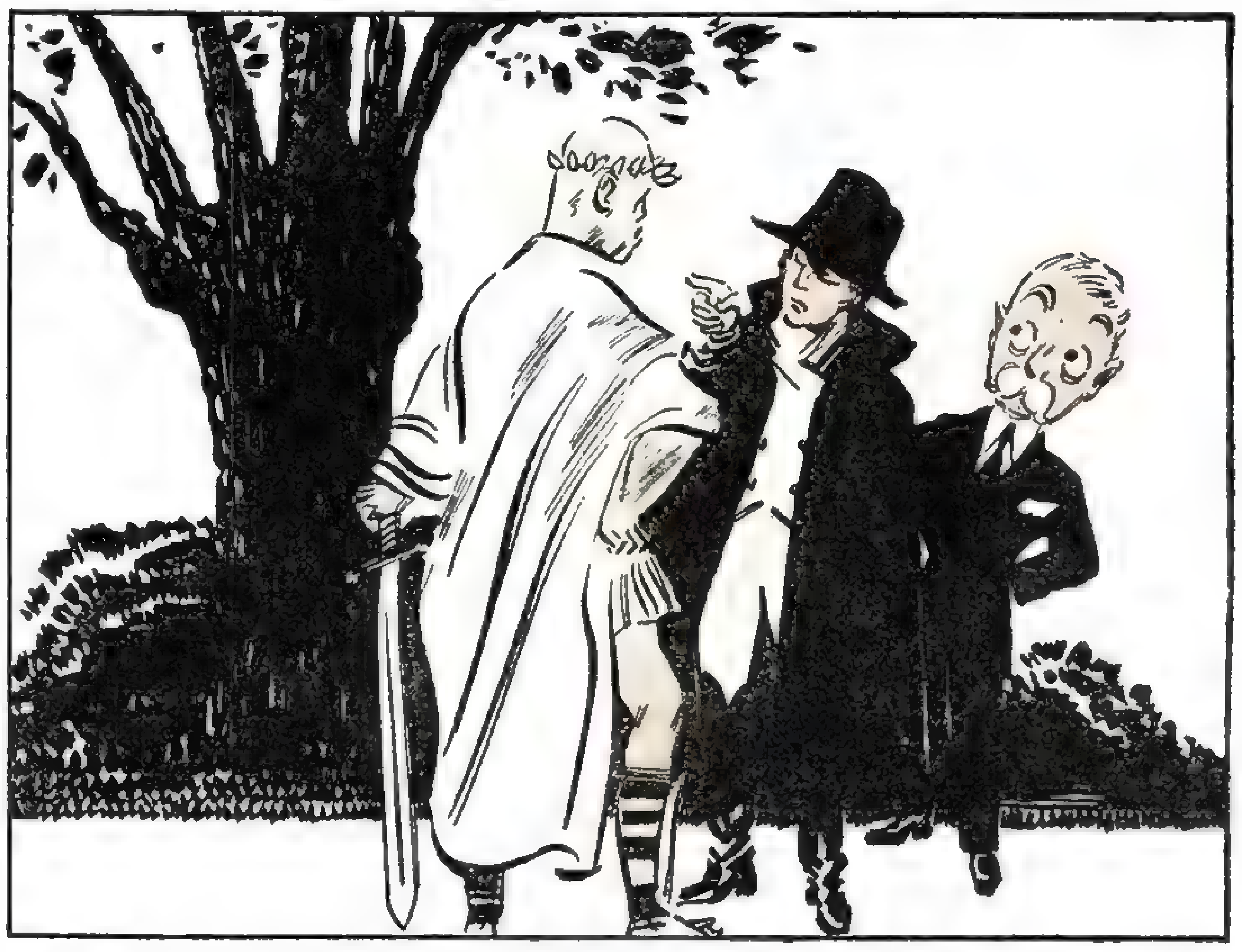
37 Esky was just going over the Falls when a huge bird swooped down like a dive bomber, caught him by the seat of the pants and carried him high up in the Italian Alps. Esky felt he was being delivered by the stork when she dropped him in her nest with two young birds. When he looked around, he found he was sitting on an egg and a gold key—he put the key in his pocket—climbed out of the nest and started down the mountain. He



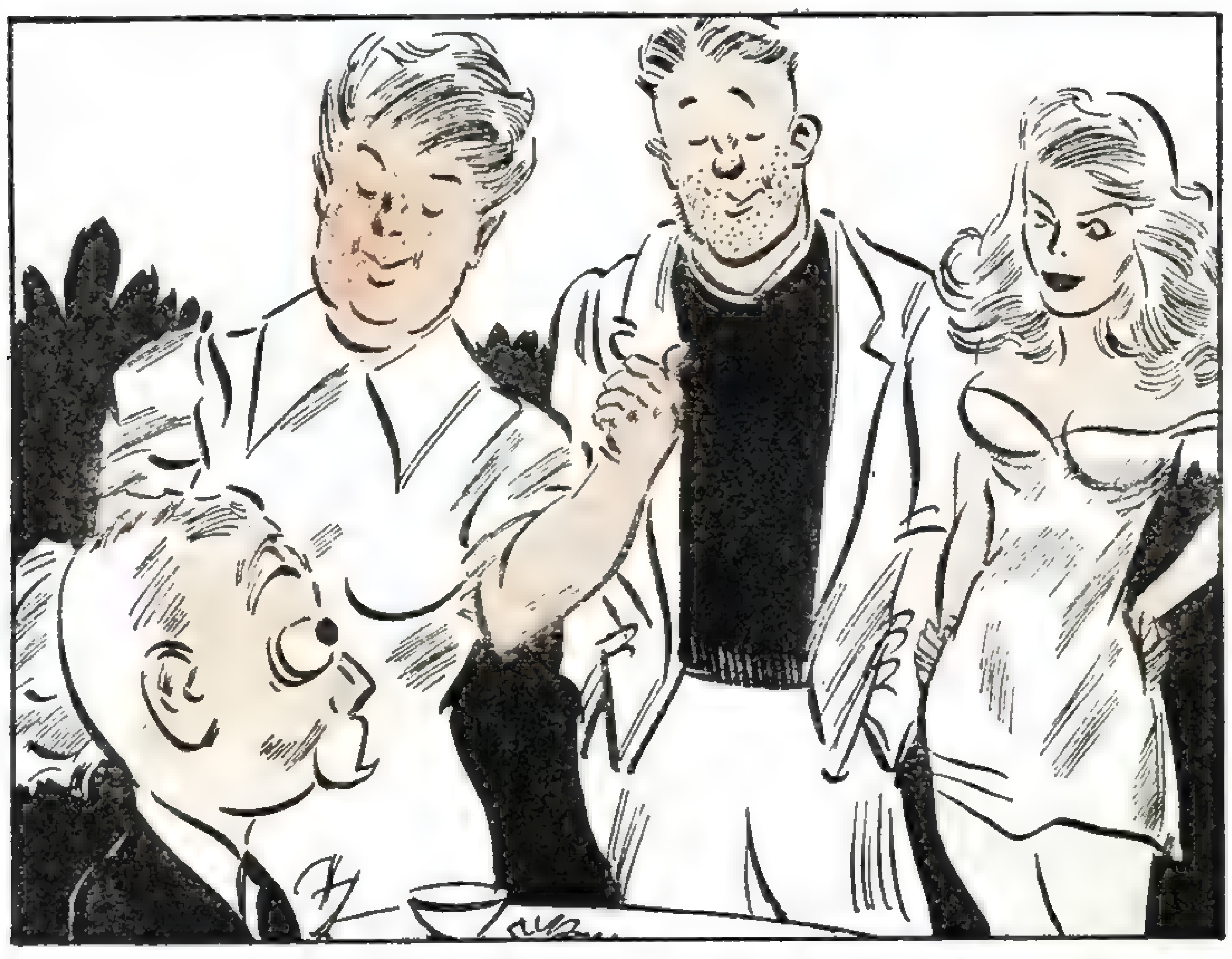
38 fell and skinned his nose before he found a nematoid path so narrow he had to rub his knees together. About half way down, he was surprised when he caught up with three strange travelers. They bowed low and introduced themselves as: Charles, a sheepherder without sheep, George, a St. Bernard dog in disgrace, and Don Quixote, who was very pleased with himself because the years had proved him right in fighting windmills...



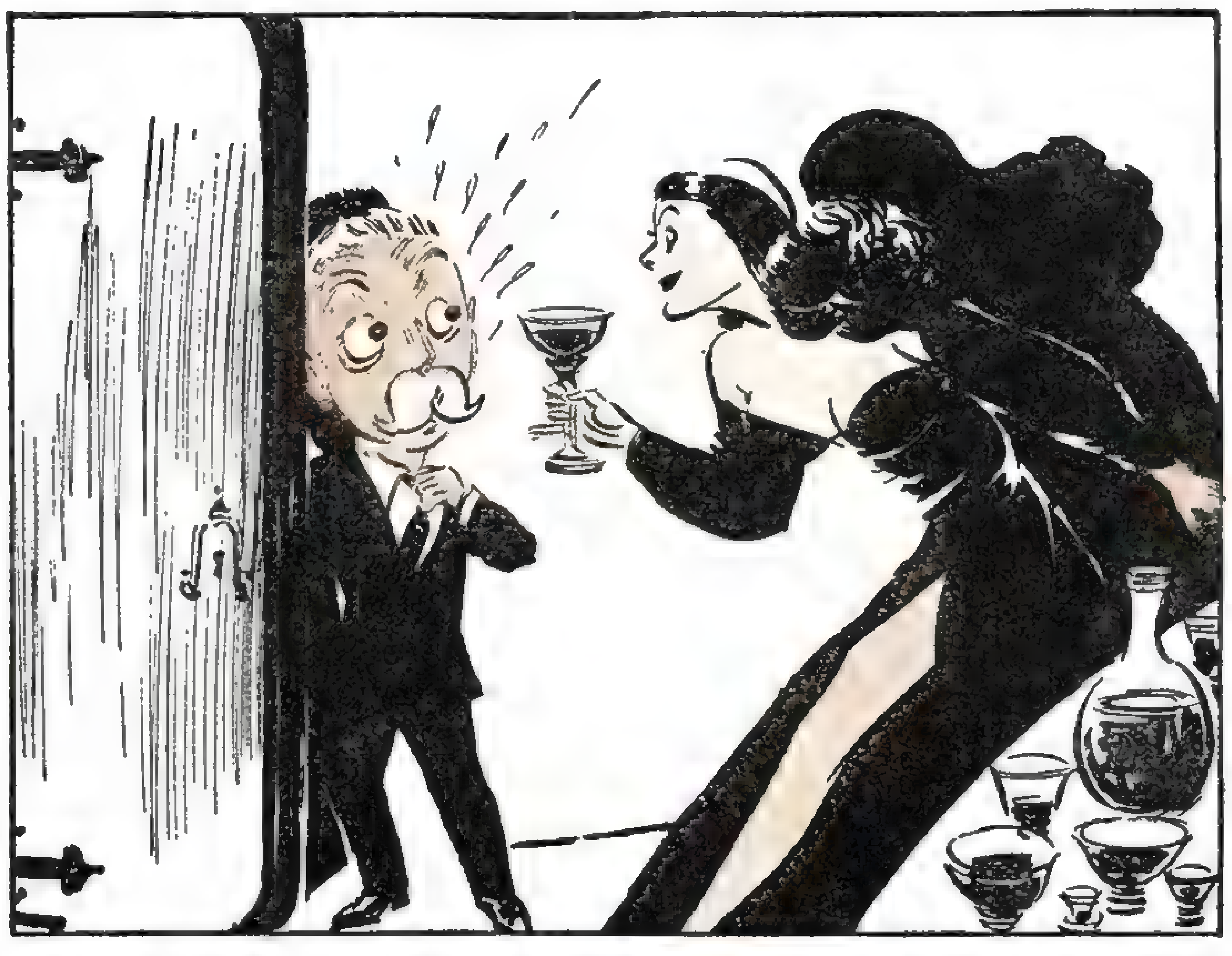
41 heard three women having a hot argument as to which was the most irresistible to men. Esky recognized all three—Cleo, DuBarry, and Lucrezia Borgia. He was going to stay and listen when he saw Lucrezia sizing him up from the corner of her eye, so he beat it. Esky wandered from group to group, listening for the kind of stories Boccaccio is famous for. In one gathering Napoleon was telling Hannibal how he would have beaten Hitler if



42 he had had planes, tanks and subs. In another assembly an Attic Greek was describing how mild modern rationing is, compared to that enforced by Procrustes, who started with the assumption that for rations to be equal, everyone should be the same size. So he stretched the short and chopped the excess length from tall people. Talk of rationing reminded Esky that he was as hungry as a moth in a cotton suit, so he set out to find

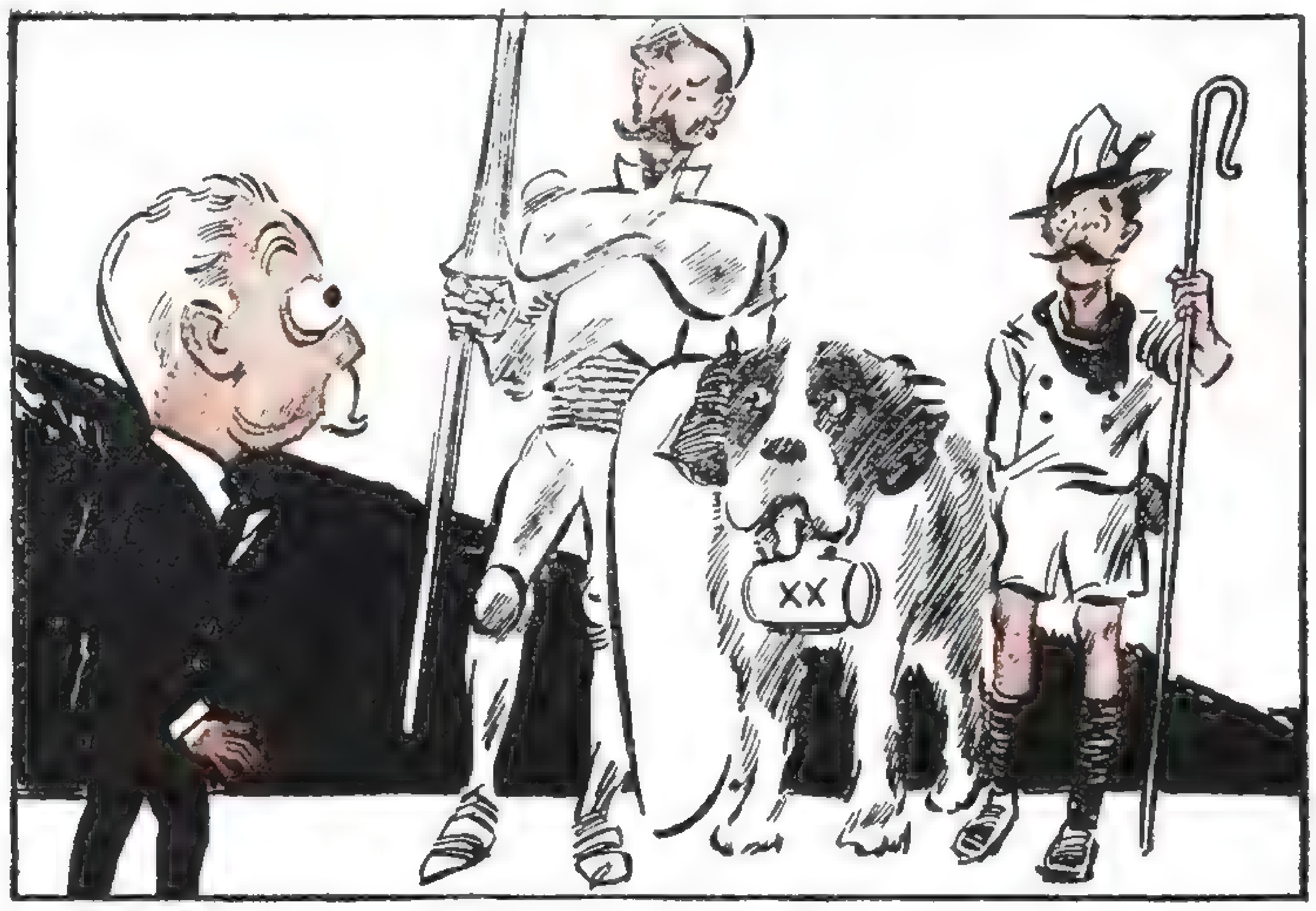


45 and Nora, a brat if I do say it who shouldn't. She doesn't care who writes her as long as Bette Davis plays her on the screen." Esky had eaten all he could hold so he shook hands all around and started for the front of the house through a long hall. He saw a locked door and couldn't resist seeing if the gold key would open it. The door swung open and there was Lucrezia Borgia waiting for him. Esky felt goose pimples holding a con-

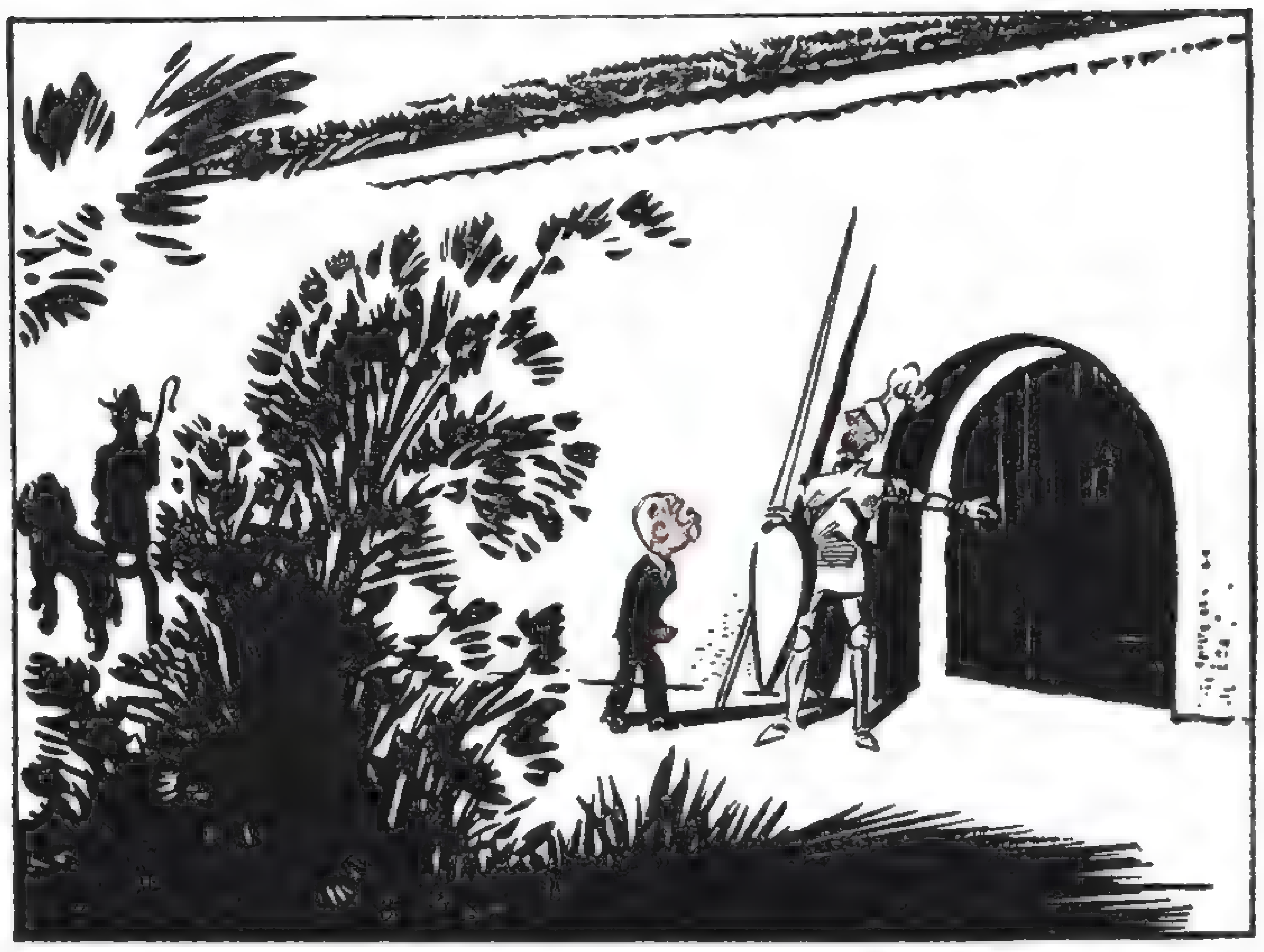


46 vention on him when she smiled: "Come in and sample one of my concoctions." But Esky remembered she was the greatest mixer of Mickey Finns in History so he refused. Lucrezia flew into a storming rage. She shouted: "Listen, Short Fuse, when I make up my mind to kill a man *he dies*—one way or another—come and get him, boys." Two huge Nubians hit Esky like the Notre Dame line and although he fought like an

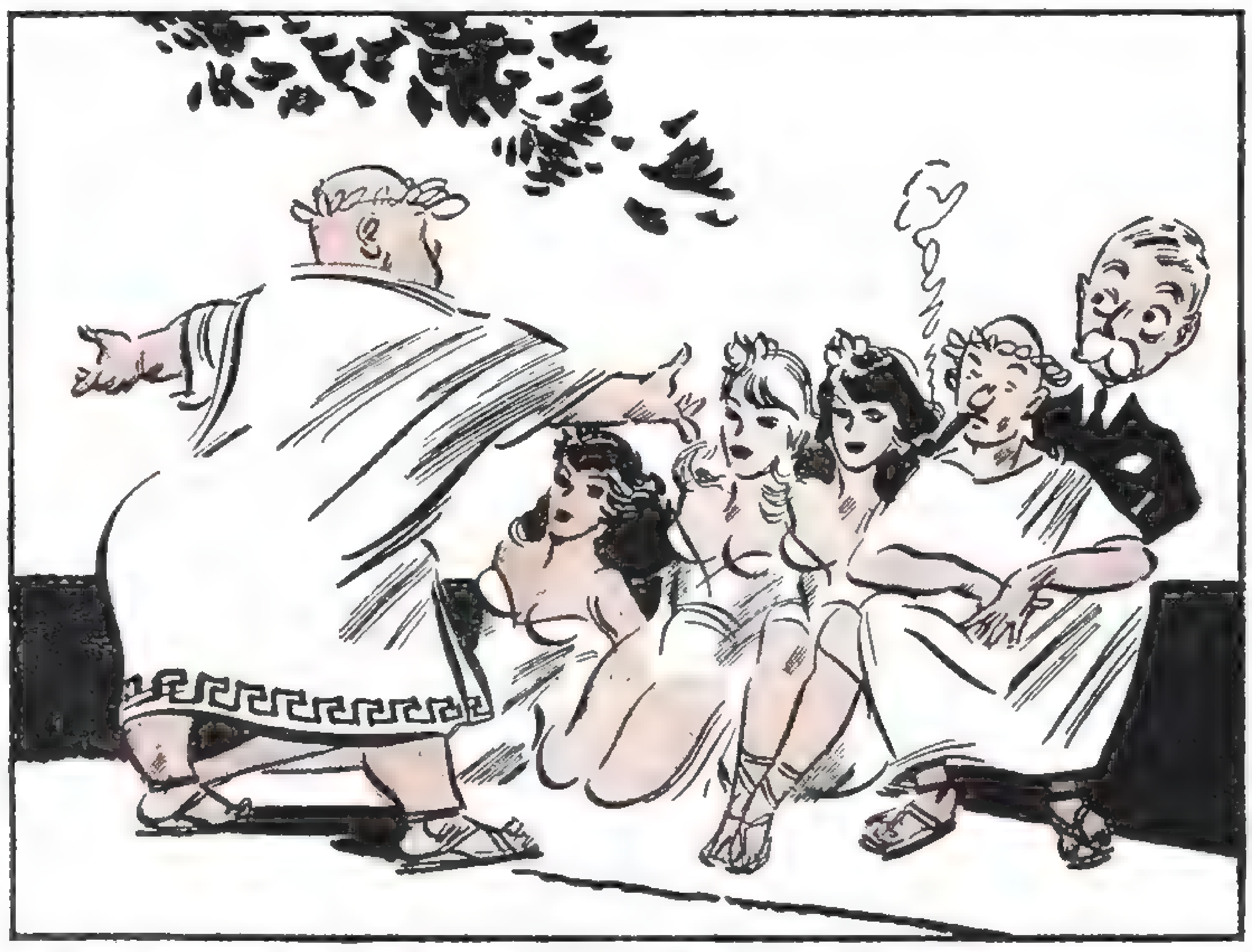
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL: *storied by* BEEP



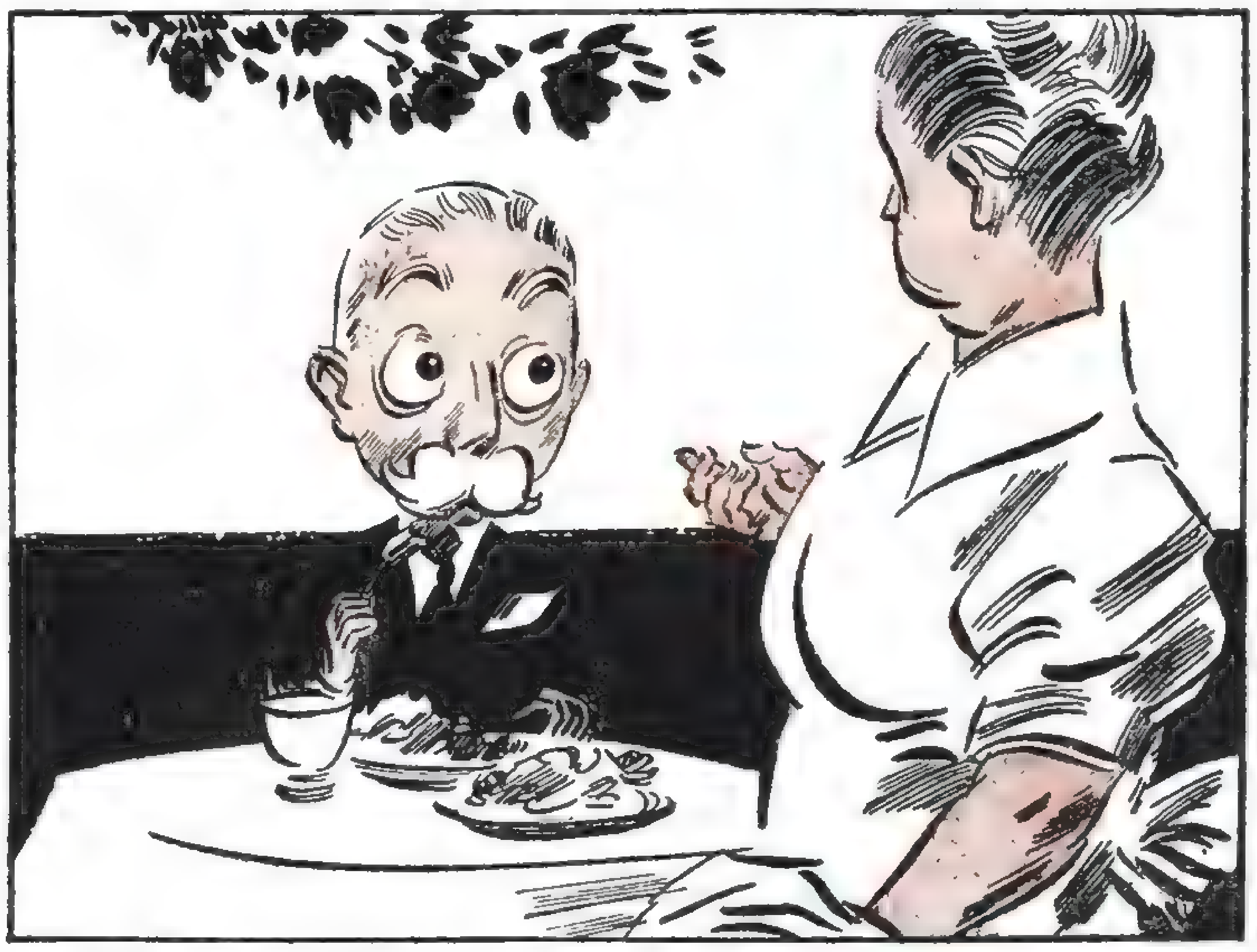
39 He was certain the time would come when he would be publicly honored as the first man to recognize the danger of air power . . . George, the dog, had drunk the brandy from the flask around his neck and the Monks had dismissed him . . . Charles, the Italian sheepherder, had consented to an election among the sheep and they had voted for the wolf as their leader. The sheep of Italy use no more sense than the people in picking a



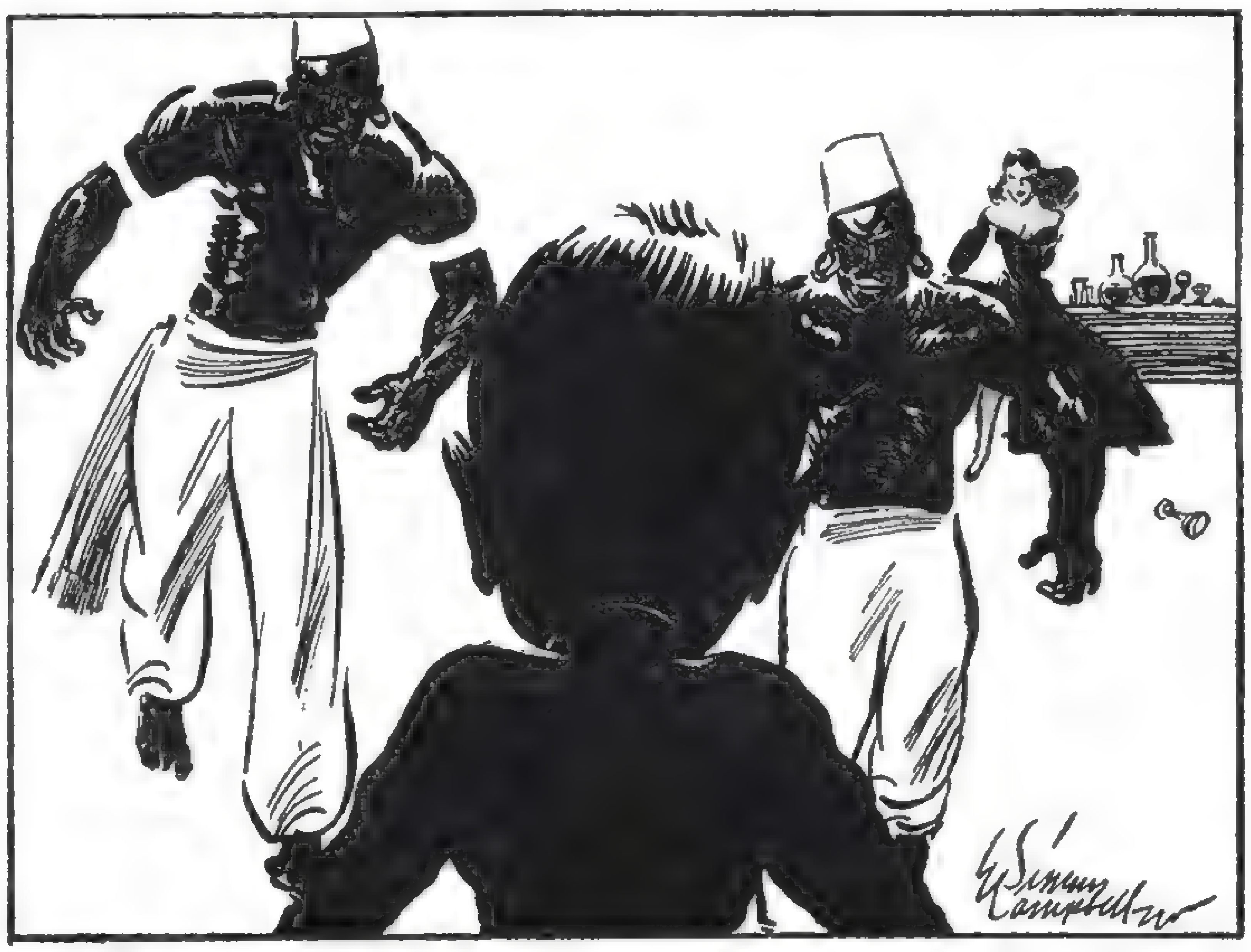
40 head, thought Esky. Soon they reached the bottom of the mountain and came to a walled garden. On the garden wall was a sign, reading—The Garden of Boccaccio—For Members Only. "Come with me," said the Don to Esky, "I will take you in as my Guest. You will see many famous persons." Esky said goodbye to the dog and the sheepherder, and followed. Inside the gate, Don Quixote left to join his Lady by the punch bowl and Esky



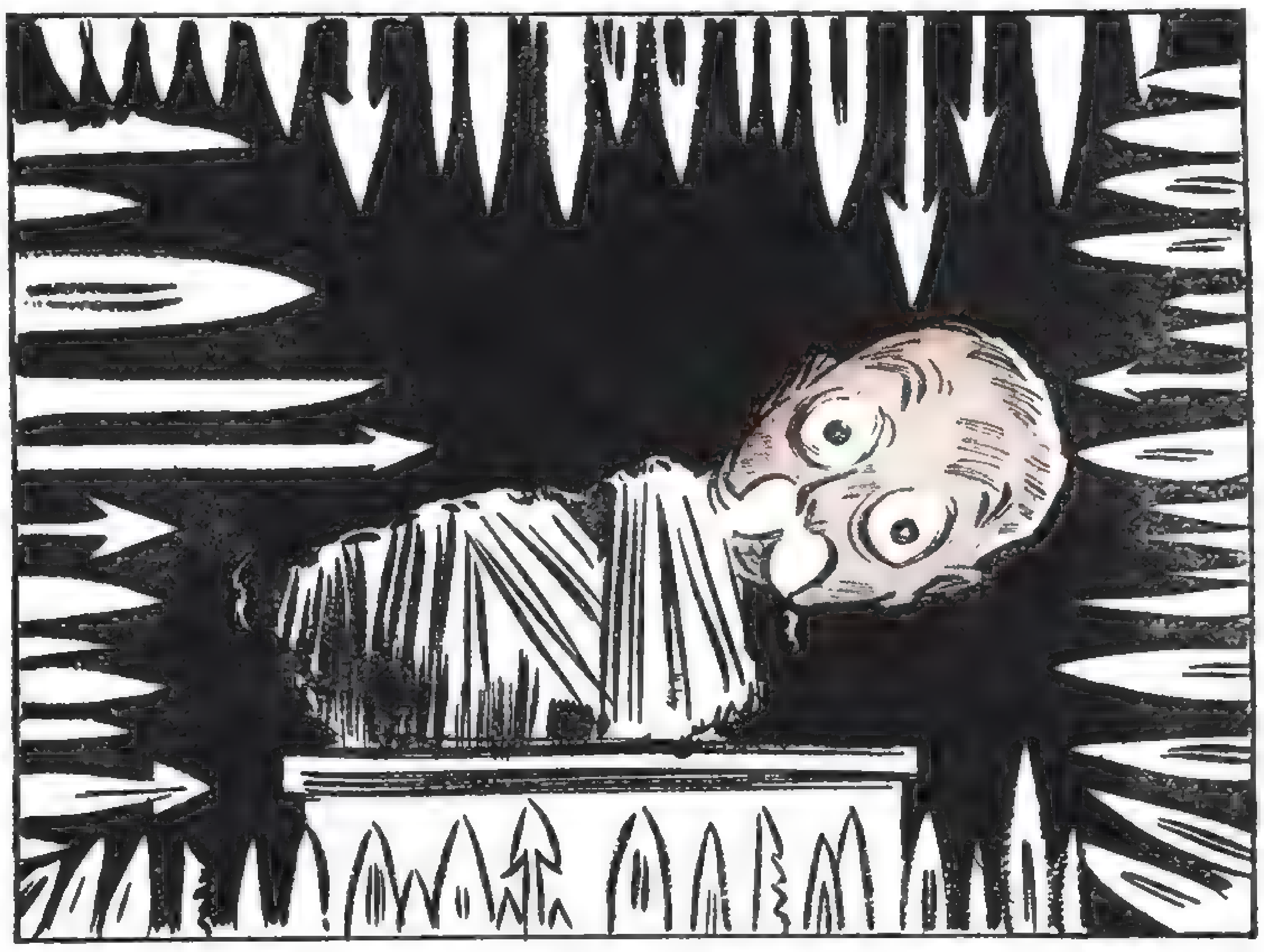
43 some eats. In the far end of the garden, he found a kitchen with several servants. Esky approached the Cook: "In this Garden of Boccaccio—what makes some Masters and some Servants?" "Why, that is very easy to explain," smiled the Cook. "We characters who are not on paper yet are the Servants of the characters who are well established in Literature. For instance, no one would dream of asking the Count of Monte Cristo to serve



44 food but I, as a future character, have no literary dignity, so I gladly cook." "What would you like to be?" asked Esky. "Me . . . why I'd love to be a character in a Hemingway book, important to the plot but not important enough to die in the end. Here, eat a piece of my upside-down cake, and while you're eating I'll introduce my children: Herman, who wants to be written by Saroyan (you know, a mug wid a heart of gold),



47 enraged bantam cock, he was soon wrapped as tight as an overseas Christmas package. The two men carried Esky into a small closet, laid him on the table and left. Then things really began to happen . . . there was the grinding of machinery, the whirr of motors and Esky saw knives, swords and spears coming at him from all sides of the room . . . the glittering cutlery slowly came closer and closer toward our helpless hero—as



48 the knives touched him, he solemnly promised if he escaped from this he would leave behind the gorgeous Borgias, Cleo and Du Barrys and return home immediately . . . for he was sure that he would rather be a little drip in America than a big squirt anywhere else in the world . . . *Is this the end????? Does Esky get punctured?????? Does he get back to the U. S. A.?????* See Episode 6 of the Exploits of Esky in next month's issue . . .

Hodes: He's Your Lawyer

Realistic, progressive Hodes keeps his finger on the sociologic pulse as counsel for the city of Chicago

by DAVID GREY

• ARTICLE •

Barnet Hodes is a crackling little man who has been the lawyer for three million people in the last eight years. He has defended the three million both against a ten million dollar damage suit and one man seeking compensation for clothes spoiled by low-flying pigeons. He has proved his clients' right to a minimum hot water temperature in apartment buildings and demonstrated that they need give free dog licenses only to foreign consuls.

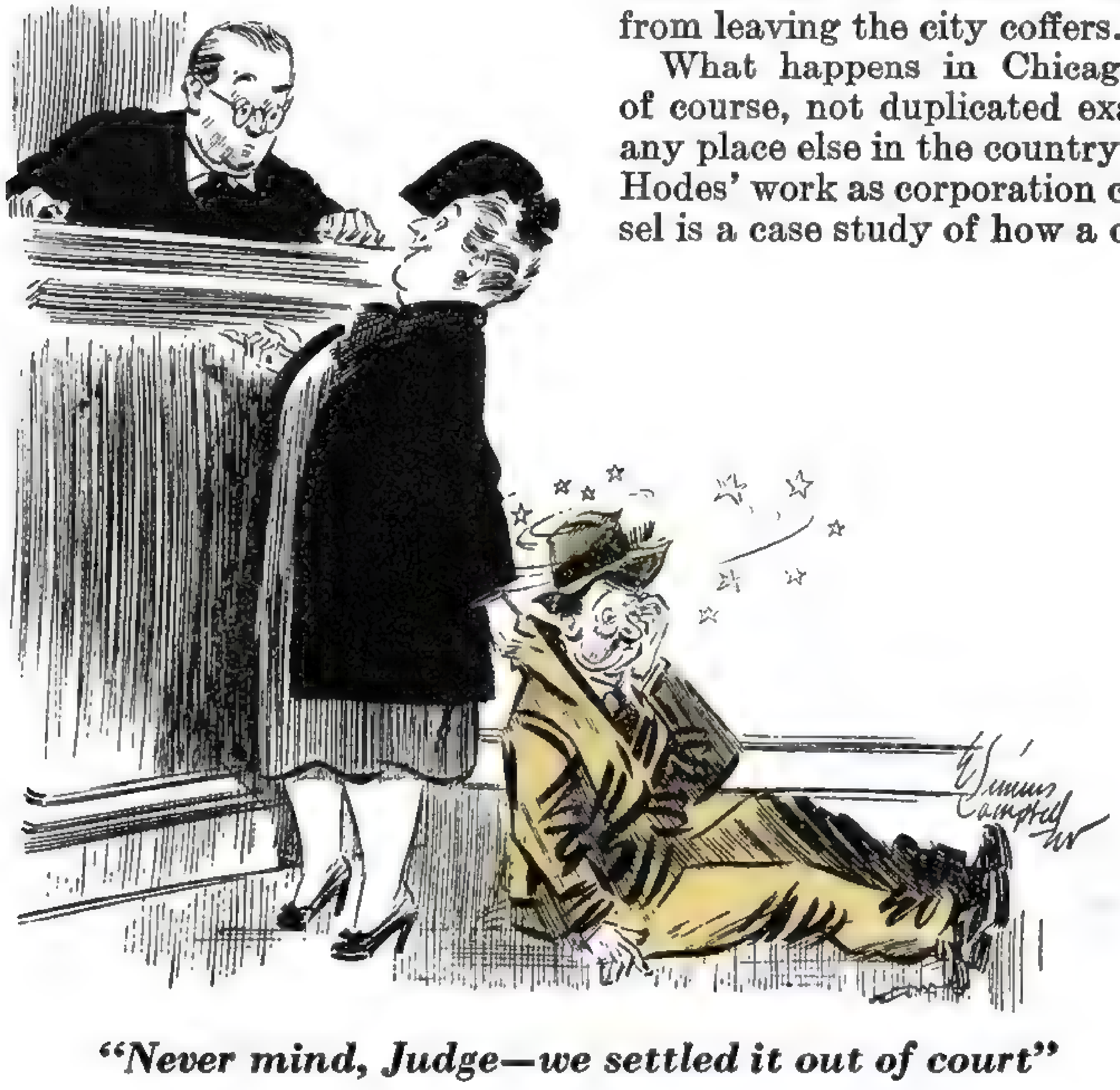
And yet, with all this diverse business from his three million customers, Hodes is not unique.

He is only an example of a class of lawyers all over the country, with a clientele that often totals into the millions but may be as low as five hundred.

Who are they?

They are the corporation counsels of America, the attorneys for our cities—or, more simply, your legal representatives in the local governmental structure.

Hodes has a way of interpreting the role of a corporation counsel. "Once," he says, "I wrote a book about taxes and called it *It's Your Money* because taxes really are the people's money. Now I feel I could write a book about the corporation counsel and introduce him to the people of the city he serves as *He's Your Lawyer*, because that's exactly what he is."



"Never mind, Judge—we settled it out of court"

As an example, Hodes can tell you about the time in 1935 when the Chicago Civic Opera was unable to meet its bills. A move arose among the taxpayers to have the city subsidize the opera, but inevitably the question came up: Was it legal? Sentiment among Chicago's three million indicated that they wanted to keep the opera going—and yet they needed a lawyer to present their case. As corporation counsel, Hodes was their lawyer, and after consulting city and state laws ruled the expenditure for the opera was legal. The city council appropriated the funds, the opera continued, and the three million had won their case. Chicagoans felt amply repaid for the appropriation when members of the police force, their blue uniforms replaced by flaming red costumes, careened merrily through a performance of "Carmen" as horse-riding "supers."

On another occasion, the bondholders of a loop skyscraper informed the city that they would start suit for ten million dollars. Charging that the city had erroneously informed them before the building was erected that a new street would be created to flank the structure, the bondholders said they had unnecessarily provided for windows on all sides. If the suit was lost the three million would have to make up the amount by paying a higher tax levy. Hodes went to bat for his clients, and thus far has prevented the ten million dollars from leaving the city coffers.

What happens in Chicago is, of course, not duplicated exactly any place else in the country, but Hodes' work as corporation counsel is a case study of how a city's lawyer represents the municipality—and also how important a role the corporation counsel plays in the life of every city dweller.

This importance was brought home vividly to Chicagoans several years ago when a modest policeman who blushed easily arrested a bathing beauty with a beach costume not much bigger than ten stamps arranged in a T formation. "It's agin the law," the officer said, and ordered her to the station. How much against the law her costume was not even the officer realized, but when Hodes checked the law to find legal dimensions for bathing suits he found this requirement:

> "Women's bathing suits shall not be shorter than four inches above the knees, must have tops with one-quarter sleeves or close-fitting arm holes. The suits must not be white or flesh-colored."

That rule, of course, would make a lawbreaker of every feminine Chicago bather whose costume had been made any time after 1915. Hodes immediately ordered the woman released, spurred the city council to repeal the antedated ordinance and then recommended a new law whose main tenet was that bathing suits had to be of "modest dimensions." The new rule legalized the currently appropriate sizes and saved millions from breaking the law.

The bathing suit discovery was matched by other old style ordinances that Hodes eradicated from Chicago's law books. Some of these ordered jail sentences for any one leaving a cabbage patch uncovered in winter, for any woman with a hatpin exposed more than a half-inch while riding in a public conveyance, for any one who drove five head of cattle through the city streets at one time, or for any down-to-earth person who chose to sleep under city sidewalks.

While Chicago was in the midst of its nationally-famed drive to destroy social diseases, police attempted to require several admitted carriers to have medical treatment. The sick people refused, arguing that a free country guaranteed them the choice of taking treatments when they desired and not before. Hodes smashed their revolt in record time. Arguing for the public safety, he ruled that the city could force known victims of a disease with social implications to take treatments. His ruling still stands and was praised as a major step in the city's anti-disease campaign.

There is no law in Chicago against having a dog bark, but Hodes has ruled in various opinions that police can act to maintain the peace where dogs bark habitually, parrots screech, or fowls crow, cackle, talk or sing in a manner that is disturbing. One woman, arrested for ringing neighbors' doorbells night after night, said she was justified because the neighbors were breaking the law in having their radios on after nine o'clock at night in order to hear a canary singing program. Hodes searched twelve hours to find the ordinance she was referring to but found no such law. The woman was released when Hodes' assistants arranged for her to stop ringing doorbells and for the neighbors to tune down their radios.

Some of Hodes' most publicized work has been done in the field of liquor law—one of the most ticklish problems any corporation counsel faces. In 1939 police sought to outlaw hostesses at bars, but were puzzled by the lack of legal right to do so. They requested Hodes for a new law to be presented to the city council to give them authority. "But what's a hostess, as defined by law?" said Hodes.

"She's sucker-bait," said one policeman.

"Naw, she's a now-you-see-me-now-you-don't gal with a Mickey Finn," said another.

"Oh, call her a come-on shill," argued a third.

None of the officers' earthy definitions would have been accepted by a court in law—however accurate they might have been—and so Hodes sat down to draw up his own description. He used one hundred sixteen words, but they boiled down to one sentence: A hostess is a female solicitor. The law went through, and today hostesses are as taboo as near-beer in Chicago's taverns.

In another opinion, Hodes ruled that no undertaking parlor could be located within one hundred feet of a tavern, probably, as one reporter commented, "because of the discouraging effect on bar patrons." Hodes has gone on record as endorsing a standard, legal size for the schnapps imbibed in Chicago but thus far has been unable to find any law to support his position. Pin-ball machines—the modern equivalent of the old-style "one arm bandit slot machines"—

Continued on page 171

Pour it with Pride...

I. W. HARPER
SINCE 18
BOTTLED IN BOND
UNDER U.S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Drink it... with Pleasure!

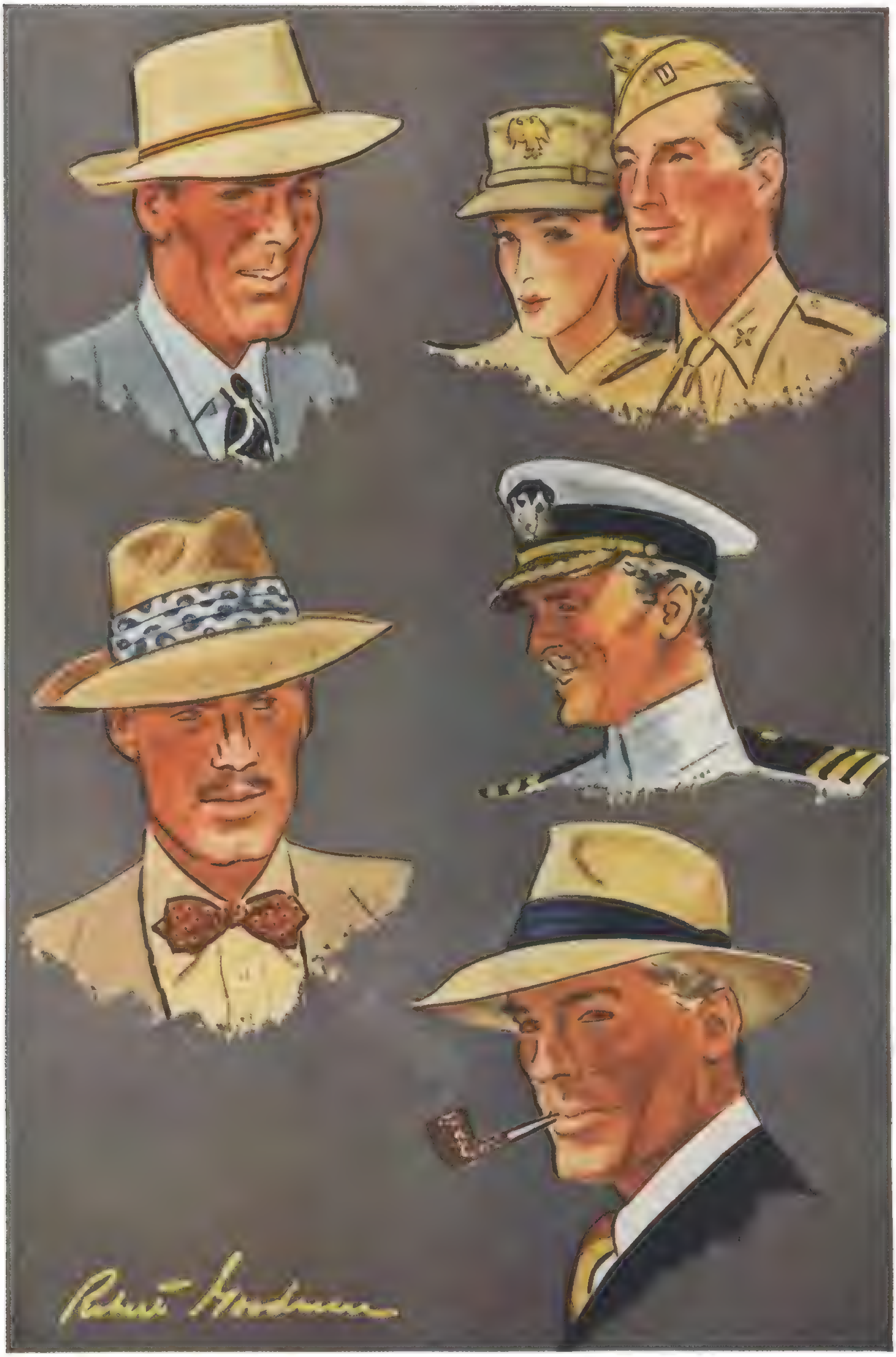
If in doubt about what to buy for your money, buy War Bonds. If in doubt about how to save your money, buy War Bonds. If you want to make sure you are helping speed Victory, buy War Bonds.

I. W. HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey

Tune in to Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine 'Carnival' every Wednesday evening, CBS.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond H *100 Proof, Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.*



headgeared for action

The times call for cool heads these days on all fronts. The military hats in this, or any, picture are tops of course, but their regulation design makes lily-gilding superfluous. The civilians keep changing their hats as often as their minds, so here's our chance to catch up with them as of Summer, '43. . . . At the upper left is a panama hat that's really a pork pie model with an extra high tapered crown. The fibres are more loosely woven than usual, allowing for the free circulation of air. The narrow band adds a new color note. . . . At the lower left is a buff colored mesh panama whose crown follows the shape of the conventional snap brim felt. The brim is quite wide, conforming with the current trend and shading the eyes from the sun at one fell swoop. . . . The hat at the bottom, also in the snap brim felt shape, is in the lighter natural tone and carries a plain blue puggree band.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Short Hooray for Hollywood

Warner Brothers' *Casablanca* and *Air Force* are as true as Noel Coward's picture, *In Which We Serve,* is phony

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Not long ago I wrote a piece here about the shortcomings of feature films, and the splendor of Capra, Disney, and some others in making war films which were not fiction. I don't have to withdraw any of my shouts of praise; but in a state of considerable enthusiasm I would like to except the Warner Brothers, all of them, individually and corporately, from any criticism; I'd like to make it retroactive and forward-looking; for six months at least I'd like to see them wearing the Order of Merit. Because they have made *Air Force* and *Casablanca;* and, almost as a by-product, they have restored the American style of film making, the basic Hollywood product, to its ancient, threatened, and eminent position.

Now I will tell a story.

About ten years ago, one John Ford made a picture called *The Informer.* The professionals in Hollywood knew it was art, they didn't expect it to make a lot of money, and they were right. But John Ford earned the right to do a film—from the days when he worked with Griffith, from the days of *The Iron Horse,* he had been a great money-maker; and, as Pandro Berman said, "we just let John have his head; whatever's great in it belongs to John and the boys who worked with him"; Mr. Berman meant the writers, cameramen, actors, etc. He was denying any credit to the studio head; and as *he* was the studio head, that was generous of him.

At almost the same time a picture was made in the East; it was called *The Scoundrel;* it featured Noel Coward; it was an intellectual job; it signified the belief that Ben Hecht could do a more intelligent picture in the East than he could while he worked for Goldwyn. And it was one of the most obvious phonies ever put together by the hand of the film cutter.

It is hard to believe, but social feuds broke out in Hollywood—not between those who were loyal to the West Coast studios and those who favored the East. The whole amazing triumph of Ford and *The Informer* was thrown aside; the first families—and I mean absolutely without qualification the first, in their ranking—fought bitterly for the right to give the first showing of *The Scoundrel.* One enterprising boss of a studio had a print flown; another tried to get an injunction to stop the showing; and the wives of the headmen were furious for weeks. Hollywood had recognized art, at last.

The reason for telling this foolish story is that, with variations, the same thing has happened again. Only this time the East has gone rather crazy over a second-rate, rather pretentious import; and the tremendous product of the West Coast is again belittled. The deep emotional cries over *In Which We Serve* may be attributed to the British Navy, which deserves a better picture; but not to see that Mr. Coward's picture is palpably fraudulent, is to be blind to several things beside movie making; and at the same time to brush off *Air Force* as if it were just another service film is sheer bad judgment. As for *Casablanca,* it is in the tradition which makes all dramatic films about Africa romantic and wonderful: Morocco, Algiers, Casablanca . . . the names have magic for the movies. You might even throw in *Road to Morocco* if you wish.

I do not whack away at Noel Coward in order to enhance the excellence of our domestic product. As always in his movies he has taken a simple sentimental theme: in *Cavalcade* it was that the passage of the years brought happiness and sadness to people, and that the British Empire, God bless us all, still stood. In this new picture, the theme is the indestructibility of courage, the fortitude of men, and the tradition of the British Navy which, and this time I mean it, God bless it, still rides high. His story is simple: a small naval vessel, a destroyer perhaps, is built, commissioned, puts to sea, fights, and is destroyed; the men in it live and fight together, some die, others may survive. The officers are notably superior to the men, although jolly and condescending; the men have amusing characteristics and their wives are obviously good, but low class; and action at sea, death and courage are still the greatest things in the world to put into a picture. As for men swimming in oil, their faces blackened, their lips thick with salt, their eyes closing with the smash of the waves—when they salute the valiant ship that is going down behind them, they do it I hope with more emotion than Noel Coward brings to it, and I hope with less effort to be literary. I have lived in England, at times; and know enough about them *not* to say that Mr. Coward's people are not true to life; I'm only afraid that he himself isn't.

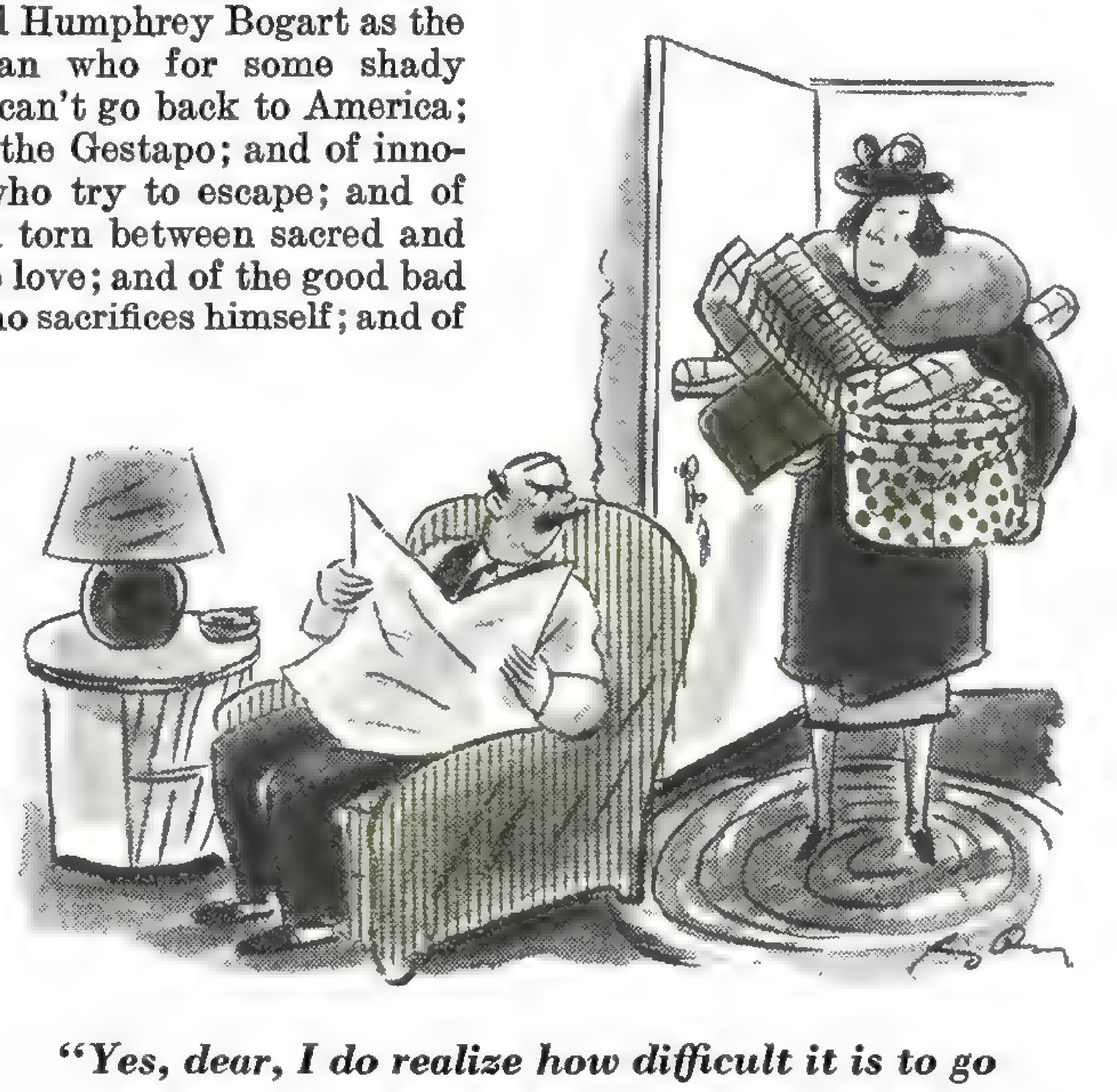
There isn't a literary line in *Air Force;* and there isn't a phony character. There are a few movie stock characters; John Garfield is still playing the sorehead (for no reason) who is converted. But the stock characters get out of the stock situations before the second reel is over; and after that you have men at war, grim or cheerful, but honest; and talking like men. There is a celebrated crack when a gunner knocks over a Zero and crows about it; and his pal says, "What do you want, a cigar?" This isn't exceptional; there are even better bits; and the whole tone and cadence of the talk is so real, the people so right and simple, that the picture becomes something like a newsreel, with your own friends taking part in the battle.

Air Force is, however, a war film. It's the story, by the way, of a bomber caught on December 7, 1941, right on its way to Pearl Harbor; of its subsequent participation in several battles; and at the end, of a promise that what's left of it and its men will get to Tokyo. That sort of thing has the same appeal as *In Which We Serve*—the appeal of tremendous actuality. *Casablanca* is a different story. It's pure romantic fiction; the war hovers over it; but the story is still cops and robbers. It's still Humphrey Bogart as the American who for some shady reason can't go back to America; and of the Gestapo; and of innocents who try to escape; and of the girl torn between sacred and profane love; and of the good bad man who sacrifices himself; and of the last-minute rescue. Yet with all these elements, *Casablanca* manages to be fresh, to sound new and important; and to move with such dash and vigor as to exhilarate you *every time you see it.* Note that! I don't know anyone who has seen *Casablanca* only once.

What's the secret? Bogart just goes on being the best man in his field, and manages every once in a while to extend the field a little; he has the grace of a panther in his movements, and gets pantherine parts to play; he has a good voice which matches very well with the miraculous voice of Claude Rains, also in this picture; and Bogart has tempo; not merely timing of shots, but a rhythm in which he works. Ingrid Bergman is remarkably good; and around these three players there are a dozen others, good ones.

But good acting doesn't account for the total impression. What is unique is the sense of life breaking up in the city of *Casablanca* where—at the time of the picture—Nazis dealt with Unoccupied French officials, and Czech patriots could try to escape to Lisbon, and passports were stolen and spies killed; it was a life of day-to-day, without certainty, with desperate hope, with changes every minute; and this, the most difficult thing to present in a movie, has been perfectly rendered. The story is built up

Continued on page 151



"Yes, dear, I do realize how difficult it is to go shopping—there seems to be a shortage of everything except my money"

Ad Libbing With Esquire

Remember when you could tell a grocer was going broke because his shelves were bare?

Love Ration Table

On the assumption that love will soon be rationed, we venture a forecast on point values. 48 points to a person per period.

Wink, 9 points; smile, 5 points; squeeze, 11 points; one arm around, 7 points; two arms around, 18 points; kiss, 32 points.

Are comic strips immortal? It may well be. The creators of Barney Google, Andy Gump and Popeye have died, but their creations continue to cavort through the strips.

Movie Gag

Love Scene for Red Skelton

Scene: Movie theater crowded, with Red Skelton on the screen in a park setting, making love to a movie queen. Red has his arm around her and puckers up his lips; then he glances out the side of his eye, stops, gets up, changes sides, puts his other arm around her, stops. The queen speaks:

"What's the matter, Red?"

Red speaks to the audience from the screen: "Aw, well we might as well face it, kid. That couple in the back row of this theater are so much better at making love than we are, that the audience should turn around and watch them instead of us. Look at them, folks. They really put some pep into it."

The Escape of Hitler and Goering

Characters: Hitler, Goering and Dabble, a crazy inventor.

Scene: A cave deep under Berlin, equipped with radio and a long torpedo tube pointing at the stars. In this torpedo tube is a rocket ship.

The lights go up and the radio speaker blurts: "Hamburg, Cologne and Duesseldorf have just surrendered to the Armies of the United Nations."

Hitler: "You see, Goering, we are surrounded. We are doomed. We have no choice but to try to reach Mars in this crazy inventor's ship."

Dabble: "Please. Eccentric, not crazy."

Goering: "Surely there is some place on earth where we would be welcome—where we would be safe."

Hitler: "Look, Hermann, here is the globe of the world. I have spent hours going over it from the Solomons to Staten Island, from Kiska to Algiers, from Minsk to Papua and there is no place we wouldn't be recognized and hanged. Even if I shaved off my mustache, they would know that gut of yours anywhere. No place in the world is safe for us. We must try out this damn rocket."

Goering: "Well, if you are right, it will be the first time, but I, as always, can see no other course than to follow you."

Radio: "Essen, Berchtesgaden, and Munich are the latest cities to surrender to the United Nations."

Hitler: "Quick, Goering, follow me into the rocket ship. Maybe we can start a new order on the planet Mars."

Goering (to Dabble): "Is this contraption equipped with food and water?"

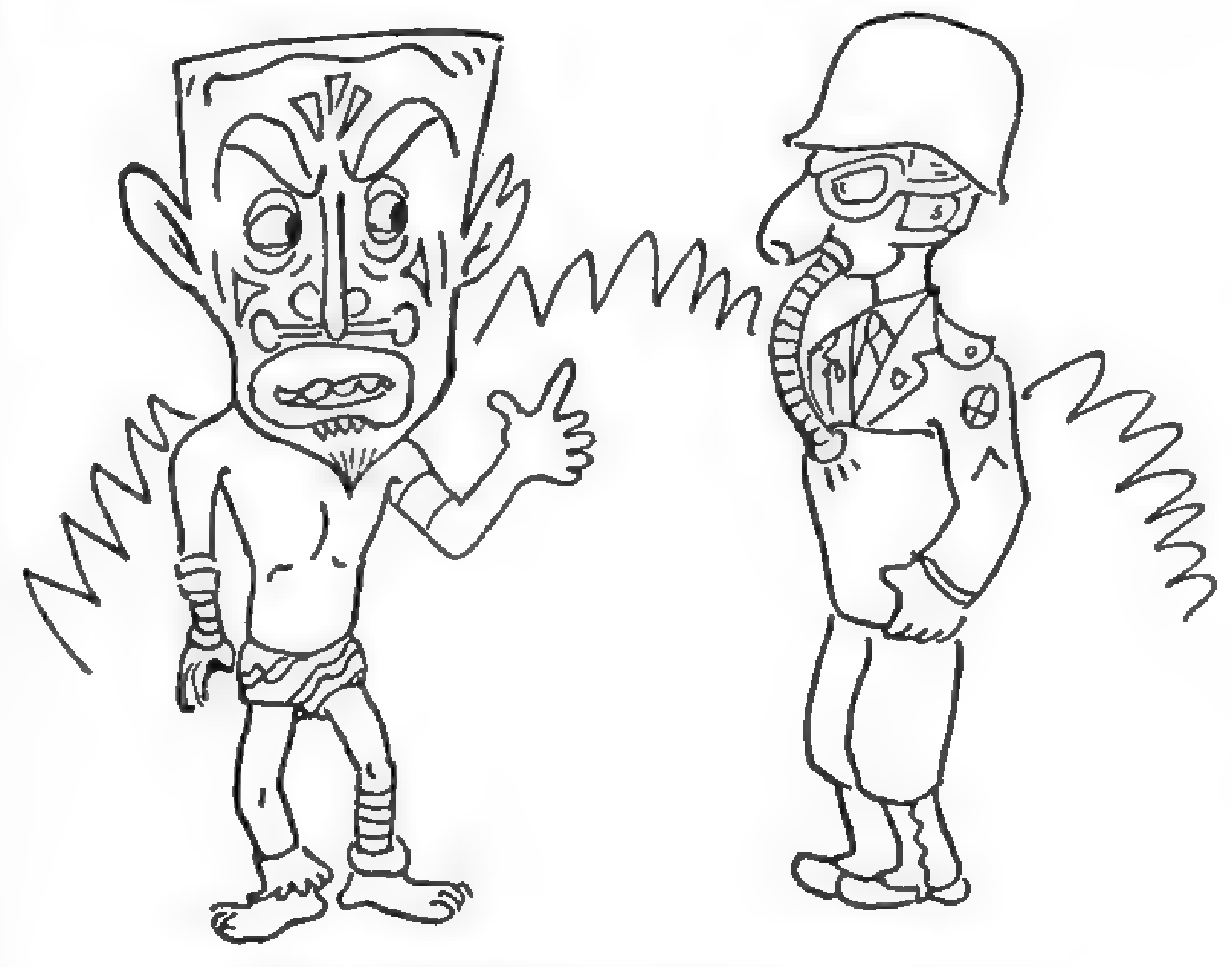
Dabble: "Yes, Herr Goering, look for yourself. Enough food for two weeks."

Goering and Hitler enter the rocket ship and quickly slam the door, excluding Dabble. Dabble steps to the machine and slips a latch locking them in; then he turns and walks up the steps to the surface. He looks down the torpedo tube as Goering and Hitler press the starter. There is a slight external explosion, just enough to loosen the walls of the tunnel, and it collapses, burying the tube beneath tons and tons of dirt. Dabble turns and walks slowly away.

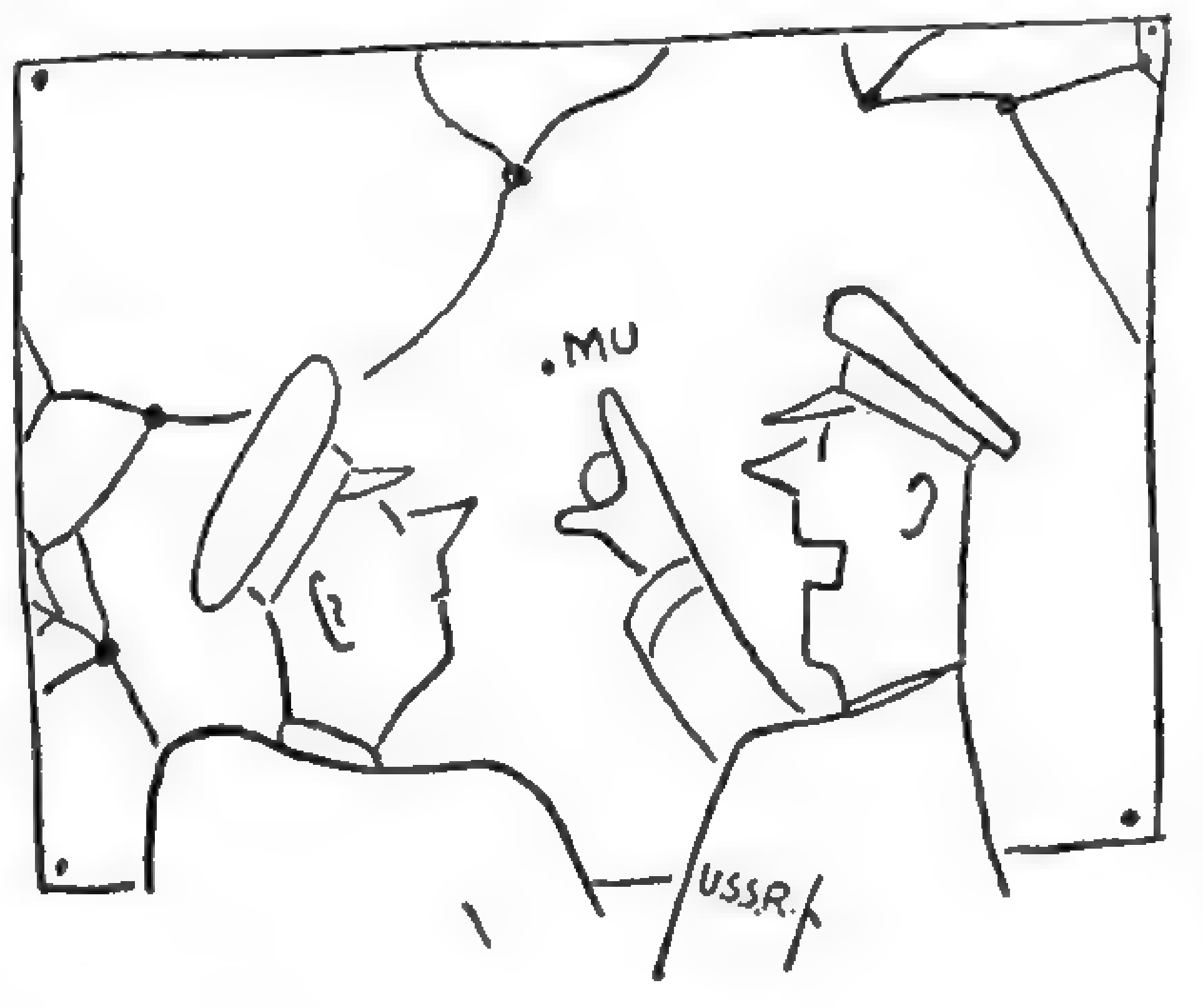
When girls see a young man in a movie role these days they don't think how perfect he is—they wonder what's wrong with him to keep him out of the Army.

We see in the current ad of some big chemical company that they are boasting they can make rubies and sapphires, but we are unimpressed. If they want to startle us, let them produce a synthetic beefsteak that we can't tell from the real thing.

Another man who thinks our Army is too big is Adolf Hitler.

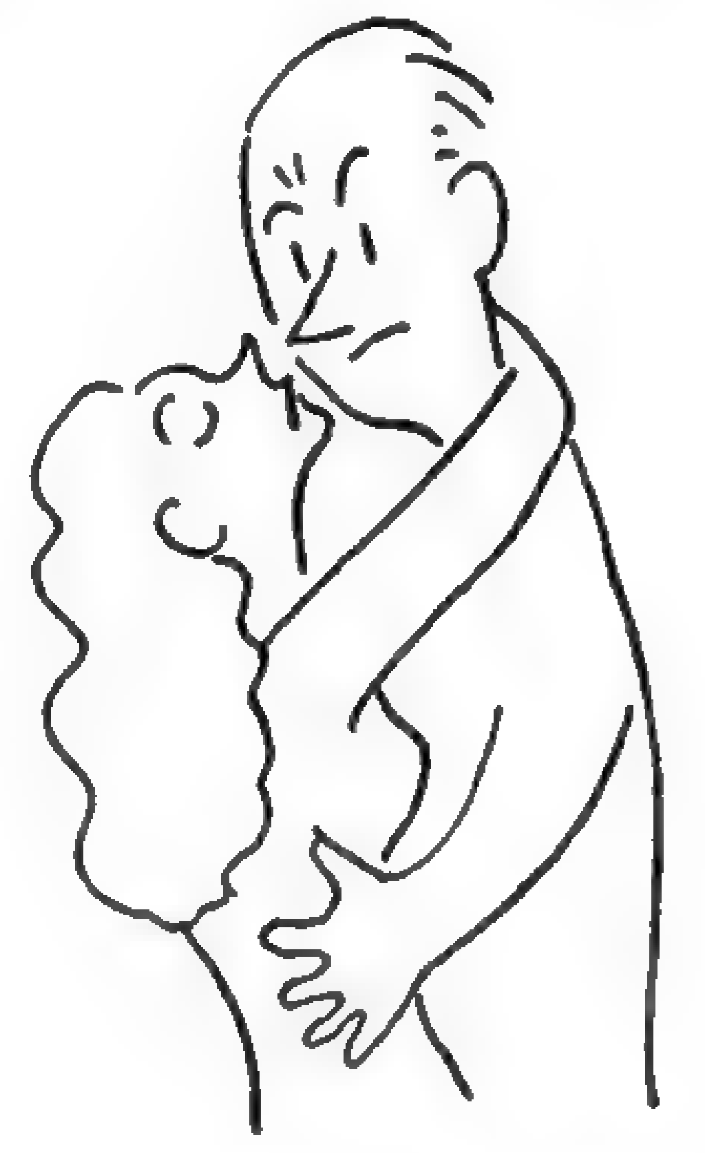


"You look like you are trying to chisel in on my racket"



"Make a special effort to capture that town—it will be easy for the American commentators to pronounce"

We saw our first dehydrated bananas today. They are packed in small paper bags tightly sealed. We looked them over and put them back on the shelf—maybe it was the peel we liked about bananas.



"C'mon, Joe, let me use your shoe stamp"

Movies with depth are on their way, says science. When they get here, we wonder if we can climb up on the stage and put our arms around a three-dimensional Ann Sheridan.

A True Story

One of our friends was born and raised in Honolulu and to prove that people are the same the world over he tells about going to a small carnival in a very small park in the center of Honolulu. One of the carnival tents had a gigantic canvas banner upon which was painted a large weird prehistoric monster.

The spieler who also sold tickets had yelled himself hoarse but the crowd just stood there and looked at the banner. Finally a man bought a ticket and went in. Inside was a large box with a dried log in it, and on this log was a common every day lizard.

The customer was furious—he couldn't contain his rage; he rushed from the tent shouting: "It's a gyp—it's a fake."

Immediately the turgid crowd stirred, and rushed to buy tickets—they all wanted to see the fake.

Who'll be the first political candidate to promise a second cup of coffee?

(Secretary Ickes suggests that people with ponds stock them with fish in order to alleviate the food situation)

OUR CATALOGUE

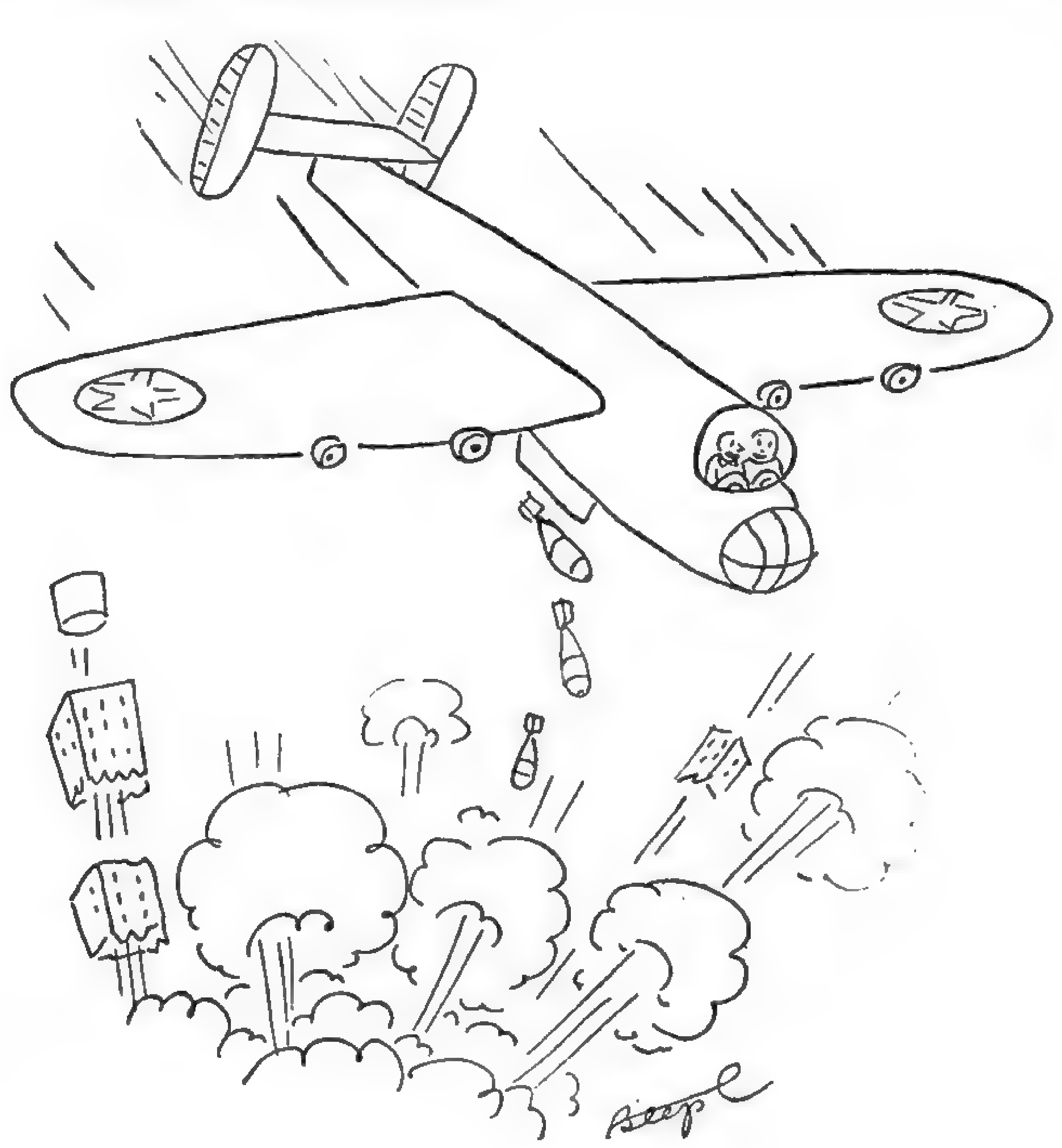
Little Gem Early Wonder Boneless Perch: No home pond is complete without this perennial favorite. Easy to raise with very little effort, and affords many delicious meals. Large container of baby perch for only 35c.

Sir Isaac Walton Extra-Tender Rock Bass: An economical fish that will give good results, fish often growing to gigantic size. (See color plate opposite.) Mrs. Robert Wilkinson, Three Falls, Vt., writes: "I put in 500 of your young bass last year, and have had a delicious crop of fish all summer long—and they are far less care than my broccoli and tomato plants."

Pride-Of-The-Universe Nonpareil Rainbow Trout: If you have a brook on your place, turn it into a Victory-Brook and stock this number. Combine thrift and sport! Feed your family and get recreation at the same time by going after these with a dry-fly!

Sensation Flickerel: Introducing a new fish! After years of experimenting at our fisheries we have at last succeeded in introducing a cross between the flounder and the pickerel—featuring the tender flavor of the former with the size of the latter! All fish guaranteed to run true to type. The leading innovation of 1943.

Special Miniature Fishery: City-dwellers! There is no need for you to be without home-grown fish just because you haven't a pond. Only 98c for our five-gallon fishbowl fully stocked with goldfish, guppies and assorted tropical fish. When you are tired of looking at fish, simply place bowl on stove, add diced potatoes, salt pork and onions, and let simmer two hours for the most delicious fish chowder you ever tasted!



"When I was a kid I had to stay after school a month for breaking a window"

BASEBALL NOTES: 1943

It looks as though Hap Grogan, new Tiger rookie, will make the grade. During the first week of training his batting and fielding were way off, due to extreme nervousness, but now Grogan is going great guns. "It wasn't stage fright that caused my jitteriness," he explained, "—just family trouble. My son was getting terrible marks in high school, and my youngest married daughter was expecting. But the youngster came yesterday, and everybody's doing fine. I'll burn up the league from now on."

The Cubs received a severe jolt yesterday when outfielder Gus Bolardi was the victim of an off-the-field accident. The promising young player, hailed as "the best 4-F left-fielder in the majors," severely injured his nose last night when he walked into a wardrobe in his hotel room. "I had mislaid my glasses," he explained, "and without them I might as well be blind-folded."

The Red Sox are elated at obtaining the services of Fireball Brewster, crafty hurler with many years' experience behind him. "It will take me a little while to get into shape," he admitted, "but when I do, I'll regain my old-time skill. I'll be striking them all out on four pitched balls." When informed that three strikes are now out, Brewster exclaimed: "Holy smoke! When did they pass *that* rule?"

Billy "Junior" Huffler, sensational young infielder whom a Giant scout discovered playing for Dinkstown Boy Scouts, Troop No. 37, could not be prevailed upon to discuss his feat of banging out two triples and a home-run yesterday. When reporters questioned him at his hotel, all the fourteen-year-old marvel would do was to keep pointing at his clothes and exclaim: "How do you like 'em, huh? My first pair of long pants! Wheee!"

EXCERPTS FROM MODERN STORIES

The Gentleman Crook Yarn

It was a sight never to be forgotten; the sumptuous banquet table, the beautiful chandelier, the liveried servants, the well-groomed men, the lavishly-gowned women with their bracelets and earrings and necklaces of precious stones. And then suddenly—the lights went out! Pitch darkness. For an instant Mrs. Ogleby had the feeling that somebody was hovering near her, and then—as suddenly as before—the lights came on again. It took but an instant for her to verify that her intuition had been correct. Mrs. Ogleby screamed, and pointed at the sugar bowl. It was empty!

The Ghostly Setting

"I don't like this," muttered Harry. "If anybody was to discover us—"

"Sh!" hissed Jerry. "You keep on digging, and I'll do the watching!" The tiny beam from Jerry's dark lantern threw an eerie light on the macabre scene.

"I'm telling you it gives me the creeps," insisted Harry. "And besides if it was to turn out you were wrong—"

"I'm never wrong," whispered Jerry. "Look! Didn't I tell you? You've struck it! Right where I buried it seven years ago, and from the looks of it, that tire's good for at least seventy-five more miles!"

The Horatio Alger Boy

Fifty thousand voices were urging him on. Tom knew that he must not fail. He must save the game—for the dear old school—for the boys he couldn't let down—and for her! He must save the game. He must, he must! Every eye was upon him now! He couldn't fail. And then, from fifty thousand throats, came a mighty, a triumphant roar! Tom had done it! He had saved the game! Where all others had failed, he had looked under that bush far far out in the outskirts of left field and found the ball. The game could go on!

IN A WORD

Signs that things are getting continually tougher on the home front, with the worst to come, are indicated by some of the answers to various questions about conservation and rationing. These sprightly little interviews with ration board officials might come to pass:

Question: Supposing my entire supply of sugar is broken into and stolen, and suppose that my doctor has certified that sugar is absolutely essential to my health. Am I entitled to a new supply before my next ration stub is due?

Answer: No. You should get a doctor who believes you can get along without sugar.

Question: The fuel oil supply now accorded me only permits me to heat my house to a temperature of forty-five degrees. Should I apply for an extra allotment of oil?

Answer: No. You and your family can keep warm by wearing more clothes—but don't forget that cuffs on trousers are banned.

Question: Suppose I return to my house on Tuesday morning after a business trip, and find it occupied by a burglar. We get into a struggle, and I bite him. Am I justified?

Answer: No. On the contrary, you are subject to a good stiff penalty for doing such a thing on meatless Tuesday.

Question: Suppose, if the no-pleasure-driving decree is reinstated, I drive to my doctor to have him treat me for heartburn, lumbago, anemia, and dysentery, attend an air raid wardens' meeting, park outside the druggist who fills the doctor's prescriptions, and then decide to attend the movie next door, one that features my favorite star. Am I entitled to do so?

Answer: No. Pleasure-driving and the fact that your favorite star is featured indicates that you would probably derive pleasure from the performance. If it were somebody you hated, you *might* be justified in taking the chance.

Question: Suppose—

Answer: No.

TRUE STORY

A man told us he had been confined to an insane asylum. He said one summer day the guard had a crew of the inmates shoveling rock into wheelbarrows and another crew pushing the wheelbarrows to a corner of the yard. The joke was that there were no bottoms in the wheelbarrows and it came to him in a flash. He went up to the guard and told him if he really wanted that rock moved my friend would do it if the guard would put a bottom in the wheelbarrow.

The guard said: "Come with me—you're cured." And my friend was soon released.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Since the war has spawned so much tired claptrap on the stage, your critic feels moved to outline some novel suggestions

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

If the operator of a restaurant were to say on September first that for the following nine months he would serve his customers no food other than pea soup, noodle soup and tomato soup, save possibly every third week maybe a little chicken soup, it might not be unwarrantable to consider him slightly flicked in the head. Yet that, in their own way, is much like what our theatre operators have been doing this season. Their pea soup has been war drama, their noodle soup plays with a wartime background, and their tomato soup musical shows dealing in one way or another with the war. As for their chicken soup, it has taken the form either of plays about youngsters and here and there also flavored with the war, fantasies similarly infected, or historical plays replete in parallels with the contemporary rumpus. Any other kind of fodder has been negligible.

We thus have been served a steady diet of drama about the heroic RAF, the heroic British Merchant Marine, the heroic Russians, the heroic Poles, the heroic Czechs, the heroic English civilians under bomb raids, the heroic American soldier, the heroic American Coast Guard, the heroic American volunteer nurse in the Philippines, the heroic Greeks and Norwegians and, as an equally steady counterpoint, the unspeakable Germans. We thus have been dished out plays, among others, with a Washington wartime background, a farm wartime background, a New York wartime background, a Long Island wartime background, a Maryland military camp background, and a French and a rural English wartime background. We thus further have been fed with musical shows dealing with a Texas army flying field, the WAACs, an induction center, Camp Roosevelt, and so on. And we thus still further have been victualed with kid plays full of soldiers, fantasies identifying Hitler with Cain, and costume plays bursting with analogies to present-day wartime political philosophies. Even drawing-room comedy has not neglected the Irish-English situation; even vaudeville has been garnished with war allusions; and I am informed that one play shown in a semi-amateur theatre took the war right up to Heaven.

That the overwhelming majority of these dishes have been poor stuff provides no contrary argument. If they had been ten or even twenty times better the endless harping upon the same subject would have proved just as tiresome. If the critics were right—and they were—in denouncing a vaudeville show called *For Your Pleasure* as drearily monotonous because it lacked variety in divulging nothing but an unrelieved succession of ballroom dancers, tap dancers, white blues singers, Negro spiritual singers, guitar strummers and accordion players, what have they left to say of a season that has not had even one-third that variety?

The total lack of originality in most of the war exhibits has only augmented the tedium. The prolonged repetition of bombing effects, spies, sentimental letters from the front, mothers bravely hiding their tears, light-heartedness in the face of crisis, tender scenes of parting and all the other routine appurtenances of war drama has deadened the audience emotion to the point of apathy or, occasionally worse, levity. The old Grand Guignol device of trapping hero and villain in a cellar—in the still older melodrama it was a snowbound cabin or a waterfront warehouse—has depressed us in terms of Nazi Moriartys trying to outwit Russian Sherlocks. The Lincoln J. Carter cutie, now a Soviet heroine, has come along again to prove drearily that she is as valiant and resourceful as the male sex. The barber-chair murder out of the gangster *Brooklyn, U. S. A.* of only the season before has been hopefully trotted out as a sensational novelty by making the sitter in the chair a Nazi and the tonsorialist a Norwegian. The crew of an early Eugene O'Neill sea play has been converted into British seamen lost from a convoy, and the *Dead End* kids have been evacuated by enemy bombs to a mansion in rural England. And, in the lighter fare, *The Greeks Had A Word For It* has been reset into the Washington wartime scene and WAAC uniforms have been used to try to pass off as new the Piltdown *Vicki* farce materials.

Surely, if we must have any such surplusage of war pabulum, a little freshness now and then might take some of the pain out of presently so often heavy hours. Why not, say, an exhibit showing the great heroes of Hollywood defending the Flag in the Battle of Africa and on other fronts: Colonel Darryl Zanuck fighting movie camera to movie camera with Emil Otto Nusskuchen, the great Nazi news-reeler; Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Loew and Major William Wyler battling for sinking sun effects with the Italians; Colonel Capra and Lieutenant Commander Pressman beating the Rumanians and Bulgarians to fancy shots of tank columns; and Major Warner and various other Hollywood warriors destroying German morale by screening Sir Cedric Hardwicke as a Nazi general and Erich von Stroheim as Marshal Erwin Rommel—to say nothing of scaring the hell out of the Japs by thinking up Gene Tierney as a disguised geisha spy? If the Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse will get busy on it, I promise to put on two dress suits, each with an hibiscus in the lapel, for the opening.

Or why not a travesty presenting the popular Nazi view of us? It would be something: President Roosevelt conferring on all-important war policies with David Dubinsky, president of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; innocent German-American corner saloon keepers hounded to suicide by the day and night persecutions of the FBI; Cordell Hull in the pay of Walter Winchell; the First Army made up entirely of former interior decorators, couturiers and perfume salesmen; all the newspapers save the Chicago *Tribune* and one or two others printed in Yiddish (it would make a tasty drop curtain); Elmer Davis dictating all his broadsides with Veronica Lake sitting on one knee and Maria Montez on the other; and so on?

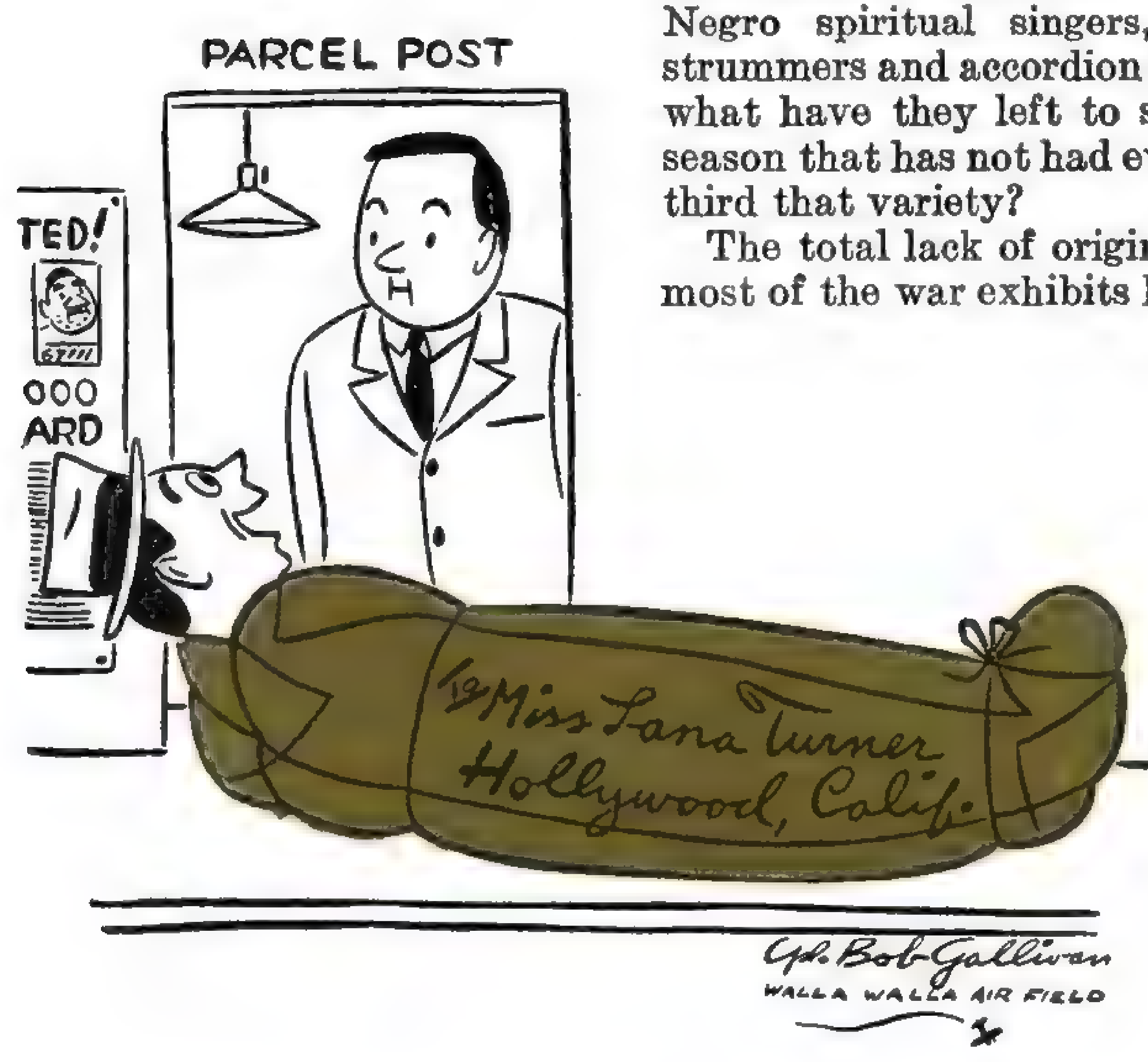
In a different direction, why not, for a single suggestion, a roughhouse melodramatic farce in which spies and counter-espionage are so multiplied and piled one upon another that in the end things are so frantically confused, what with everybody uncovered to be a spy, that they all in despair go down into the cellar and proceed to the business of counterfeiting passports to Switzerland?

Anyway, it would be a little change.

* * *

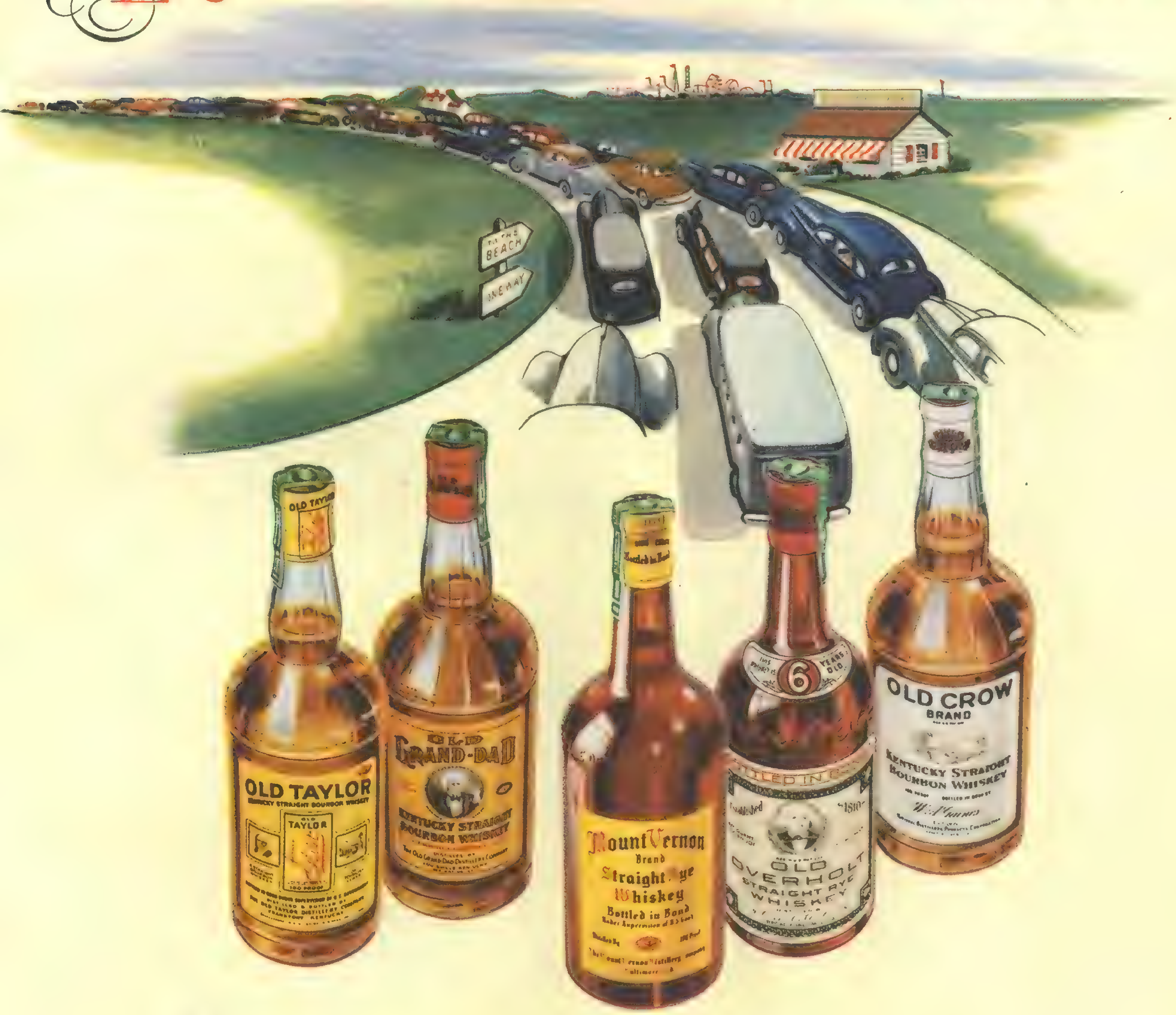
Every once in a while some business man, otherwise a commendable figure in the community, feels it incumbent upon him, by way of proving to the world that his soul aspires to loftier heights, to write a play. Yet though the records reveal the productions of numerous such opera they do not reveal one that has been any good—and why should they? To ask of some such business man as, say, Mr. Walter Livingston Faust, vice-president of a big and successful petroleum company who several months ago came forth with *This Rock*, that he should also and at the same time be a competent playwright, would be like asking me, in addition to my present job, to be a competent vice-president of a big and successful petroleum company. Beside my achievement in any such office Mr. Faust's *This*

Continued on page 110



"Airmail, special!"

Long Before Pearl Harbor *they were aging in oak*


TO THE BEACH
ONE WAY
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Mount Vernon Brand Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
6 YEARS OLD
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
OLD CROW BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

YEARS before there were any gasoline ration books, these great whiskies were laid away to age under the most favorable auspices imaginable. Fifty years ago, you see, the Congress of the United States passed a very fortunate law for the man who really likes fine whiskies. This Bottled-in-Bond Act specifies strict regulations governing bottled in bond whiskies.

As a result, none of the emergency changes forced upon most other products by war-time needs have touched these great whiskies. So whenever you buy *these* bottled in bond products you obtain identically the same quality. It is no special privilege or favor but simply a matter of long-standing law.

At a time when National Distillers is not making a drop of whiskey and when every distillery the Company owns has been completely turned over to the production of alcohol for war purposes, it is pleasant to know that without being selfish, wasteful or unpatriotic, you can find in any one of these five great brands of whiskey the same unchanged and unchanging quality that you used to like 5, 10 or even 50 years ago. *Every drop of it was laid away long before Pearl Harbor.*

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

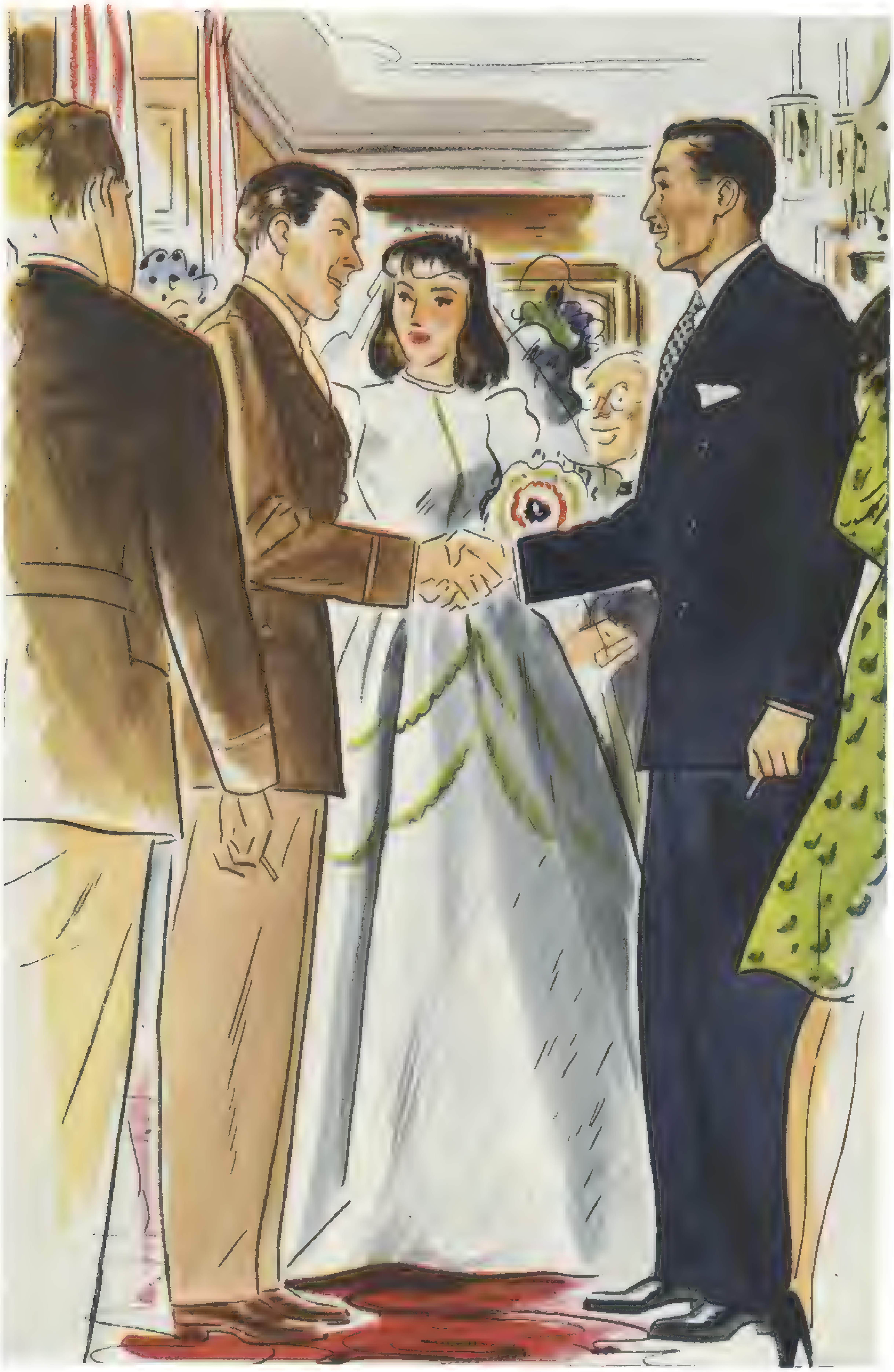
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

THESE WHISKIES ARE 4 YEARS OLD • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK • COPYRIGHT 1943



three cheers for the WPB

Do you know what our blue-suited well-wisher would have to wear at a daytime wedding like this if it weren't for the WPB? Cutaway coat, matching or contrasting weskit, striped trousers, pleated bosom shirt with wing or fold collar, Ascot tie or more plebeian facsimile, black calf shoes with box-cloth tops, high silk hat. What a break, what a break! Here he is all comfy in a dark blue suit, white shirt, shepherd check tie and black shoes. And no one can sue him . . . he's merely obeying the law on account of the WPB has banned the manufacture of formal day clothes. As a special gesture, which he can well afford, he sports a red carnation. Here's a come-on for doting fathers. Marry off your girl now and escape the rigors of formal day attire! It's dark business suits at daytime weddings for the duration. Meanwhile, the handsome lieutenant has more important things on his mind.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

DAD...*the Handy Man!*

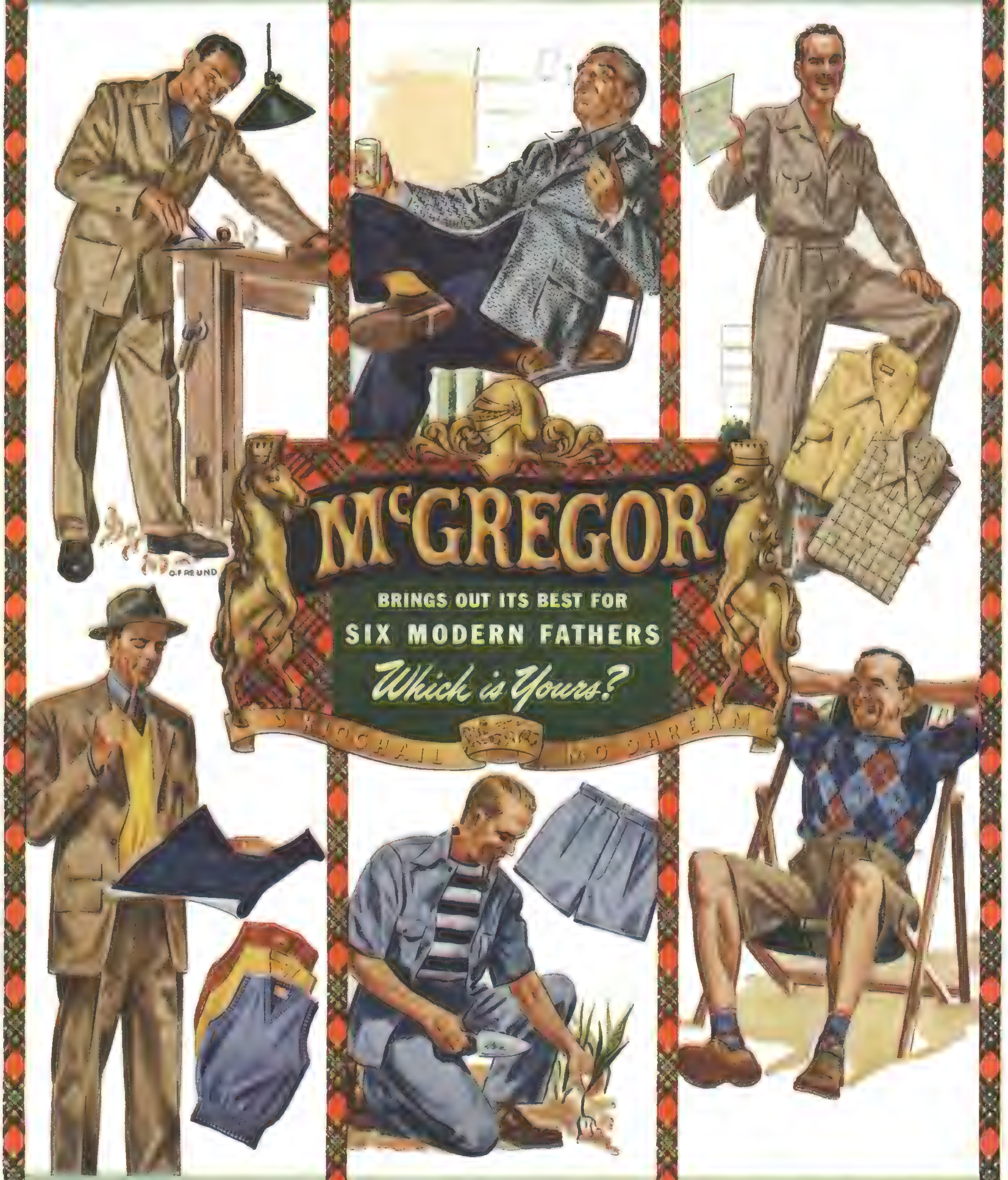
If Pop likes to putter, this is his outfit! It's a task leisure jacket and slacks of tough Muleteam tan gabardine, with an action basque shirt underneath. Looks good, feels good, and is good! The jacket is $8.50. The matching slacks are $7.95. The knit shirt in blue, white, tan, green or sandune is...$1

DAD...*the Porch Vagabond!*

For the armchair athlete. Waist-slimming McGregor slacks of sturdy Kingab gabardine, topped with a McLord plaid shirt of cool, washable teca. And for cooler evenings, an all-wool tweed VAGABOND COAT. The slacks, in camel, cocoa, rum brown, medium blue are $6.95. McLORD shirt in tan, blue, canary is $4. VAGABOND COAT in blue or tan tweed is $15; in solid colors $10.95. And wool hose.....$1

DAD...*the Minute-Man!*

A minute-man, dressed up to the minute! Rio slack suit of wrinkle-loathing bengaline poplin in tan, blue, green or luggage is $10.95 with long sleeves; $10 with short sleeves; the "Mac" basque shirt is $1.50. And since he should have extra long-sleeve shirts, too, we suggest IMPERIAL TALLY-HO with saddle-bag pockets at $5; and McNORFOLK blending plaid at..............................$4



DAD...*the Plant Executive!*

All business in a lightweight can-take-it corduroy suit cut like a fine worsted suit. Coat in tan or luggage is $15; slacks $7. CELTIC SHIRT, America's ace cool cloth in tan, blue, canary, green or leather is $3.50, long sleeves; $3 short sleeves. SLEEVELESS in camel, hunting red, canary or blue is $4. With LONG SLEEVES...............$5

DAD...*the Victory Gardener!*

We can't vouch for his radishes, but he certainly knows his onions when it comes to clothes! His DURO-DENIM EFFICIENCY SUIT ($5.95 complete) is tough, tubbable, and very dirt-resisting besides being obviously handsome. And his striped basque shirt ($1.50) provides just the necessary colorful pick-up. And the DENIM SHORTS (for very warm days) is.......$2

DAD...*the Sun Worshipper!*

Dressed to get maximum benefit from the sun; and maximum approval from the daughters. Long Shorts (they're the newest, though other lengths are also on tap) of tan gabardine at $5 plus ARGYLE PULLOVER of comfortable, absorbent knitted cotton at $2.50. And, to add more excitement, matching SLACK SOX at...........65¢

At better men's and department stores or send money order to DAVID D. DONIGER & CO., INC., 303 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

There is nothing better in the market
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the Market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Mencken's humor, the military genius of Hannibal and the drama of Dieppe

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

•BOOKS•

ALTHOUGH I have no faith whatever in the "prophecies" of Nostradamus, Mother Shipton, or in those of any of our contemporary fakers, there are some that I mentioned in Esquire during the past year that are remarkable, like the prophecy of fighting airplanes by Thomas Gray in 1737; but here is one truly amazing, which the Birmingham, England *Weekly Post* printed and is quoted by W. R. Bromet in the London *Spectator* of January 8, 1943; in four lines we have the future of aviation, the submarine, the motion picture, and a general world war. It appeared on a tombstone in Churchcanlesi, Essex, England, in the year 1440.

When pictures look alive with movement free,
When ships like fishes swim beneath the sea,
When men outstripping birds shall scan the sky,
Then half the world deep drenched in blood shall lie.

Among the more recent murder-mystery-detective thrillers, I recommend *Don't Catch Me*, by Richard Powell; this is continuously exciting and full of fun, furnishing both kinds of delight. And do not forget to read *Blind Man's Bluff*, by Baynard Kendrick. His hero, the great detective, Captain Duncan Maclain, is blind; but he owns two German shepherd dogs with the "seeing eye." One dog is gentle; the other more dangerous than a tiger. Captain Maclain is a real addition to our literary population. If I were a criminal, I would rather have on my trail almost any detective with good eyes than this Samson who has none. And while I am about it, let me recommend three other books by Mr. Kendrick in which the redoubtable blind Captain is the detective—they are *The Odor of Violets, The Last Express*, and *The Whistling Hangman.*

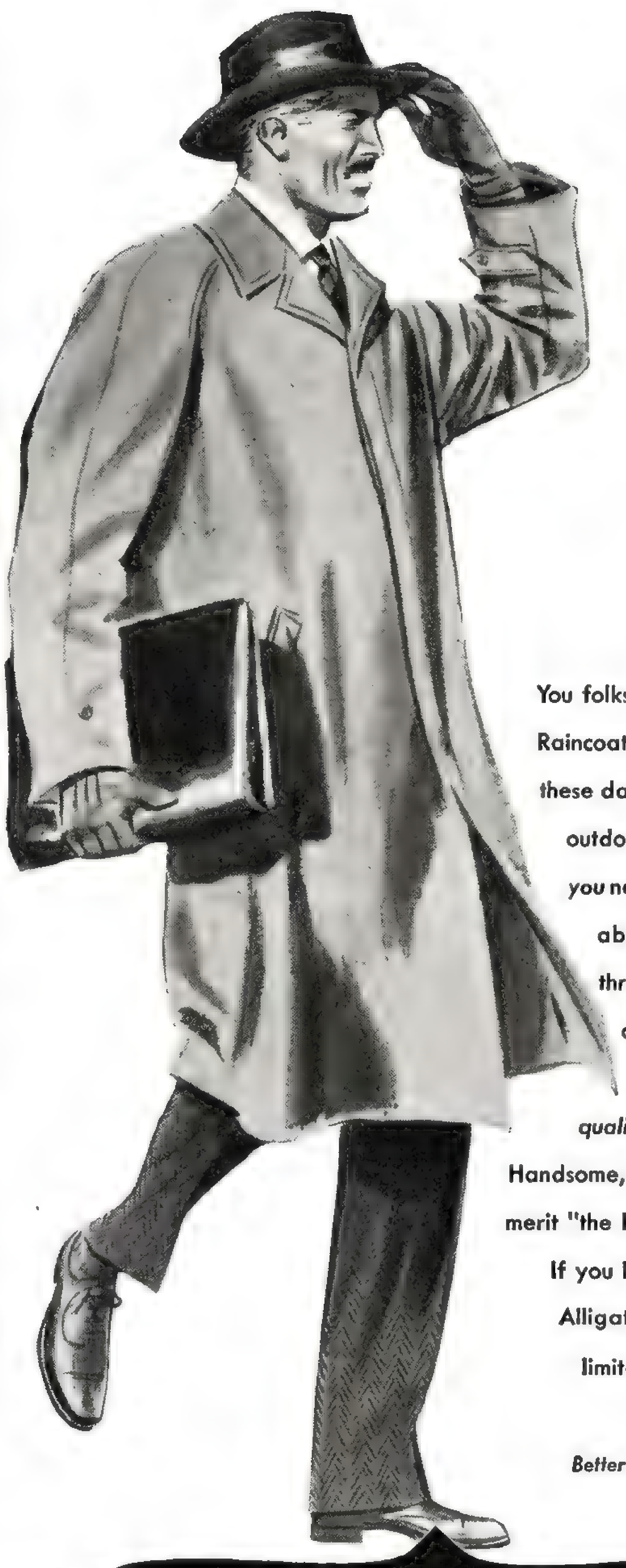
The well-beloved H. L. Mencken gives us the third volume of his autobiography, *Heathen Days.* The first was called *Happy Days*, the second, *Newspaper Days.* In spite of illnesses and some shattering disasters, he has lived and is living a happy life; and being truthful in other things, he is also truthful in this. Probably not ten per cent of those who live happy lives have the courage and the candor to admit it; he not only admits it, he insists on it. I say courage because innumerable persons suffer from the superstition that if you say you are happy, you will lose your happiness; perhaps it is the most common of all superstitions. And I say candor because many think they will lose the intellectual respect for which they yearn if they say life is good. Those who express the wish that they had never been born, even though their nearest and dearest fervently agree with them, expect to be regarded as philosophers; but with Mencken, "cheerfulness keeps breaking in."

Mr. Mencken would rather live in the U.S.A. than in any other country, and in Baltimore rather than in any other city. Yet he travels abroad occasionally; and in this latest volume, which covers the years from 1890 to 1936, some of the best chapters are those dealing with his experiences in foreign parts. I have never set foot in Africa, but I have always wanted to see what was left of Carthage, so that his chapter, *Vanishing Act*, is to me one of the most interesting in the book. And although the Romans were as thorough in the art of destruction as they were in the art of building, I still envy Mr. Mencken for standing where Hannibal stood. He says that what remains of the once great city is "no greater in bulk and hardly greater in significance than the remains of a barn struck by lightning." Still, if I could see it, I could see its geographical location both with reference to the land and to the sea. And mainly, because of one man—Hannibal. Mommsen summed him up in five words—"he was a great man." I put him first among all soldiers. In a conversation after his final defeat he was asked "who was the greatest military genius?" and he answered, "Alexander." "And whom would you place second?" He smiled and said, "Well, I rather think I come second." And although I suppose it was better for the world that the Romans conquered, I never read about the Second Punic War without terrible depression. When I was a schoolboy and we studied Creighton's *History of Rome*, the rather rhetorical flourish doing homage to Hannibal's amazing genius *after* his defeat, in *remaining* four years in Italy, indelibly impressed my mind: "For four long years, in that wild and mountainous country, with unabated courage and astounding tenacity, the dying lion clung to the land that had been so long the theatre of his glory."

In the main, however, the chief quality of Mr. Mencken's book is its wonderful humor, so spontaneous and often so unexpected.

Frederick Prokosch's new novel, *The Conspirators*, is beautifully written and the sharp suspense is maintained from beginning to end. The scene is Lisbon and that marvelous city is described with such accuracy and charm that it makes me long to see it again. One of Esquire's regular contributors, my

Continued on page 94



ALLIGATOR

Tops the rest!

MAKES YOU GLAD

You picked the best!

You folks who own fine Alligator Raincoats, have reason to beam these days! With more and more outdoor walking for all of us, you needn't fret. Your dependable Alligator will see you through; keep you smart and dry in rainy weather. For Alligator Raincoats are *quality* through and through. Handsome, long-wearing, made to merit "the best name in rainwear." If you haven't yet bought your Alligator, visit your dealer, as limited stocks are available.

Featured at Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY St. Louis • New York • Los Angeles

MARLBORO

America's Luxury Cigarette

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PM
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENT'S LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC
MADE IN U.S.A.
MARLBORO CIGARETTES

ENCHANTING in her sheer black negligee at night. Competent by day in uniform! Day or night, she insists her *cigarettes* be MARLBORO. So *very* much more pleasure, more distinction, for so *little* more in price!

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 93

friend, Lawton Mackall, wrote a book about Lisbon and its environs, called *Portugal for Two* (1931). On a mild and beautiful February midnight in 1932, I wandered around Lisbon; the cafés were crowded with men who apparently had no intention of going home. Well, I hope some day I may revisit that enchanted ground. Even if Mr. Prokosch, who has published several volumes of poems and three or four novels, had in this latest book chosen to write no story at all instead of one that is exciting, his description of Lisbon in the second chapter makes it desirable to buy the work.

> "Lisbon is a city about the size of Dresden; slightly smaller than San Francisco, slightly larger than Edinburgh. As one stands in the central square, the Rossio, it appears oddly provincial; tattered, desultory. But as one passes through street after street, square after square, quarter after quarter, it quietly begins to create a sense not only of immensity but of a finely grained, meditative loveliness. The most old-fashioned capital in Europe; the struggle for power has passed it by, has left it secluded, malleable, and oddly consoling."

Mr. Prokosch has travelled all over Europe, Asia, and America; he knows the world. I hope Mr. Santayana will read this book as soon as the war is over; and Lawton Mackall *must* read it.

American newspapermen writing from far-flung battle-lines exhibit extraordinary skill and show amazing courage, as the casualties prove. One of the best of them is Quentin Reynolds. His *Only the Stars Are Neutral* received applause as immediate as if he had spoken it on the radio; and his new book, *Dress Rehearsal—The Story of Dieppe*, is a thriller of the first magnitude. He went with the Commandos on the Dieppe raid and tells us what happened. Nothing more need be said, for the actual events cannot be exaggerated. I like especially his disarming prefatory remarks, where he explains the impossibility of writing *objectively* on such a terrific adventure. This book is "the author's reactions to the events" and he is not afraid to say so. It contains many portraits; he, despite "having seen everything," is a hero-worshipper; he loves and admires the officers and men, and his comrades, the war-correspondents. Such a book indeed elevates the level of human nature. Not merely by the astounding courage of the soldiers and sailors and airmen; but by their calmness and their humor as they advance into the valley of the shadow of death. I am glad, too, that he properly describes those ignoramusly loud speakers who call for a "second front."

The new biography of W. B. Yeats (523 pages), by Joseph Hone, who also wrote a life of the man Yeats hated, George Moore, is an interesting record of facts, which everyone who studies modern drama and literature in Ireland must consult. Yeats was a bard and looked the part. On the one occasion when I had the pleasure of walking and talking with him, although he was courteous and agreeable, he seemed as remote as a meditating mathematician. I have often wondered whether his poems stirring Ireland to rebellion, the finest of which was *September 1913*, ever troubled his conscience, especially at Easter, 1916. I asked him to recite it. He told me he liked the poem very much, but had no copy of it with him; and it is curious that he never could remember accurately any poem he had written; but it is more curious that his friend A.E. could recite all his own poems. It is not yet certain whether Yeats was a great poet. I am afraid we must wait at least fifty years. . . . In addition to reading Hone's biography, it is profitable to read a small book published in 1940, called *Scattering Branches*. It is edited by Stephen Gwynn, and contains tributes to Yeats by Maud Gonne, Sir Wm. Rothenstein, Lennox Robinson, W. B. Fay, Edmund Dulac, F. R. Higgins, C. Day Lewis, and L. A. G. Strong.

I have imported from England (not published in America) *Letters of J. M. Barrie*, edited by Viola Meynell (1942) and published by Peter Davies. It is a book of 311 pages, and its featherweight and attractive dull paper pleasantly remind me of British books published before 1914. I cannot expect that everyone will be as profoundly interested in Barrie's letters as I am; but those who believe he was one of the greatest creative geniuses in the modern theatre will find in these pages an increase in their admiration for the Man. He could not dictate and never learned to typewrite; he acquired writer's cramp, and had to learn to use his left hand, with which he wrote much more legibly. Writing to Mrs. Pat Campbell, he says, "At first the left was but an amanuensis. I dictated to it, but I had to think down the right arm. But now the left is my staff. Also I find the person who writes with his left is quite another pair of shoes from the one who employs his right; he has other standards . . . and is a more sinister character. Anything curious or uncomfortable about the play of *Mary Rose* arises from its having been a product of the left hand."

One of the most side-splitting books of the season is *Prophet by Experience*, by Jack Iams. His earlier story, *The Countess to Boot*, was funny in places; this is funny all the time. Such originality, such unexpected turns of talk, such cockeyed observations, are a blessing to intelligent readers, and never more so than now.

Speaking of coupon-clippers, I remember in a play by Augustus Thomas a prophetic remark. "A short time ago I was cutting off coupons; now I am cutting off the whiskers from my cuffs."

Man the Kitchenette

Easy sauces which make life and tough meat (if you can get it) stimulating

by **ILES BRODY**

EDIBLES

Dr. Johnson defined sauce as simply: "Something eaten with food to improve its taste." The Doctor was right as usual, and since sauces are most important today when meals have to be stretched, I shall try to elaborate on his words, so that you may become a *saucièr* in one easy lesson.

Sauces can be delicious, inexpensive, and easy to make, and are definitely gratifying to one's creative instinct. In these war times when food has to be husbanded, sauces help to make the main dish more abundant.

People naïvely frightened of a few slices of bread because "nutrition-conscious" housefraus who write for silly publications installed starch-fear in them, cannot enjoy sauces. For pieces of bread have to be submerged in the little pool remaining on your plate after the fish, meat, or vegetable is gone. Soaked in the sauce they are often more flavorful than the viand for which the sauce was prepared. I assure you it is no breach of table manners to dunk. In Europe, the criterion for America in most culinary matters, the best people did it.

The majority of the sauces I am going to give you in this article hail from Europe. I don't know if any sauce was ever named after Victor Hugo, but certainly one should have been. For it was he who philosophized that life, like tough meat, is made tolerable by piquant sauces.

All that is known about the origin of the first sauce I mention below is that it was conceived in London's Savoy Hotel by a maître d'hôtel who must have had a stroke of genius. This sauce requires chicken livers or the livers of any other fowl, and so the best time to think of making it is when you are cooking a bird. But liver keeps well in the refrigerator and you may make the sauce days after you have forgotten all about the roast chicken.

Boil a pint of domestic Claret till it is reduced by half. Add a little lemon peel, two cloves, and four grains of whole black pepper. Simmer for five minutes and add a tablespoonful of butter. Simmer and stir constantly for another five minutes; now remove the lemon peel, the cloves and the peppers. Crush the *raw* liver of a fowl, pass it through a sieve and add it to the wine. With two chicken livers the sauce is much better; while one turkey, goose, or duck liver is ample to a pint of wine. Stir until the sauce thickens to the consistency of mayonnaise. Add just a *few* drops of lemon juice. (A little cream makes this sauce more mellow, but it is very good even without the cream.) Pour it over your meat.

You can use this sauce with any kind of meat; roast, boiled, or broiled. It is good with fowl, pork, beef, or lamb. It makes a fine dish out of tired left-overs.

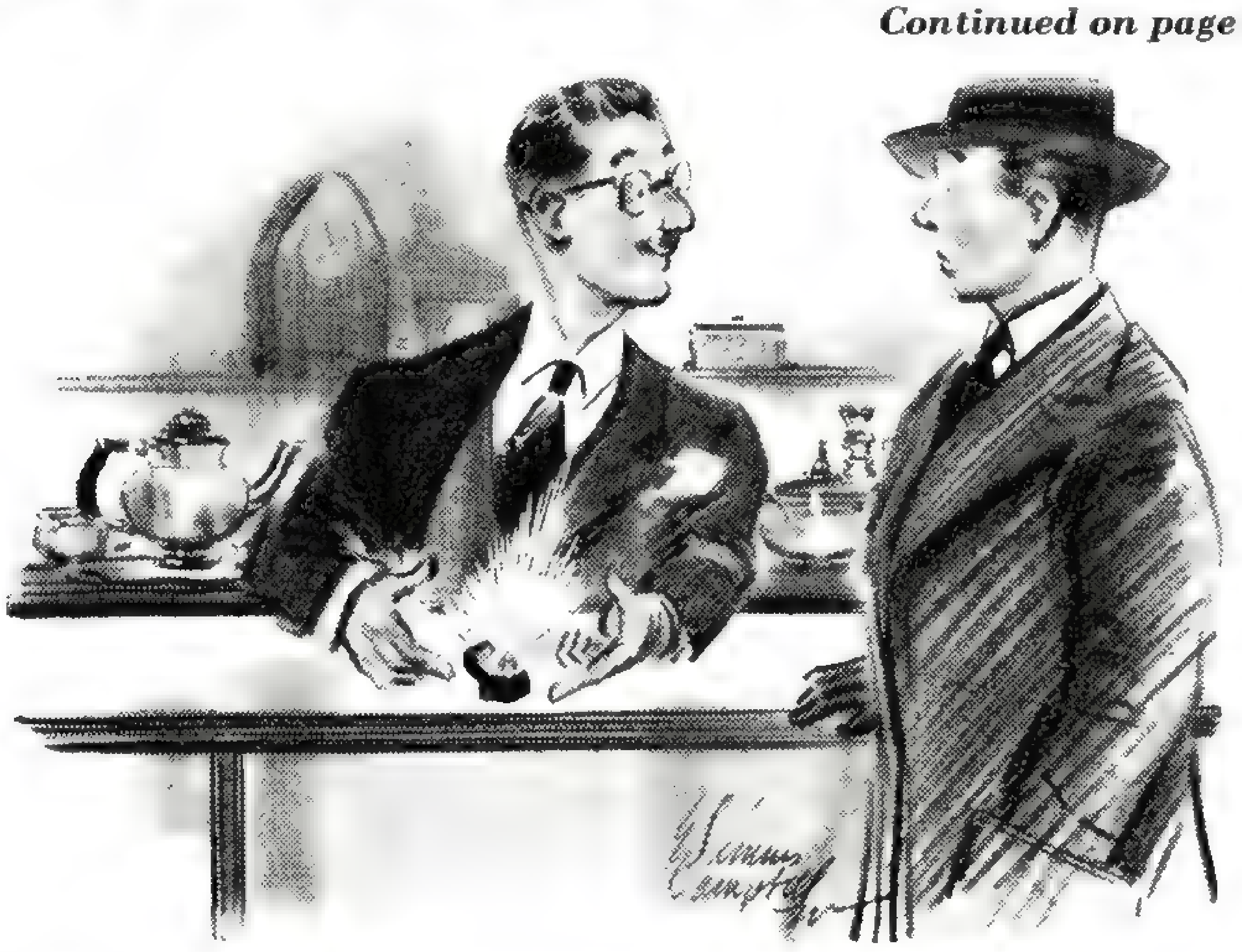
And here is a sauce that makes royal fare out of anything boiled that remained from last night's dinner—up to, and including cold boiled potatoes. It sounds so fantastically easy that you might not think it good. All I can say is to try it.

Chop up some parsley very fine—the more parsley, the better the sauce. Add a little lemon juice or vinegar, and salt and pepper. Also add a little chopped onion or garlic to taste. Saturate this with salad oil, mix thoroughly, and pour over your dish.

This sauce goes very well with cold boiled fish, boiled meats, or vegetables. It can also be heated with warm dishes. For instance, it is fine with warm boiled fish and boiled potatoes.

There is one thing common to all sauces—they have to be tasted while being prepared. If you wish to be professional, stick your right index finger in the concoction and suck the flavor off its tip; even a silver spoon might alter the flavor, and since sauces are made in small quantity, a teaspoonful might lessen the amount quite consider-

Continued on page 96



"Now, rather than have us refund your money on this ring, suppose we introduce you to a cute little blonde!"

Never missed a day in 316 years

HAIG & HAIG
Haig & Haig Ltd
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
HAIG & HAIG
Edinburgh Scotland
12 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD

Haig & Haig

The Oldest name in Scotch
Famous since 1627

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

DOBBS

INTRODUCING THE STRAW OF THE YEAR!

Orange Blossom

SIDE FLIP
Brim snapped on the side is dashing

HALF'N'HALF
Brim down in front is smartly practical

WEAR IT FOUR WAYS: brimful of good taste all ways

BOTTOMS UP
Brim up all around is smart, businesslike

DOWN IT
Brim down all around lends extra distinction

DOBBS has injected a new vitamin into the exclusive Dobbs open-weave Panaire*... Vitamin "S"—for Smart Styling. Here's a straw with the distinctive Dobbs fore'n' aft taper to the crater crown ... with the wide brim and dashing lines of The Planter's style. New "Dobbs Original" colorful three-eighths inch band. This is *the* straw hat of the year.

THE ORANGE BLOSSOM, $7.50 & $10.
Other Dobbs Straws, $3.50 to $20.

*REG. TRADE MARK

DOBBS *Fifth Avenue* HATS
New York's Leading Hatters • Retail Store: Park Ave. at 53rd St.
AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

WE ARE ALSO MAKING FINE DOBBS CAPS
FOR ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMED FORCES

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 95

ably. Do taste often; sauces become better by slight degrees. You continually have to correct them while in preparation, adding a little of that and a bit of this, until perfection is attained.

Below is one of the grandest sauces I've ever tasted. It also comes from Mrs. Edmond Pauker, wife of the New York theatrical agent, and a cook so good that ex-Mayor Walker, a great gourmet, writes poems to her dishes.

Slice three large mushrooms and squeeze the juice of a half a lemon over them; mix thoroughly with a half pint of sour cream, the yolk of a raw egg, two teaspoonsful of mustard, a pinch of sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. Now mix a glass of milk with a tablespoonful of flour and make this very smooth by stirring with a spatula, and add to the above concoction, and mix well. Put it in the ice box and leave it there for three hours. This sauce is marvelous with all hors d'oeuvres, cold meats, from meat loaf to turkey, and most cold vegetables. If you want it hot, heat it in a double boiler, but don't allow it to boil; keep it just simmering and stir constantly; if the sauce appears too thick, add a little more milk. It takes less than ten minutes to make this sauce which costs about 30 cents! (Ample for four people.)

There are only two basic sauces known to culinary art: brown sauce and white sauce, or in professional parlance, *Espagnole* and *Allemande*. The basis of brown sauce is a good stock that may be very easily made of left-over meats or gravy. An excellent stock can be made of some raw bones baked in a hot oven until brown and then cooked in water with onions and carrots and garlic for a couple of hours. If you have this stock you need only to add your various ingredients in order to get a certain definite side sauce. All brown sauces keep well in the refrigerator, differing from white sauces.

The bases of white sauces are milk, cream, butter, or white stock, or their combination. White stock is made by extracting the fluid from a chicken carcasse, or feet of fowl, thrown-away necks and even heads of fowl, or veal bones or inexpensive cuts of veal. But if you want to make a sauce for fish, take some of the liquid in which your fish cooks as a base.

Bèchamel—named after the maître d'hôtel of Louis XIV—is the father of all white sauces, and is exceedingly simple to prepare:

Melt two tablespoonsful of butter in a saucepan, adding to it two tablespoonsful of flour, mixing well and cooking until a nice brown. Add a pint of boiling milk gradually, stirring constantly, and add a small onion as well. Season to taste and cook for an hour over very low flame. Strain and serve.

The recipe of the basic brown sauce below can be varied to make any number of lesser sauces.

Melt two tablespoonsful of butter in a saucepan, and brown two carrots and two onions in it, whole, or sliced if you like. Mix two tablespoonsful of flour in it and cook until a nice brown. Add a good pint of your stock, bay leaves, thyme, tomatoes, peppercorns, garlic, celery, parsley, and simmer for two hours. Season to taste. Strain thoroughly, and add a glass of red wine or sherry, and cook a little longer before serving.

Butter sauces are easiest to prepare and very palatable. For instance *marchand de vin* sauce is made simply by cooking two finely chopped shallots in a generous glass of Claret until the liquid is reduced by half; add two tablespoonsful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and finely chopped parsley. It's excellent with steaks. The easiest butter sauce, made by melting butter, browning it, and adding a little lemon juice before serving, is fine with fish, vegetables, and even *grillades*.

My favorite sauce with fish is Hollandaise, also very good with asparagus and cauliflower. You stir three egg yolks in a tablespoonful of water in a double boiler until this takes on a creamy consistency. Then take off the top of the double boiler containing the egg yolks, and move to a warm place. Add a half pound of melted butter to the egg yolks little by little, stirring constantly. Now add another tablespoonful of water. Salt it, and if it is to be served with fish, add a little lemon juice. Strain through cheesecloth.

There are hundreds of fine sauces for fish, as Ravigotte, Marinière, Colbert, egg, Mornay, Mousseline, anchovy, caper, Matelote, Poulette, Coligny, Foyot, Courtesan, that cannot be recounted in a short article. I advise you to make your mayonnaise at home, for home-made mayonnaise is more truly yours than the ready-to-wear variety.

Mix the yolks of two raw eggs with a little dry mustard, salt, and pepper with a spatula. Add a teaspoon of lemon juice, and mix. Now add *very slowly*, drop by drop, and stirring all the time, a cupful of olive oil. Taste frequently and correct the seasoning.

This thick sauce, so good with fish, hard boiled eggs, veal, cold chicken, and vegetables, calls for efficiency and undivided attention.

My favorite meat sauces are Bèarnaise with steaks—when I can get a steak—mustard, Chateaubriand, Soubise, and Bercy. With fowl and wild birds, Bigarade, Cumberland, bread sauce, and flambèe sauce. With desserts, hard sauce, brandy sauce of course, and chocolate sauce.

Speaking of dessert sauces, I give you a sauce that is actually edible; you can chew on it, so to speak. Squeeze bunches of grapes in your hands, strain the juice, boil for half an hour together with a tablespoonful of flour to each quart of grape juice. Stir constantly in the same direction with a spatula till the concoction has a custard consistency. Do not add sugar. Ladle into small individual dishes, and serve it hot, with cream if desired. Or put it in the ice box for an unexpected guest. This marvelous light dessert keeps literally for years in the ice box! The longer it stands the better it becomes. When it grows whiskers you merely wipe the mold off and serve it.

I do not know the origin of this "sauce" either; I believe that it comes from Italy. I ought to christen it right here and now because sauces are remembered by name, much longer than people. Madame La Vallière, mistress of Louis XIV, is forgotten, but the sauce she invented—composed of cream and sorrel—still lives. Bèarnaise sauce is sometimes called in France "Henri IV Sauce," because the king, who came from Le Bèarn, liked it.

These two sauces, delicious, yet easy to make, should be named for Mr. Kelen (the cartoonist, half of the team of Derso and Kelen), who gave me the recipes:

Melt a little butter (grease or lard will do) with an equal amount of flour. Pour in some cold tomato juice. Add a little granulated sugar and lemon peel. Boil it once, and add a bit of cream. This sauce is particularly good with boiled fish, meat, or vegetable.

The second recipe also calls for butter to melt and flour to brown in it. Mix freshly grated horseradish with the butter and flour, finely chopped parsley, adding a little sugar, some stock, sour cream, salt and pepper, and simmering for a half hour. Shortly before serving, a raw egg yolk and the juice of a half a lemon should be added.

The two greatest ingredients of sauces are the onion and the parsley. The onion's only too genuine qualities in cooking are well known. But let me tell you something about parsley. This modest herb stimulates the appetite by stimulating the flow of saliva, thereby aiding digestion. It is also supposed to relieve stomach pains, and is believed to possess rejuvenating powers as well. It's high in A and C vitamin content and iron. A curious old French poem, called *The Retarding of Death,* cites parsley as a cause of longevity. The Romans thought parsley prevented intoxication. There are interesting data on parsley—never be without it in your kitchenette, and seldom omit it from sauces. Grow your own parsley. If you live in a small apartment, simply plant the seeds in the spring in window boxes and allow the sun to kiss the seeds to life. Thus you're assured of fresh parsley.

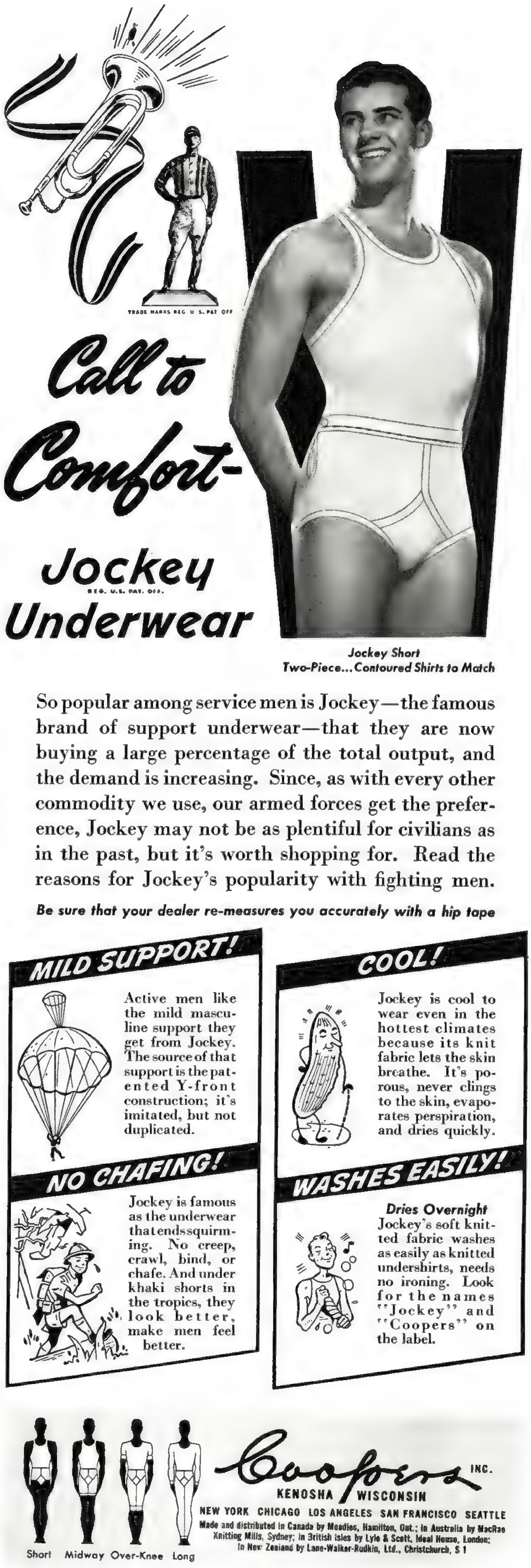
To sum up a great art, let's turn to old faithful W. Shakespeare, who wrote:

"To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it." ⧻

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Transient Dealer's choice are these popular records and obviously it takes all kinds, from hot jazz to corn. These transient favorites are listed in order of customer demand and graded by our point system, showing the relative scores of the discs at each source. St. Louis statistics came from the Famous Barr Company; The Record Shop furnished the dope for Charlottesville.	RCA MFG. CO. (NATIONAL)	DECCA RECORDS (NATIONAL)	ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI	CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
It Started All Over Again (Victor 20-1522 with Tommy Dorsey)	3			1
I've Heard That Song Before (Columbia 36668 with Harry James)			1	3
That Old Black Magic (Victor 20-1523 with Glenn Miller)	1			4
For Me and My Gal (Decca 18480 with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly)		1	4	
Moonlight Becomes You (Decca 18513 with Bing Crosby)	4	4	2	
There Are Such Things (Victor 27974 with Tommy Dorsey)	2			
Daybreak (Decca 18460 with Jimmy Dorsey)		2		
Why Don't You Do Right (Columbia 36652 with Benny Goodman)				2
Street of Dreams (Decca 18503 with the Ink Spots)		3		
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to (Victor 20-1519 with Dinah Shore)			3	
Permanent The box-score shows which and where classical records are current raves.				
Scheherazade by Rimsky-Korsakow (Victor DM920 with Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra)				√
Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra by Grieg, Op. 16 (Victor DM-900 with Artur Rubinstein and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting)	√			√
Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor by Tschaikowsky, Op. 23 (Victor DM-800 with Vladimir Horowitz and Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra)	√			
Jalousie by Gade (Victor 12160 with Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra)			√	
Dance of the Hours by Ponchielli (Victor 11833 with Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra)			√	



TRADE MARKS REG U S PAT OFF

Call to Comfort—
Jockey
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Underwear

Jockey Short
Two-Piece...Contoured Shirts to Match

So popular among service men is Jockey—the famous brand of support underwear—that they are now buying a large percentage of the total output, and the demand is increasing. Since, as with every other commodity we use, our armed forces get the preference, Jockey may not be as plentiful for civilians as in the past, but it's worth shopping for. Read the reasons for Jockey's popularity with fighting men.

Be sure that your dealer re-measures you accurately with a hip tape

MILD SUPPORT!

Active men like the mild masculine support they get from Jockey. The source of that support is the patented Y-front construction; it's imitated, but not duplicated.

COOL!

Jockey is cool to wear even in the hottest climates because its knit fabric lets the skin breathe. It's porous, never clings to the skin, evaporates perspiration, and dries quickly.

NO CHAFING!

Jockey is famous as the underwear that ends squirming. No creep, crawl, bind, or chafe. And under khaki shorts in the tropics, they look better, make men feel better.

WASHES EASILY!

Dries Overnight
Jockey's soft knitted fabric washes as easily as knitted undershirts, needs no ironing. Look for the names "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
A nation-wide symbol of Good Taste
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD RESERVE
WHISKEY A BLEND
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
–because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86.8 PROOF

Every Man His Own Butler

It's a poor man who can't muster the wartime courage to mix his own drinks

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

You don't need mirrors. Just give the bell a ding for your faithful servitor and, when he does not appear, inform him:

"Meadows, I've had a rather fatiguing day at the foundry. Believe I'll let you make me a drink."

"Very good, sir. Right away, sir."

If there were time to grow them, a pair of sideburns would give a nice touch to your next role. But science is the main thing. If you're jigger perfect, and brand particular, you'll satisfy the Mahster, however exacting.

Don't be surprised, though, if the invaluable Meadows makes free with your liquor. It's a trick these jewels have as part of their code of fidelity. If you *must* make a scene, make it along the lines of the man-to-manservant dialogue between Algernon and Lane in *The Importance of Being Earnest:*

"Oh!—by the way, Lane, I see from your book that on Thursday night, when Lord Shoreham and Mr. Worthing were dining with me, eight bottles of champagne are entered as having been consumed."

"Yes, sir; eight bottles and a pint."

"Why is it that at a bachelor's establishment the servants invariably drink the champagne? I ask merely for information."

"I attribute it to the superior quality of the wine, sir. I have often observed that in married households the champagne is rarely of a first-rate brand."

"Good Heavens! Is marriage so demoralizing as that?"

The priceless Meadows would consider his honor smirched if he appropriated anything cheap. Wedded to his art, he has been spared the sordid influence of Woman the Bargain-Huntress. He'll tell you Eve bought that apple in the odds and ends department of Wiley Serpent's cut-rate fruit store, and when she found it was rotten on one side, she offered it to Adam with the good side turned towards him, hoping he wouldn't notice. He bit, not noticing at all, as there were other things commanding his attention at the time. So you see why brands are so important to butlers.

In pre-brand days the job of butling entailed more chores and cares than a suave slave to duty could handle satisfactorily, no matter how many trades he was jack of, and even if assisted by a couple of flunkeys. He was not merely the server of cheer, he was its responsible custodian and conditioner from the cask up, taking the rap for spoilage and stinkage. If he were a faker or bungler, as could happen, he'd ruin a cellar which had been many years a-building.

Butling attained its golden age in moisture-mindful Mid-Victorian England. Although you and I weren't there to weather the outpour, we can imagine we were by meditating upon some technical details set forth in a household manual which was standard in England around the 1850's:

> Duties of the Butler
>
> *The butler is chiefly responsible for the management of the wine and ale cellars,* and for the direction of the various repasts of the family. He is also responsible for the plate [meaning the silverware], giving it out in due quantities to the under butler to clean.
>
> *His morning duties* are, *first,* at the breakfast table; *secondly,* in the wine and ale cellars, in which it is probable he may have to rack, fine, and bottle. *Thirdly,* he sees that the footman, under butler, and steward's boy are each engaged in his proper department. The immediate superintendence of these servants falls on the butler, who is responsible for the propriety, neatness, and cleanliness of everything at table, and which can only be effected by each department of duty being properly fulfilled. *Fourthly,* he dresses and stations himself so as to be at hand to open drawing-room and parlour doors to all visitors or members of the family passing to and fro.
>
> *At luncheon* he waits, unattended by a footman unless, company being present, the size of the party requires more aid. *At dinner* and *tea* [the latter served in the middle of the evening] he also attends; and between these two repasts he answers bells and waits upon the company while the footmen are engaged in clearing away and cleansing whatever articles in their department have been used at dinner. *At bedtime the butler* brings up night candles; and, when the family and company are retired to their rooms, he locks up the plate, sees that windows and doors are secured and fires left in no dangerous state.

Lest we think him a ne'er-do-much, this trusty tome goes on to mention activities such as marketing, paying bills, personnel management (males only: pinches administered to a pert parlor maid would have been considered conduct above his station), valet duty in the master's dressing room, etc. But these were just by-play to him—his real diligence was manifested belowground among life's lubricants. Nowhere in the establishment was there hot and cold running water, but hot and cold drinks flowed throughout, with the butler as sluice-master.

Which meant that wines for the table, duly aged, had to be brought up and prepared—the reds decanted to foil their excessive sediment, the whites stuck into coolers which might be of group capacity. Meanwhile, younger wines developing in the wood had to be tasted in reference to the state of their health and progress, deloused of their lees by special treatments and transferred to fresh casks. With reasonable luck they'd some day be fit for bottling and binning. If the outcome were vinegar, you couldn't blame a good-intentionist who in all his days had never been in a vineyard or a laboratory, nor heard talk of bacilli, but just kept butling along.

Also, there was ale to be brewed, in a separate suds cellar, with the butler as brewmaster. Quaffers might insinuate that certain world-famous ales were better, but they couldn't deny that the guy was in there trying.

His spirits department housed principally brandy (staple bracer for all times of day and night) and rum, employed in grogs and punches. Both were acquired in bulk and the rum was less of an uncertainty as to quality: "brandy" could be anything that fertile minds had thrown together under caramel camouflage. Anglo-Saxon thirsts were such easy marks for marketers without benefit of trademark, the good keen sport of flimflamming them was even overtly fostered by trade publications, the *Vintners and Licensed Victuallers' Guide* vying with *Palmer's Publicans' Director* in supplying recipes for brandy fakery, along with happy suggestions for stuff made out of cider and pharmaceuticals, to be passed off as "port" and "sherry."

Though our worthy cellarer might accept a kickback now and then, he had his ethics after his fashion and well-nigh the only scruples there were. But such a thing as uniformity of character and quality wasn't expected of the beverages he dispensed.

Champagne was the test case that changed all. Here was a wine which couldn't be bought in bulk because it was made in bottle; and there were good champagnes, fairish champagnes, and just-too-bad champagnes, depending upon the competence, integrity, and financial resources of their makers, signified by brand names which either passed current in polite society, or didn't. Outstanding prestige examples were soon brushing right past the amazed butler to the gentry that demanded them.

And so it was with other beverages. The buyer seemed willing to know what he was getting before he plunked his money down. We may be sure, though, that here and there some old irreconcilable growled, "They've taken away stage coaches and now they're threatening to take the gamble out of drinking. I resent it. I don't *want* to know in advance. When I order a drink it's for better or worse."

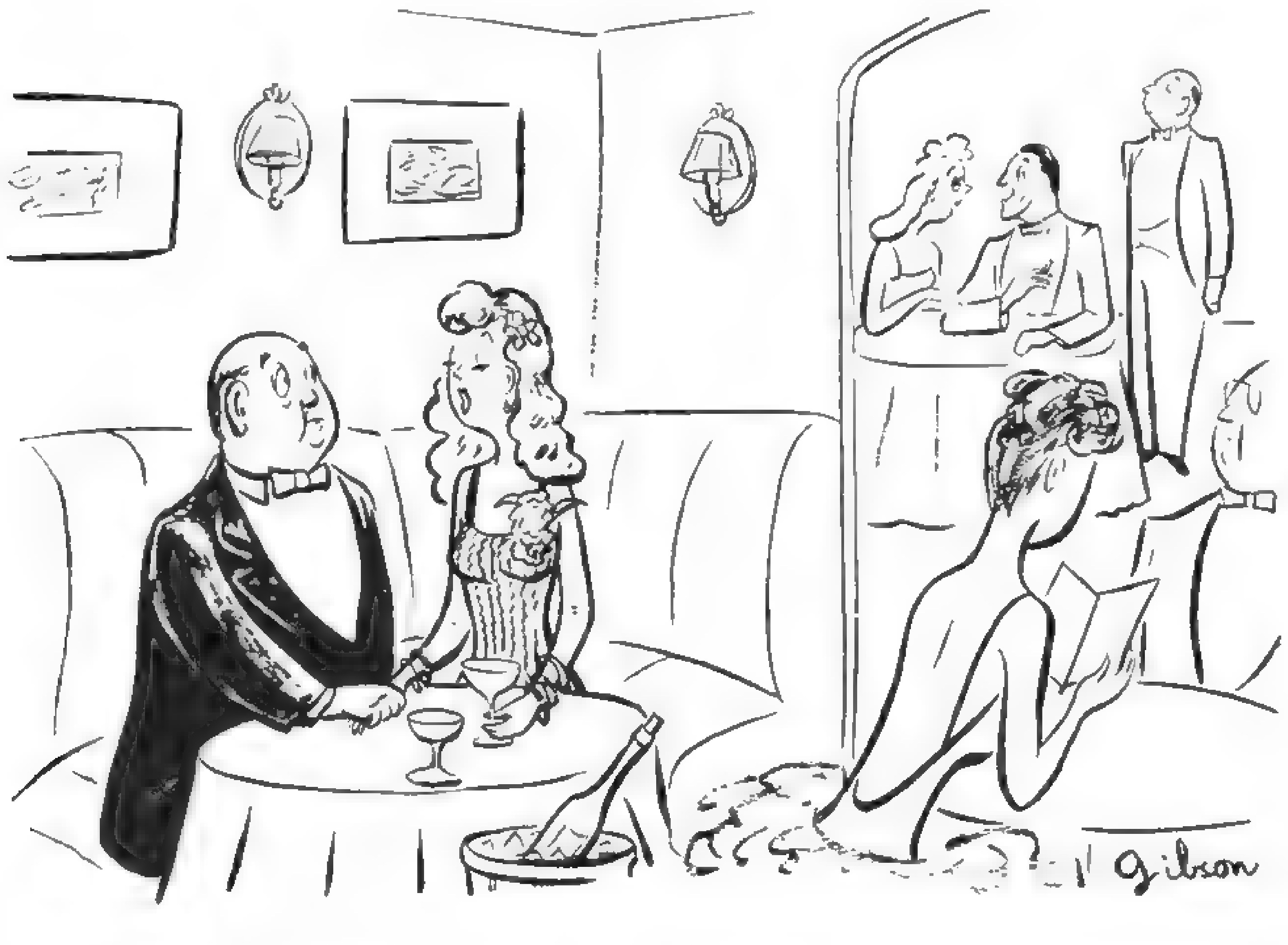
But devotees of unreliability haven't been entirely frustrated. It is still possible to purchase the unknown. In fact, only too easy if one is a wide-eared listener to slick orations over the counter. But nowadays the unknowns are chested up with labels that look important. If we hope to know before we sip, we must learn before we shop.

And what's happened to that sterling chap we were discussing a while ago—that paragon of industry who held all swiggage under his sway?

He's gone ornamental. Been kicked upstairs out of the cellar as chairman of punctilio in potations. For years he hasn't soiled his hands with cobwebs nor biffed a bung. And here are some of the reasons for his altered status:

1. Modern vintners do a complete job. Their wines come to you ready to serve. A rest period of a few days on the shelf is all the pampering a stickler could suggest, and even that's not crucial.
2. Though the ice-pail routine for champagne, sparkling Burgundy and all white wines is a festive flourish at a party or in a restaurant, our friend the refrigerator can handle the cooling assignment less damply and with dispatch.
3. The household supply of liquors, chosen by brand, is now kenneled in the cellarette, sideboard, or closet, and requires slight trudging of its fetcher.
4. Pride in performance as a mixologist has become so personal, so hospitable, so rumpus-roomy with amateur bar and everything, a paid functionary would seem like a cutter-in on glory.

To put the whole situation in a pony glass, the treasured Meadows hasn't been crowded out of business as an anachronism, especially in wartime. He's been taken over. If your technique in his best manner fails to get you into the movies as a rival of Arthur Treacher, it will at least get you into the mood. ⌗



"Frankly, when I think of those awful inheritance taxes, I sometimes wonder if I still love you!"

smart as a topcoat... and ready for rain!

here's a coat to keep you always a jump ahead of the weather! Every Rainfair is cut and tailored as smartly as a good-looking "fair weather topcoat"... yet showerproofed to keep you dry in the rain. Be sure to see the new Rainfair storm coats at your favorite store. You'll find them exceptional for quality, fit, price, and wear.

This year military needs are our first responsibility. Rainfair dealers are supplied with new civilian models now. *But we suggest you see them soon.*

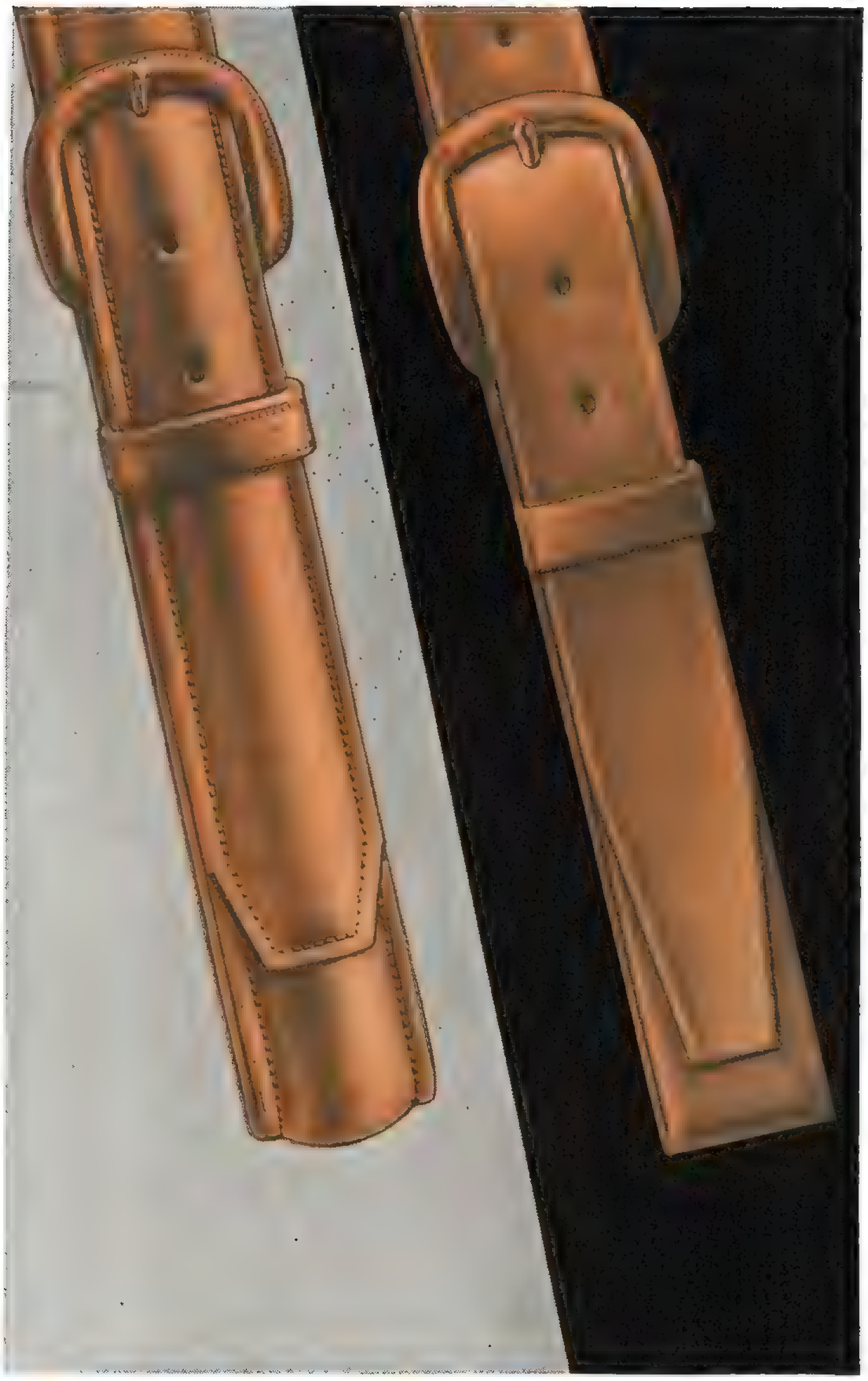
RAINFAIR
storm coats

left: Tackle Twill Commando 21.00... Officer's storm coat made from weather-and-wear-defying Skinner's Tackle Twill* showerproofed by the famous Cravenette process. Other Officers' Trench Coats in fine Piedmont Gabardines and Army Twills 14.50 to 26.50.

right: Belmont 12.50... a popular knee-length Rainfair. Topcoat details include set-in sleeves, trim-fitting Balmacaan collar, slash pockets and button fly front. Deep yoke and sleeve lining of lustrous rayon. Made of Element Cloth... showerproofed by DuPont Zelan. Choice of bleached bone or light olive.

free: write today for illustrated booklet of 1943 Rainfair Storm Coats that make you shine in any weather... *address: Chicago Rubber Clothing Company, Racine, Wis.*

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



SUNTAN

The smartest shade under the sun

BELTS BY
PARIS

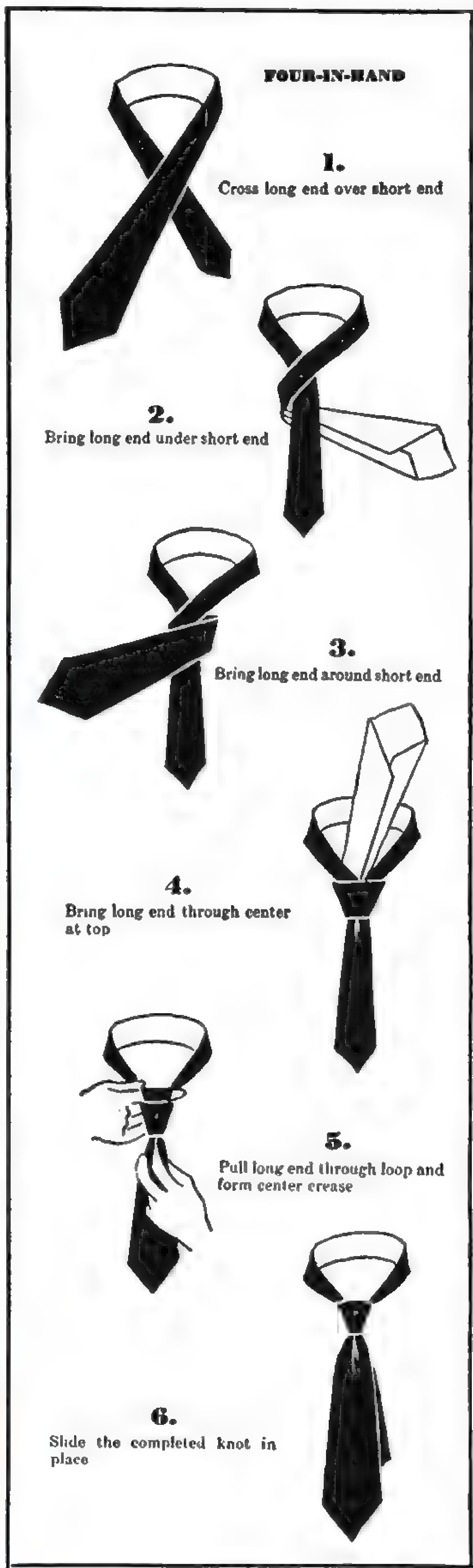
You'll see their rich, warm glow add a color note that flatters and harmonizes with any outfit. Get SUNTAN BY PARIS—*the* shining color for your shining hours ☆ ☆ ☆ Many styles in this popular shade—all faultlessly fashioned of selected leathers, expertly tanned and finished—all "Tops" for your trousers ☆ ☆ ☆ Illustrated: Left: 1-inch padded Russia boarded cowhide belt, cowhide lined, $1.50. Right: hand welt seam tubular belt of Russia boarded cowhide, $2 ☆ ☆ ☆ Also see PARIS "FREE-SWING" SUSPENDERS—$1 and $1.50; and famously comfortable PARIS GARTERS, 35c and 55c the pair. A. Stein and Company ☆ Chicago ☆ New York

TO WIN THE WAR BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Tying for Conservation

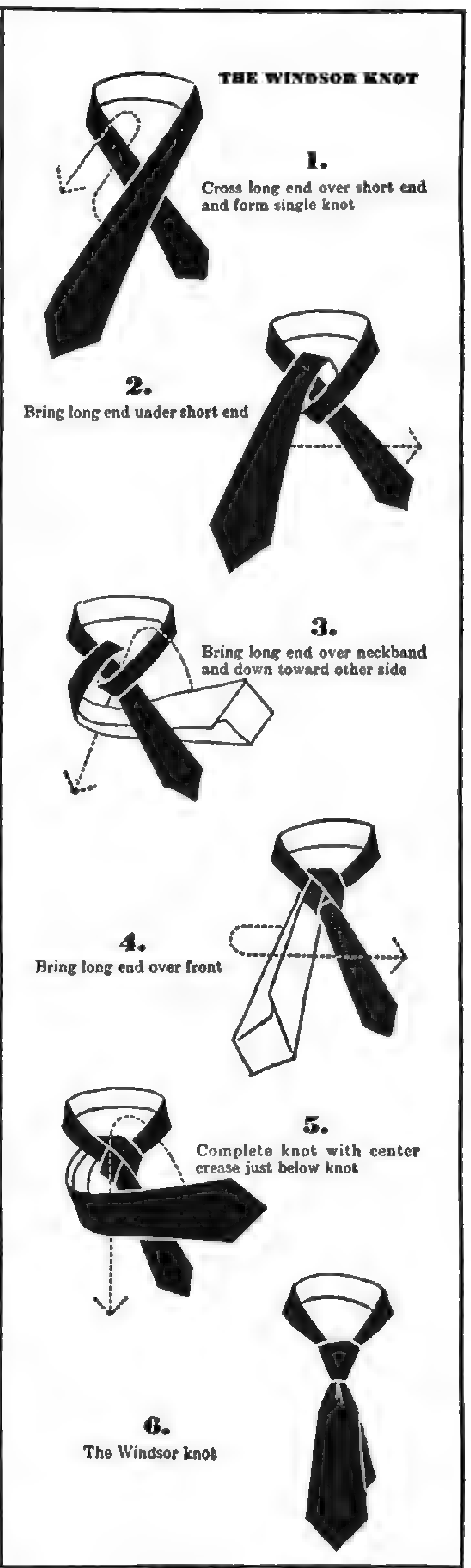
How to make your ties last longer and improve your under-the-chin appearance

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
▪ WEARABLES ▪



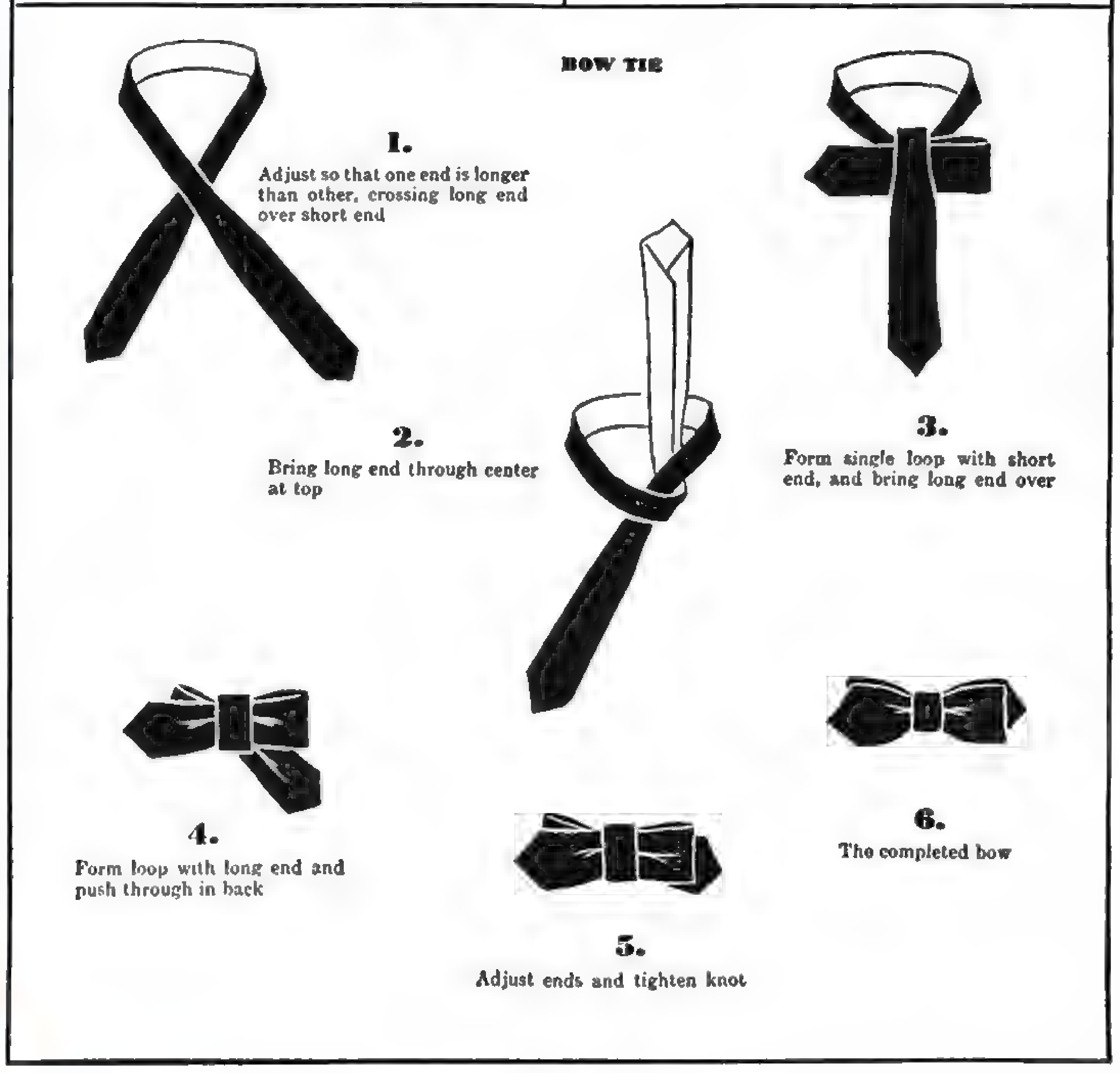
FOUR-IN-HAND

1. Cross long end over short end
2. Bring long end under short end
3. Bring long end around short end
4. Bring long end through center at top
5. Pull long end through loop and form center crease
6. Slide the completed knot in place



THE WINDSOR KNOT

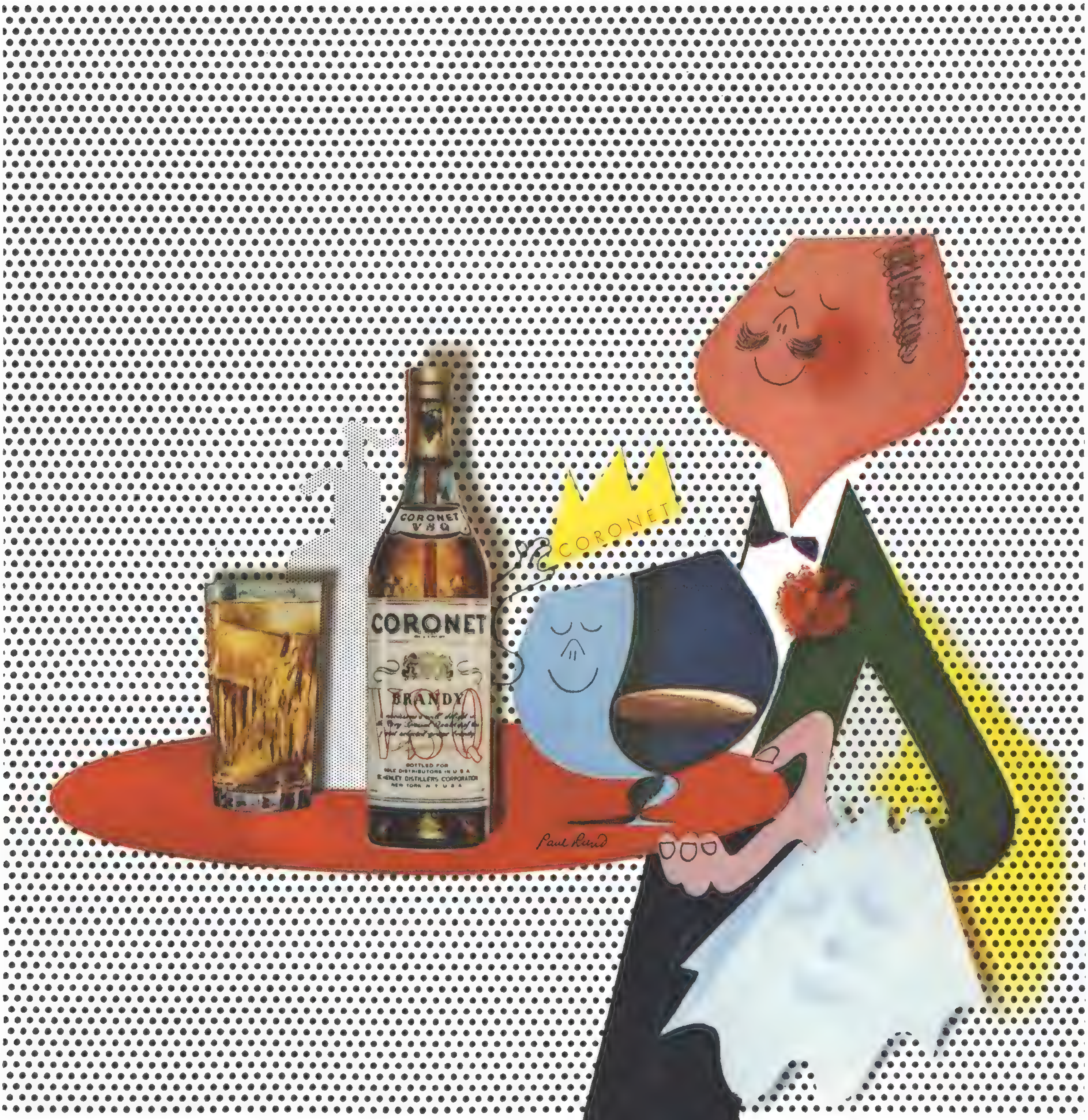
1. Cross long end over short end and form single knot
2. Bring long end under short end
3. Bring long end over neckband and down toward other side
4. Bring long end over front
5. Complete knot with center crease just below knot
6. The Windsor knot



BOW TIE

1. Adjust so that one end is longer than other, crossing long end over short end
2. Bring long end through center at top
3. Form single loop with short end, and bring long end over
4. Form loop with long end and push through in back
5. Adjust ends and tighten knot
6. The completed bow

the trend's to CORONET BRANDY... and SODA


CORONET
V.S.Q
CORONET
BRANDY
V.S.Q
BOTTLED FOR SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN U.S.A.
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK N.Y. U.S.A.
CORONET
Paul Rand

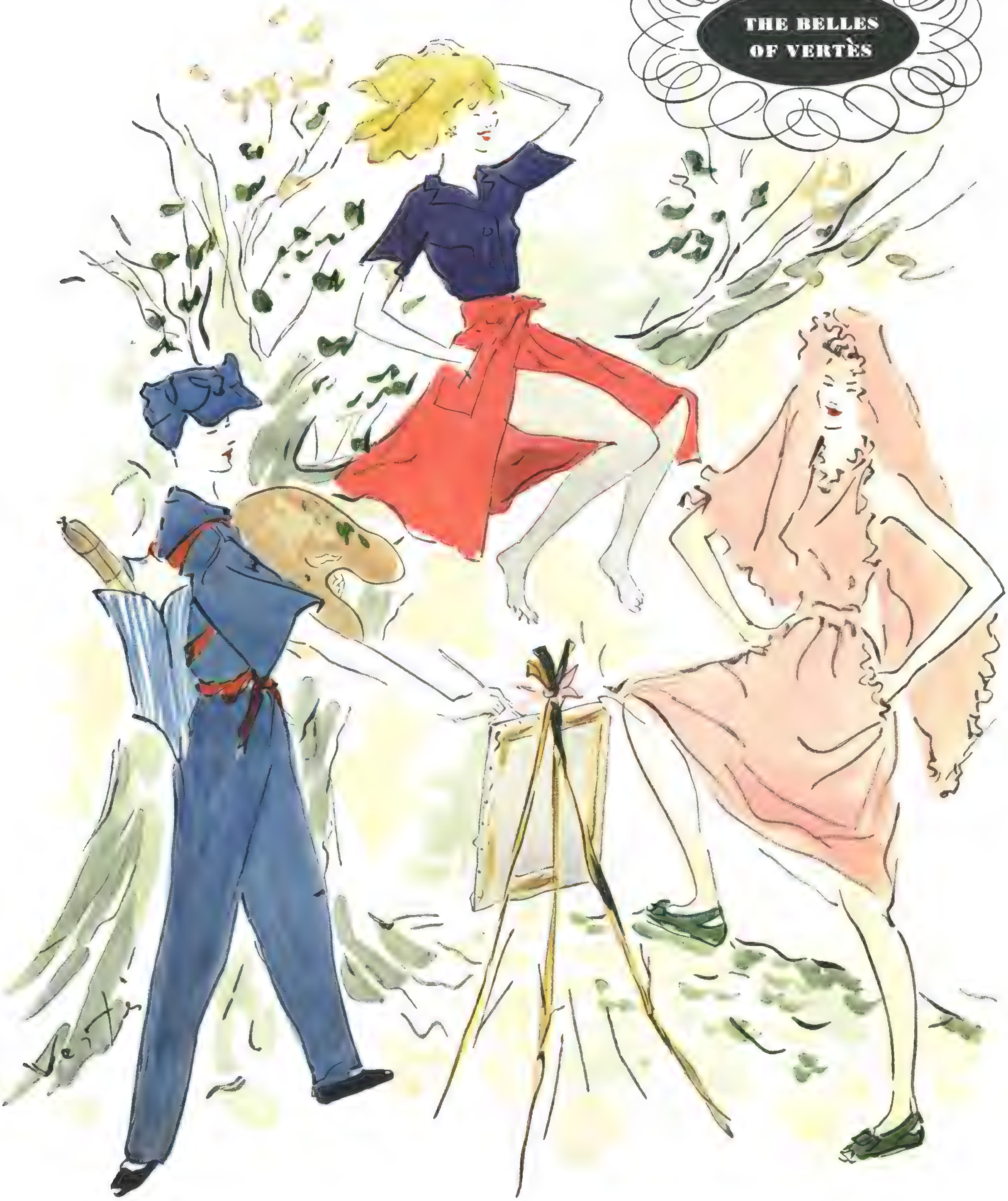
Fresher-tasting as you sip . . . and afterwards !
Word's getting around about this milder, smoother,
sparkling tall drink. Made with *Coronet* . . .
a de luxe American brandy as distinguished as you've
ever tasted . . . anywhere . . . anytime !
★ ***make your dollars fight . . . buy war bonds and stamps !***

50c for unique Coronet snifter (illustrated) yours without advertising. 32 oz. 6" high. Shipped postpaid. Send check or money order to Schenley Distillers Corp. P. O. box 78, dept. B, New York City

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.

California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y.

THE BELLES OF VERTÈS

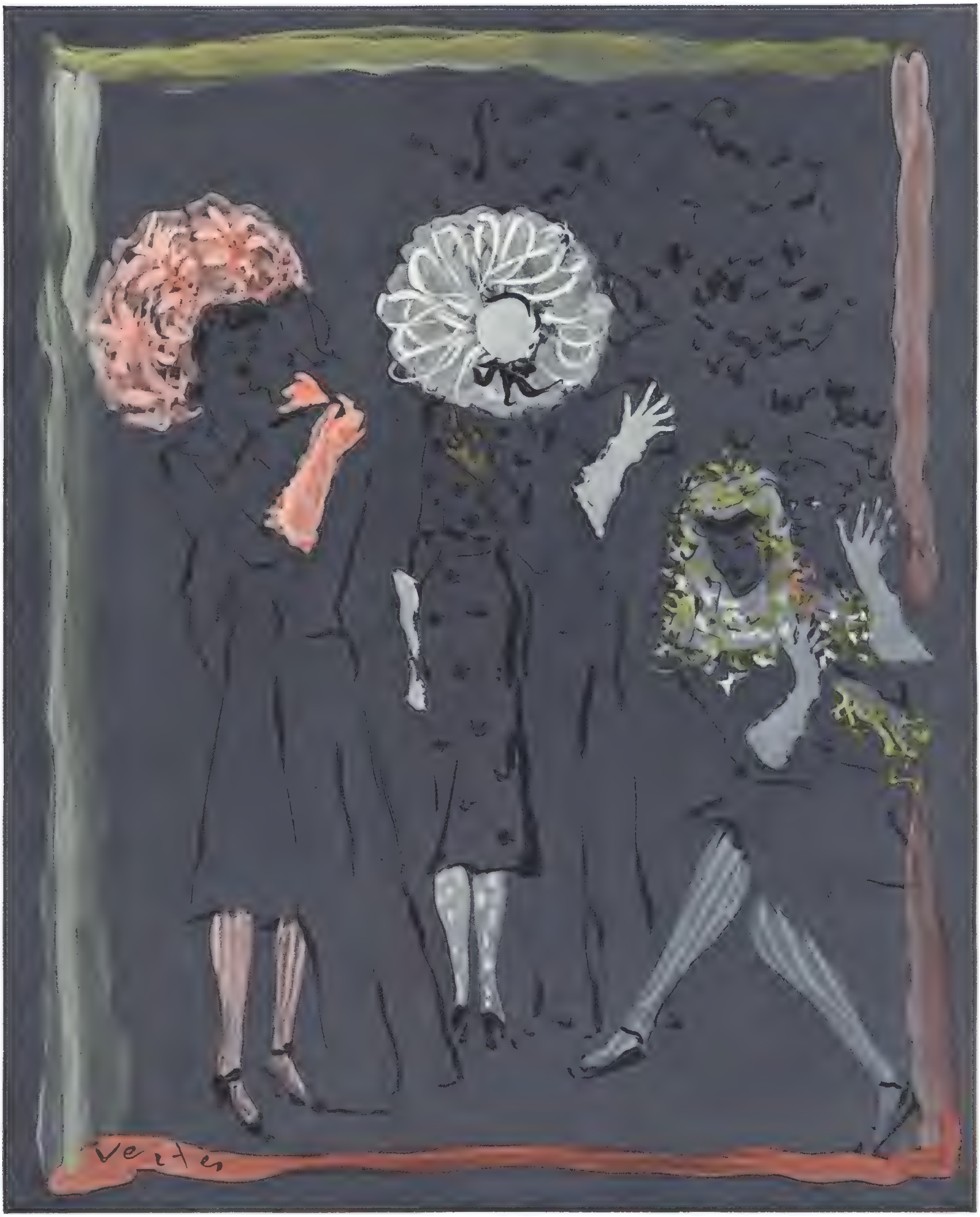


"It may not be necessary to show a bit of leg to be a pin-up girl, but why take a chance?"

Wise words from the budding artist. For her spree in the country she's as wisely decked out in a coverall of blue denim. And all her gear can be stowed away in the bag she straps over her shoulders with wide red ribbons . . .

Wheee! It takes just a snifter of June air and the tree lady is ready to take off. She must feel so uninhibited in her blouse and tie-around skirt of swishy Chinese silk that she can't keep her feet on the ground. . . .

The girl who aims for the wall of some far-off barracks looks much prettier than a picture, we swear. But then we've always had a weakness for paradoxes—that little-girl look of chintz and ruffles with those sirenish scarves.



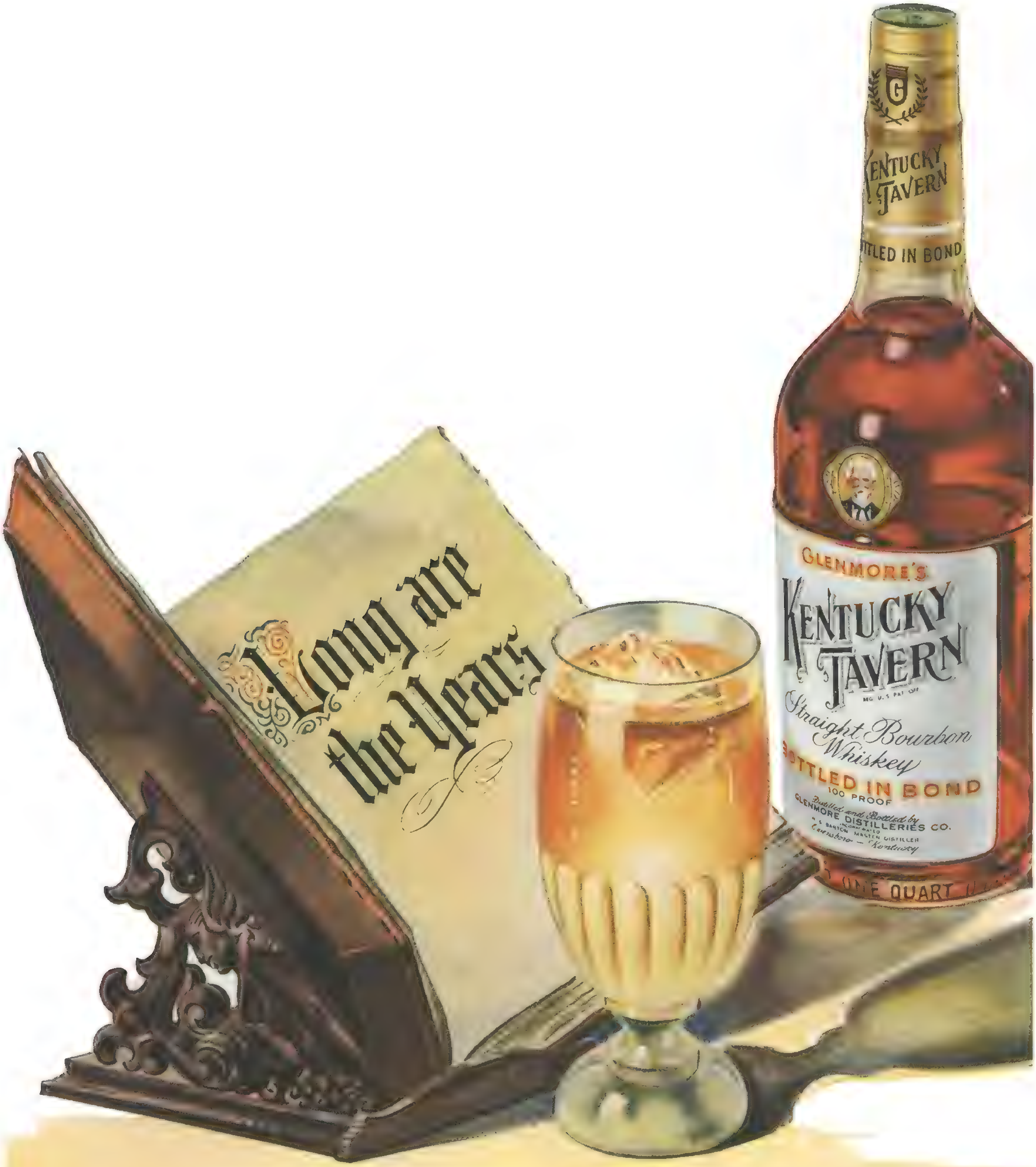
"It is obvious that you sailors need no help on a night like this"

Dimouts may be just your dish, but if you all think you're well-camouflaged, no one's being fooled. Every last hat, glove and stocking in this amorous scene sheds a phosphorescent glow that can be seen far and wide. In fact there's nothing like it for smashing the Seventh Column—that triple threat of reckless driving in blackouts. The gal on the left is topped off with layers of feathers and veiling, while the frosting on the oblivious one is an arabesque of ribbon-covered wire. The wary artist in self-defense is haloed in a jersey scarf that has her up to her ears in a garden of nosegays. All of their gloves are jersey.

(For answers to Fashion queries, address Dora Deane, % Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

ALERT: *Among the letters Dora Deane has had, inquiring about the Vertès-depicted items, almost a fourth have been from women, showing that some careless guys have failed to heed our fair warning to snip off this page below the line before leaving the magazine around for their female dependents to pick up.*

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


Long are the Years
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
Owensboro — Kentucky
ONE QUART

For seventy-two uninterrupted years, the same family has dictated the character of Kentucky Tavern . . . This whiskey is six years old.

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The Sporting Scene

Intriguing prospect of ladies pinch-hitting in sports till the lads return

by HERB GRAFFIS

• SPORTS •
R

WHEN James Gallagher, impresario of Mr. Wrigley's hirelings, the Chicago Cubs, first spoke of putting girls' softball teams into the Cub ball park, there were citizens who asked, "Ain't that what you have been having?"

It was a bitter jest but it did not dismay Mr. Gallagher a whit, for after what Mr. Gallagher has been through as general manager of the Cubs, his dismay functions no longer can react. He goes around smiling through his tears and making quips and being the brave little wag to hide his bleeding heart.

But Mr. Gallagher and his ladies' big league softball may be like the guy in the old time ads who was laughed at when he sat down to play the piano but due to six easy mail-order lessons, turned out to be such a sensational success he married the madam and lived happily ever after. Mr. Gallagher was not joking when he mentioned female softball as a nocturnal revenue producer for the Wrigley playground. The more you think of it the better it looks as entertainment for the weary workers who have worn themselves down to the point where the most refreshing enjoyment they can get is to see others in competitive sweats.

It certainly cannot look to be a whimsical venture to Gallagher as he considers that girls' softball in Chicago has outdrawn the major leagues and has attracted the keenly interested attention of professional gamblers, although with no particularly suspicious evidence of diverting the ladies from their wholesome efforts *pour le sport* and *le paycheck.* However, it must be admitted that when gamblers begin to show close attention to a sport, the popularity of that sport is beyond question.

There are obstacles to be surmounted before Gallagher gets women's softball established on a major circuit basis, and one of the obstacles is the salaries of the amateur lady softballers. The nut to get women's softball established as a big business under more compact management is something representing the profit on many a trainload of gum. The girls, both ostensible amateurs and the frank pros, have been drawing well for several years. And it cannot be said that the dames are dummies and are going to let the money they magnetize through the gates go in undue share to some chump of a male who may not know what to do with it. That is not the woman's way of things.

You never can tell how things in sport will go these days so it may be that when the lads come back from overseas service and go out to the ball park, they will be astonished by hearing an elderly fan who stayed at home remark: "The Bums haven't a chanst no more. Basket McCloskey, who has won twelve and lost two, is having a baby and won't be able to pitch for three weeks, and Gams Klotz, who has been hitting .350, cut a hand badly on the breakfast dishes this morning."

But even with Basket and Gams out of the game it will be worth watching, unless the ladies during the next few years slump into that dreary, colorless, mechanical status that undeniably has diminished the intensity of fans' fervor. The girls play hard and many of them have virile, robust amazonian qualities that endear them, on a platonic basis, to their partisans.

A few of the aesthetes of sports such as Mr. Charles Dunkley of the Associated Press, wince at ladies' softball under the impression that an expert lady softballer chaws tobacco and beats out a bunt on a close play by the reprehensible technique of expelling the cud drainings into the near eye of the first basewoman. Nevertheless Mr. Dunkley and others of his ilk often are found of soft summer nights, after tempestuous days, parked in the stands at ladies' softball games, and despite the brilliant lighting at such establishments, frequently hold on their laps, unopened, such thrilling volumes as *War and Peace* or *The Guermantes Way,* to fix their eyes on the gambols of the muscular wenches.

Do not think that the representative female softball player is optically offensive and built on the general pattern of a Mark VI tank. Some of them are quite comely maidens with fuselages not at all unpleasing. Unfortunately for women's softball, the most generally used costume is perhaps the most godawful garb ever put over the human form divine, and the alternative shorts, which reveal endearing young charms, also expose the maiden's hide to cruel abrasions from the infield dirt and the lumps left by fangs of night-blooming insects other than occupants of the stands.

For women's wrestling and boxing, the prospects do not appear to be promising. There is a charm and suspense, though, even to women's wrestling matches and many an old guy has watched such affairs with his eyes filling with tears, and the encounters brought back to him memories of childhood days at the county fair when the grand finale was the collision of two antique locomotives

Continued on page 106

Essential ...FOR ACTIVE MEN

YOUR *FEET* work overtime, too, these days! But in Wright Arch Preserver Shoes they don't suffer from the extra activities, longer hours and unaccustomed walking required by war. Four patented features eliminate foot aches and pains, provide unrationed relief and comfort. And these shoes offer extra wear plus a practically-new look even after resoling. You will be correctly fitted by experts who have available an unusual size range... some models in sizes to 15... some with widths AAAA to EEE.

A thousand fine dealers carry these top quality "essential" shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. E-6, Rockland, Massachusetts.

WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
1
2
3
4

4 PATENTED COMFORT FEATURES
1. *Patented Shank*
2. *Metatarsal Raise*
3. *Flat Forepart*
4. *Correct Arch Fitting*

WRIGHT
Arch Preserver
SHOES

Akron	M. O'Neil Co.
Allentown	Wetherhold-Metzger
Atlanta	Geo. Muse Clo. Co.
Baltimore	N. Hess' Sons
Beaumont	White House
Binghamton	Strange's
Birmingham	Selby-Bonfield
Boston	Walsh Shoe Shop Graham Shoe Co. Filene's Men's Store
Bridgeport	Meigs & Co., Inc.
Brooklyn	Phone WI 7-6540
Buffalo	A. M. & A's
Canton, O.	Vicary's
Charleston, S. C.	Condon's
Charleston, W. Va.	The Diamond
Charlotte	Gilmer-Moore
Chicago	Marshall Field
Cincinnati	Potter Shoe Co.
Cleveland	Stone Shoe Co.
Columbus	Walters Shoe Co.
Dallas	Volk Bros. Co.
Dayton	Hageman's
Denver	Fontius Shoe Co.
Des Moines	Field Shoe Co.
Detroit	R. H. Fyfe & Co.
Elizabeth	Hilgendorff's
Evansville	Combs Shoe Co.
Flint	The Hub
Fort Wayne	Selby Shoes
Fresno	Reliable Shoe Store
Grand Rapids	Steketee's
Harrisburg	Crego's
Hartford	G. Fox & Co. W. G. Simmons Corp.
Hollywood	Goodwin's
Holyoke	Childs
Houston	Sakowitz Bros.
Indianapolis	Marott's
Jackson	Selby Shoes
Jacksonville	Levy's
Jersey City	Wenton's
Joliet	The Eagle
Kansas City	Miller Shoe Co.
Knoxville	S. H. George
Lancaster	Shaub's
Lansing	Schaefer's
Lawrence	Dickerman-McQuade
Lexington	Phillips
Lima	Crawford's
Lincoln	Haney's
Long Beach, Calif.	Dobyn's
Los Angeles	Gude's Inc. Bullock's
Louisville	Rodes Rapier
Macon	Macon Shoe Co.
Memphis	Oak Hall
Miami	Burdine's
Minneapolis	C. M. Stendal The Dayton Company
Nashville	Meador's
Newark	Funk, Lewis
New Haven	Emerson-Darby
New Orleans	Pokorny's
New York City	In Metropolitan New York are many dealers. For store most conveniently located — telephone WIsconsin 7-6540
Oakland	Chas. Kushins
Okla. City	Rothschild's
Omaha	Arch Preserver Shoe
Passaic	Stenchever's
Paterson	Konner's Stenchever's
Peoria	John Moser's Crawford's
Philadelphia	Cherry's Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's Boggs & Buhl
Portland, Me.	Lamey-Wellehan
Portland, Ore.	Meier-Frank
Providence	Kays-Newport Thomas F. Peirce
Reading	Wetherhold-Metzger
Richmond	Miller, Rhoads
Roanoke	Bush-Flora
Rochester	Pidgeon's
St. Louis	Famous-Barr Co. Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
St. Paul	Emporium
St. Petersburg	X-Ray Shoes
Sacramento	Devlin's
Salt Lake	Thompson Co.
San Antonio	Frank Bros.
San Francisco	Sommer & Kaufmann
Scranton	Lewis & Reilly
Seattle	Nordstrom's Frederick & Nelson
Shreveport	Phelps
So. Bend	Selby Shoes
Spokane	The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.	Luers'
Springfield Mass.	Morse&Haynes
Syracuse	Park, Brannock
Toledo	B. R. Baker Co.
Topeka	Payne Shoes
Trenton	Fischer's
Utica	Hughes'
Waco	Hub Clothiers
Washington	Boyce & Lewis Raleigh-Haberdasher
Wichita	John Braitsch
Wilkes-Barre	Walters
Wilmington	Storm's
Worcester	Taymor's
York, Pa.	Newswanger's
Youngstown	J. W. Smith

For Women — Selby Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

Host: Who was that bubble I saw you with last night?

Melting Ice: (slyly) Which one? When I meet drinks made with ordinary club soda, I run wild. My air bubbles wolf a drink's sparkle alive—eat it and sneak it right out of your drink. My ice water dilutes what's left. Gone is sparkle and tangy zest. Do I have fun!

Host: Not this time, you don't! I'm mixing this one with Canada Dry Water. It's got "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"*—millions of tinier bubbles. Sparkling tang and delicious flavor last to the bottom sip. Melting Ice: The jig's up. *Bang!*

Clock:— Hey—how long is this going on? I've ticked so many times since you recapped that Canada Dry Water and put it in the refrigerator my springs creak. Gosh, its zesty sparkle lasts!

GOING OUT? Speak up for this finer club soda. It makes any drink taste better.

* **PIN-POINT CARBONATION**—the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

CANADA DRY WATER

BUY THE BIG BOTTLE—SAVE MONEY—CONSERVE CAPS

CLUB SODA
Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 105

in the infield of the harness horse track.

It is not to be thought, even by the most optimistic, that the young men away at the war will be spurred to quicker completion of their responsibilities by the thought of returning home to be entertained by two lady grunters who look as though their brassieres had been fabricated by boilermakers. Lady boxers are not especially beguiling either, unless a gentleman happens to have had trouble at home and, with his tripe well bathed by spirits, happens to drop in on a bout in which some sinewy female is beating the hell out of a woman who looks like his spouse. Even under such circumstances, a gentleman does not find the performance entirely satisfactory. He sits there (if he still is able to sit up) and thinks that his old lady could out-punch the winner, so he had better not go home to sleep this one off.

For some reason the cultural possibilities of the prize ring, so far as women are concerned, are simply not in it with Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, Greenbrier or Stephens. Gentlemen have observed that women who patronize prize fights sometimes seem to be the type of women who would drop in to witness a vivisection to kill time while they are dummies in bridge games.

Intriguing possibilities of women in the pugilistic traffic loomed when Leaping Lena, sister of that stalwart mauler, Kingfish Levinsky, was a second for her brother. Those were golden evenings when Lena's clarion call rang to the rafters as she counseled her battler to slug his opponent in a region she specified by a dressing-room word.

But that sweet nightingale of the resin has winged away from her cozy nest in the corner, and there have been no others to fulfill Lena's promise to fistiana.

Spun rayon shirts of loud plaids get a high rating.

Much was expected of Katie Jenkins, the wife of Lew, when he was lightweight champion. Katie had been an auto race driver and was a young woman of charming sincerity. When Jenkins was on his way up, boxing scribes gave him a lot of plugging because Katie was such a nice girl and believed so completely in her man.

The curious performance of the motive power in professional boxing was too much for Katie. After many headaches she got out.

Possibly one of her headaches was accompanied by a black eye the like of which is seldom seen on a woman's features. She showed up with it at a gym in Chicago where Lew was training. The explanation of the wonderful lamp was that Lew had had a bad dream. In the fury of his nightmare he took a poke at a phantom who wasn't there. Katie was, and Lew's fist connected.

The sister of Midget Smith was another young woman who was busy in the boxing trade for a while. She was the Smith boy's press agent and sent out unique releases. They were grammatical, hence were immediately identified by sports' desks as amateur productions. But Miss Smith soon retired.

Golf and tennis afford possibilities for the female athletes to put exhibition sports stronger on a soprano basis, but it'll probably be a long time before any other of the sisters make the money out of these refined pastimes that Susanne Lenglen made when she turned pro. La Belle Lenglen not only was a proficient athlete; she was a brilliantly colorful performer. The tennis and golf girls who have followed her never have been able to give themselves the circus appeal of Susanne. She was superbly spectacular.

Perhaps it is doing the girl athletes an injustice, but they don't seem to be as interestingly feline as they used to be. Girl golfers and tennis players a decade or so ago could—and would—pull cat tricks much faster than the male eye. Lately they appear to have been getting too, too nice.

They used to have the gift of bumping into interesting errors when they honestly were trying their damndest to be sweet. As near to a classic case as can be remembered happened at the 1933 United States women's amateur golf championship. As a medalist prize, the women's committee had bought a magnificent replica of a silver bowl Paul Revere had designed. On this expensive reproduction was engraved the original bowl's lettering, which was something to the effect that the bowl "was sacred to the memory of the Massachusetts colonists, who in obedience to their consciences and in defiance of British tyranny" told England to go scratch itself.

Alas for the good shopping that got the bowl wholesale! It was won by Enid Wilson, the husky pleasant English girl who recently was mentioned in the papers as having lost an eye during a bombing raid.

When it was realized that the English visitor had won a trophy bearing historic anti-British sentiments, there was much scurrying around for a replacement. By fire department speed the hostesses

Continued on page 108

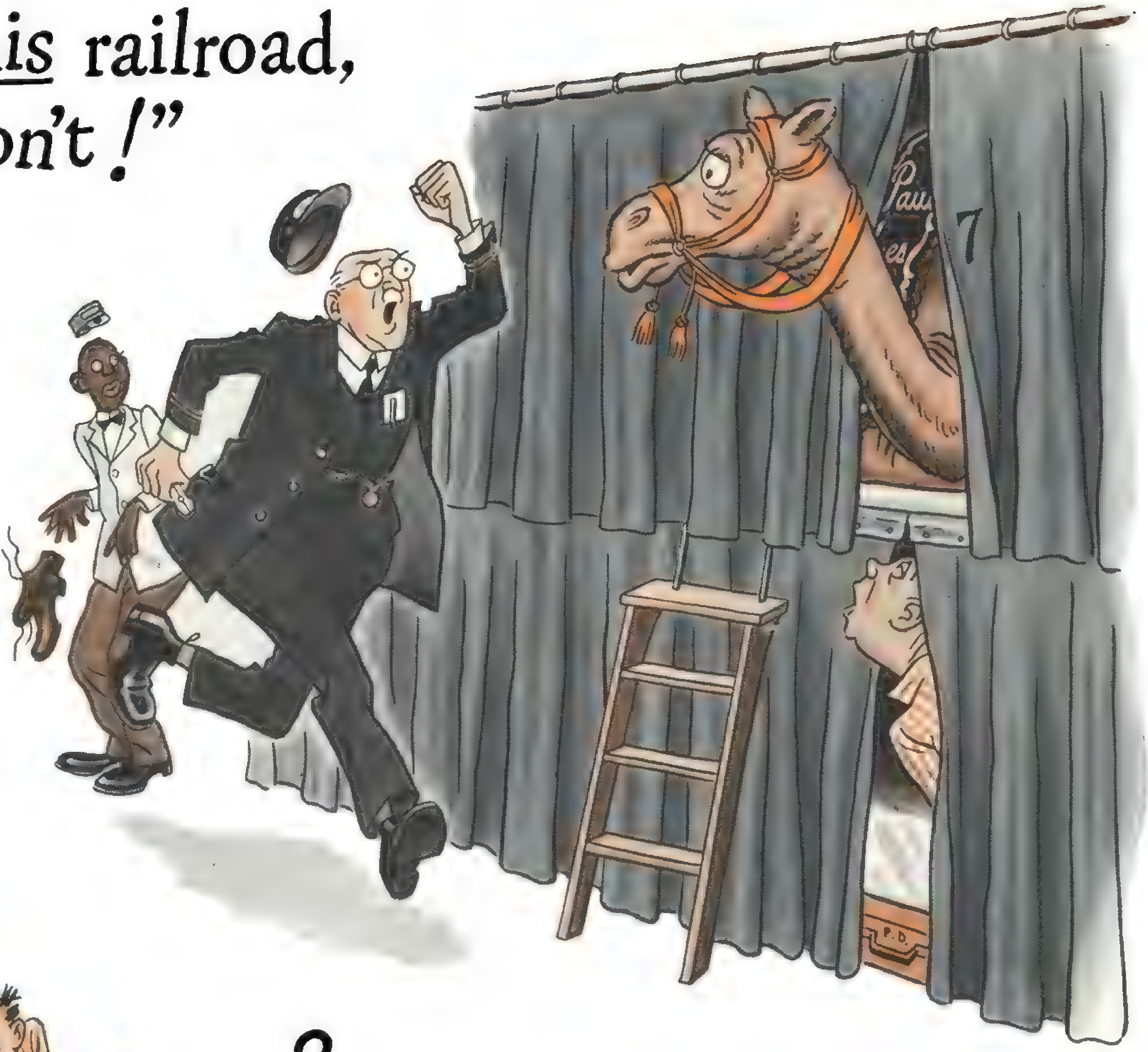
"Not on *this* railroad, y'don't!"

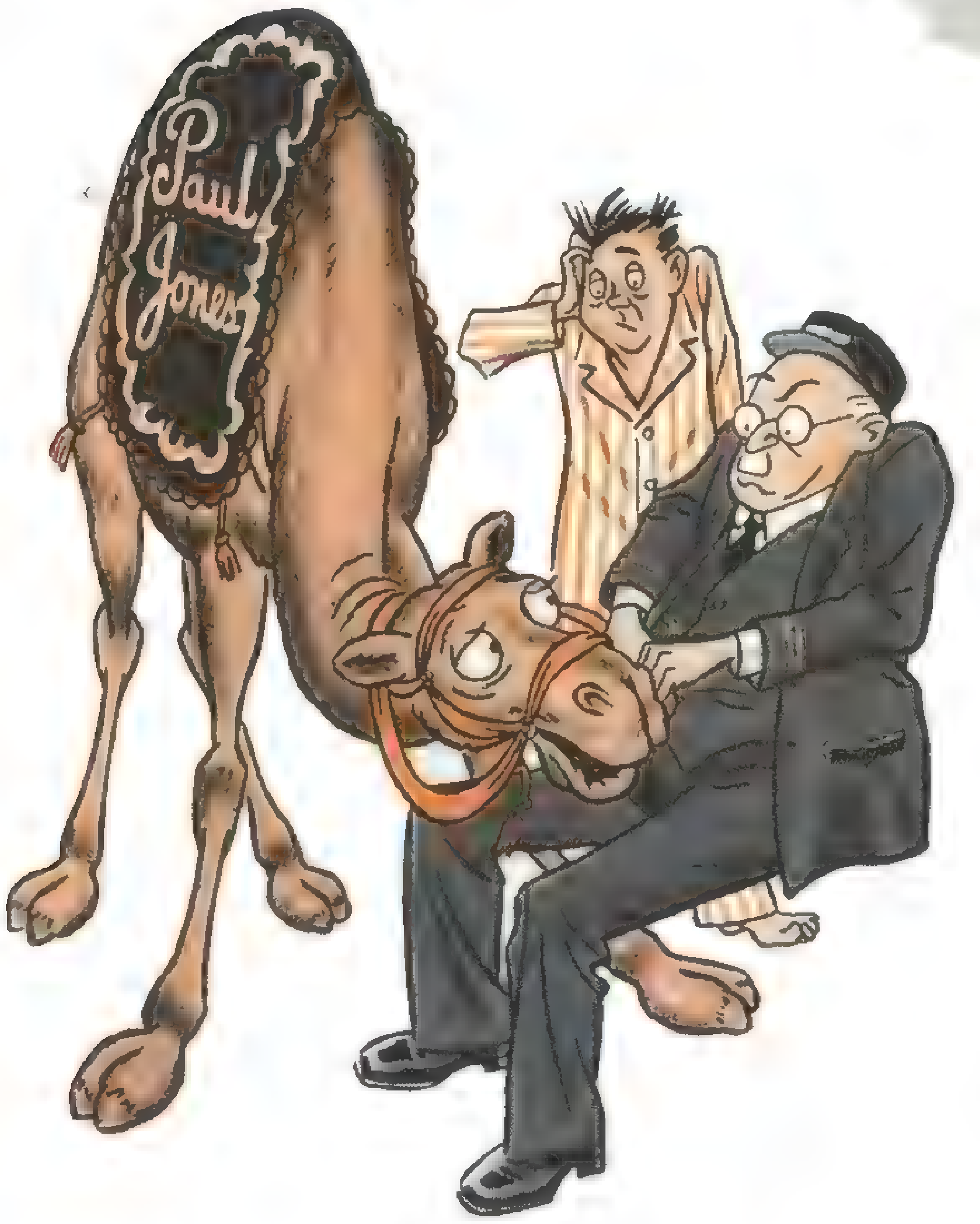
1.

CONDUCTOR: Now dagbustit, Camel, I will have to throw you outa here. I will have to give you the heave.

CAMEL: But, Sahib. I've got a ticket! I—

CONDUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel. Rules is rules. An' regulations is regulations. An' the rules an' regulations o' this railroad positively say you go in the Cattle Car!





2.

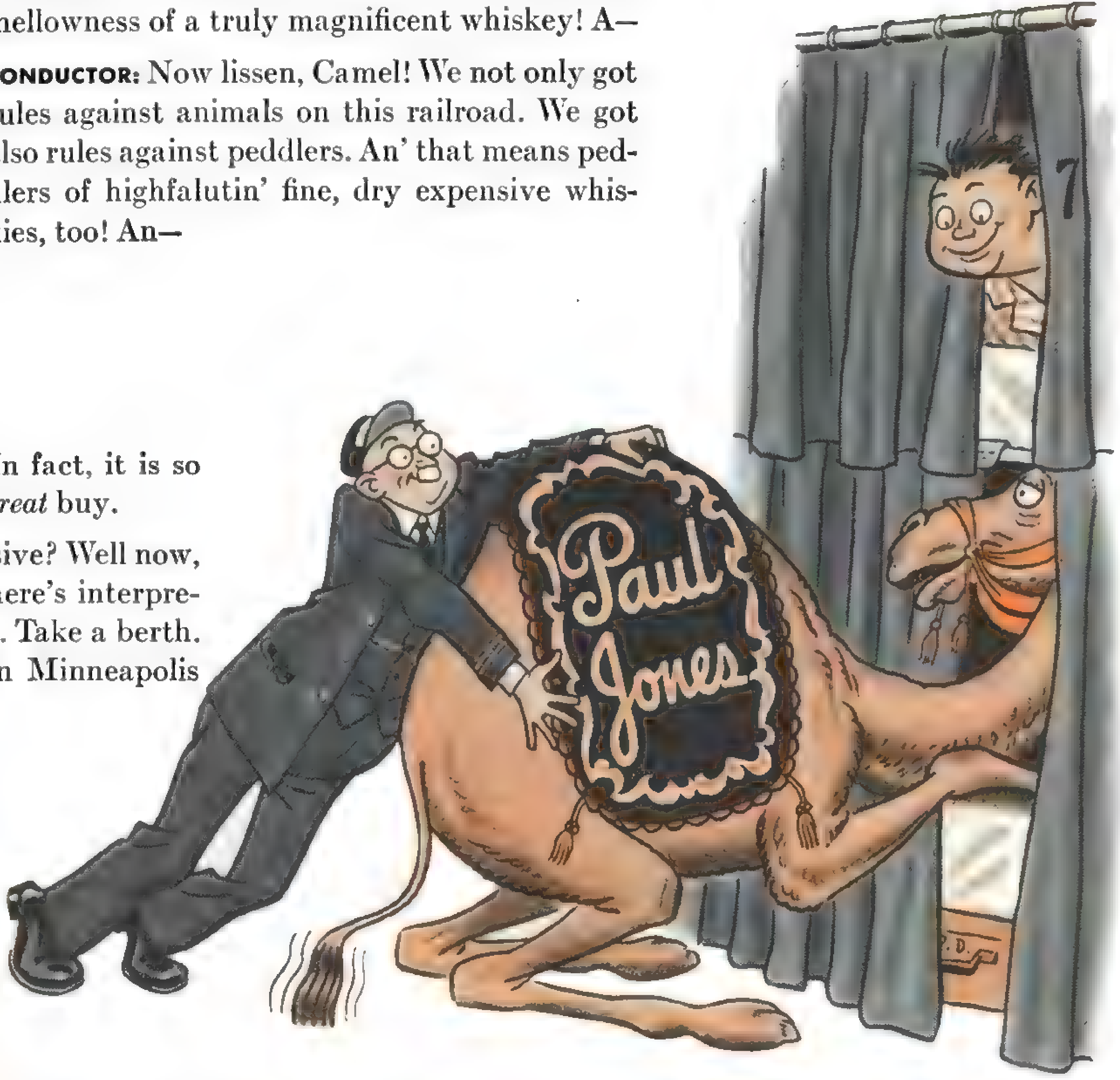
CAMEL: But, Master! My mission is *here!* I'm the Paul Jones Camel, the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in *dry* Paul Jones whiskey! And I'm here to explain how this wondrous quality of *dryness* . . . this lack of sweetness in Paul Jones, permits *all* of its flavor to come through! Lets you enjoy the *full* richness and mellowness of a truly magnificent whiskey! A—

CONDUCTOR: Now lissen, Camel! We not only got rules against animals on this railroad. We got also rules against peddlers. An' that means peddlers of highfalutin' fine, dry expensive whiskies, too! An—

3.

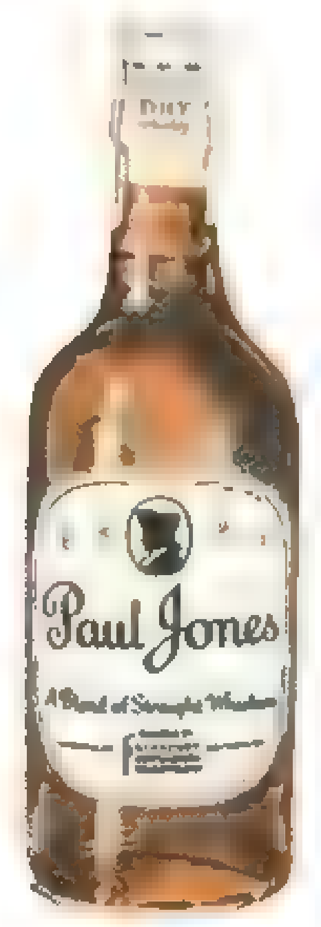
CAMEL: But Paul Jones is *not* expensive, Sahib! In fact, it is so moderately priced that wise men find it a truly *great* buy.

CONDUCTOR: A *dry* whiskey, Camel! And *not* expensive? Well now, dag*bustit!* There's interpretations of rules and there's interpretations. An' dagbustit, you ain't no cattle, Camel. Take a berth. Take a *lower* berth. An' wait'll I tell the boys in Minneapolis about this wonderful *dry* Paul Jones.



The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

New Cream Deodorant
Prevents Under-arm Odor...
...Vanishes Instantly!

...already a habit with thousands of men

Men who take pride in good grooming know it is just plain common sense to use a deodorant that prevents under-arm odor *and* also prevents shirt stains caused by perspiration.

No wonder thousands of men all over the country have made Arrid a regular habit.

More Arrid is used than any other under-arm deodorant. It is the *preferred* masculine deodorant for these 5 important reasons:

1. It prevents odor caused by under-arm perspiration.
2. *Arrid checks excessive under-arm perspiration and* prevents staining and rotting of shirts and coat linings.
3. *It takes only half a minute to use Arrid—it vanishes at once.*
4. *Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless cream, especially pleasing to men.*
5. *Arrid gives complete protection for 1 to 3 days.*

STOPS PERSPIRATION
ARRID
UNDER ARM DEODORANT

Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug store, 10c store or department store. 10c, 39c, 59c a jar.

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING UNDER-ARM DEODORANT

The Sporting Scene

Continued from pages 105-106

got a substitute trophy for Miss Wilson and escaped a lasting charge of deliberate cattiness.

Now the armed services, and especially the Navy, are making swimming a "must" in their physical training programs. By virtue of reminding the lads that swimming may mean the difference between life and death, the authorities have managed to develop slightly more than a casual interest among the non-swimmers. At the New London submarine base, the answer has been found for heating up a keen interest in natation. Sundays at the base pool there is mixed swimming. It is sailor nature to consider drowning as merely one of the numerous risks of the business, but it is sailors' stronger nature to want to dock alongside lovely lassies whose exquisite bulges are snugly veneered by bathing suits.

Since the scheduling of the mixed swimming classes at New London the tars are virtually sprouting web feet and a salt who cannot swim a half mile with a six-inch gun under each arm and a beautiful mermaid splashing by his side is considered to be a patient for the eye doctors.

With the handsome life guards being away in military service this summer, their jobs will be filled by many shapely maidens who have attained fame as swimmers and divers. And unless the nature of the male has changed greatly, employment of female life guards will result in more swimming by men past the age of active combat capabilities and by those deferred for labor in war industries.

After looking at the sport page pictures of some of these female life guards, it is almost certain that many a guy will be practicing drowning and the young ladies will have to perfect a new lifesaving technique, with one hand free for paddling and the other hand available for slapping a gentleman who still obeys a primitive impulse other than that of self-preservation.

The possibility of a decided swing to women as headliners in wartime sports will have one limitation. The officiating at the games still will be done, with very few exceptions, by men. It rarely is the nature of a female to be impartial, and instinctive bias will rule them out as arbiters.

However, decision generally eliminating women from serving in a judicial capacity in sports should not be made until given a practical test. Dorothy Lamour diving into a football pileup for a pigskin concealed beneath twenty-two virile young men should draw a Rose Bowl crowd. After the first play Dorothy could signal faintly toward the sidelines asking for some other maiden to come in and officiate the next down.

Tricks of the Trade

Notes on Learning

by John Kieran

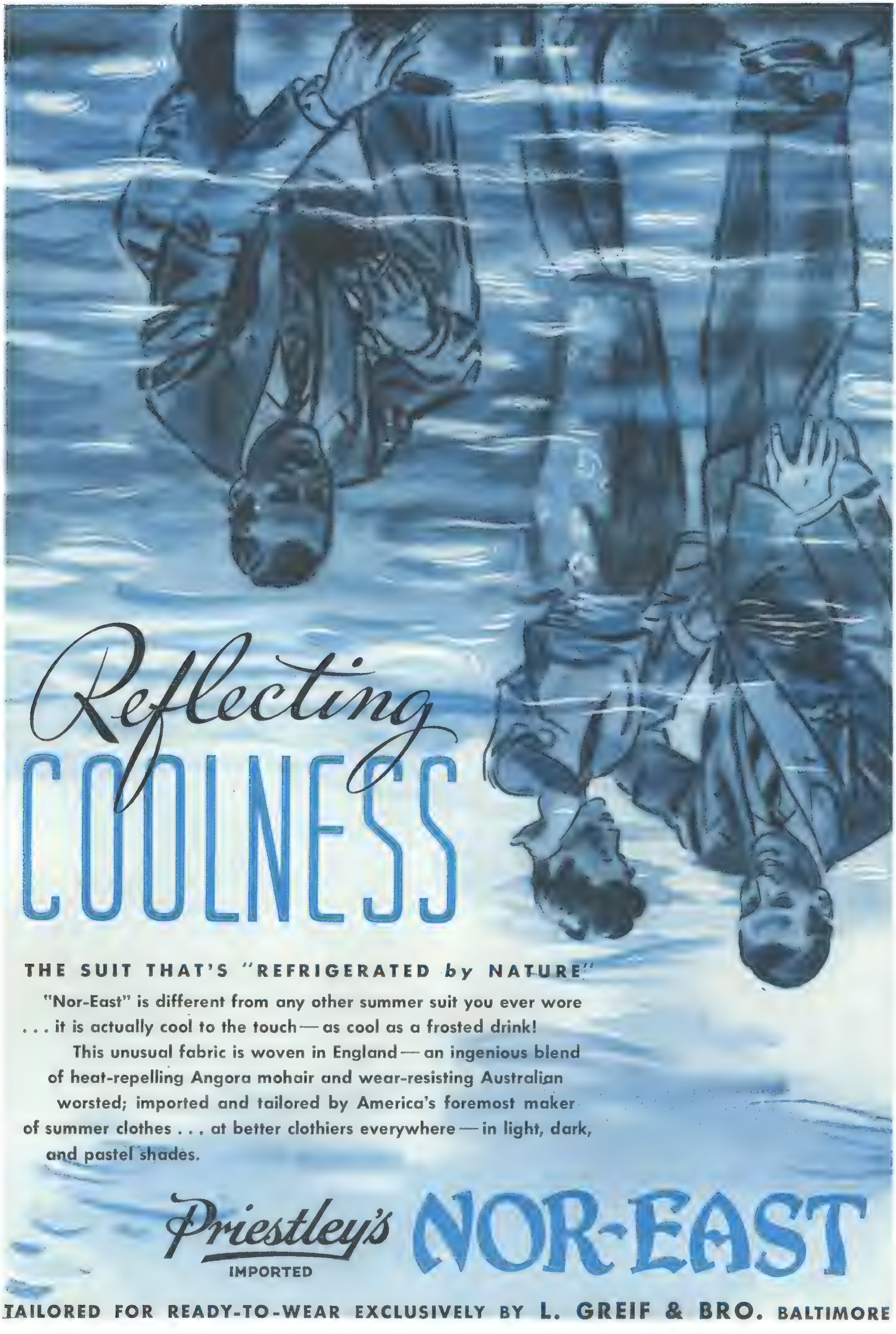
Thumb-twiddlers drive me frantic. All that lovely time going to waste while they squat in a waiting room or a bus! Anyone who constantly carries a book in his pocket will be amazed at how much reading he gets done between times. A famous English lawyer once wrote a book in the odd moments he spent waiting for his wife to finish dressing . . .

The power of retention is built up with practice, and brain cells can be exercised and developed just as systematically as the biceps. Only with less bother. The whole world is a mental gymnasium and whatever you are doing at any waking moment can be turned into a cerebral workout . . .

If you can't bring enthusiasm to learning, you may as well forget about it. It's like trying to light a fire without a match. It can be done by rubbing two sticks together, but why go to all that drudgery? Kindle your interest in a subject—or drop the subject.

William Lyon Phelps crams more knowledge into students' heads than any other professor, because he doesn't really cram it. He makes them laugh and gives them the impression that learning is fun. The rest takes care of itself . . .

Unfortunately, 999 teachers out of a thousand say you'll learn this and like it—instead of you'll like this and learn it. As a result, most persons' education doesn't begin until the day after they leave school.



Reflecting
COOLNESS

THE SUIT THAT'S "REFRIGERATED *by* NATURE"

"Nor-East" is different from any other summer suit you ever wore . . . it is actually cool to the touch — as cool as a frosted drink! This unusual fabric is woven in England — an ingenious blend of heat-repelling Angora mohair and wear-resisting Australian worsted; imported and tailored by America's foremost maker of summer clothes . . . at better clothiers everywhere — in light, dark, and pastel shades.

Priestley's NOR-EAST
IMPORTED

TAILORED FOR READY-TO-WEAR EXCLUSIVELY BY **L. GREIF & BRO.** BALTIMORE

Meet Miss "VITAMINS Plus"

Let Her Be Your Inspiration
If You Are Beginning To Feel

TIRED... NERVOUS IRRITABLE...

Losing Your Sparkle and Drive because of
EVERYDAY VITAMIN SHORTAGE

There's no place on the fighting front *or the home front* for the wan and listless victim of everyday vitamin shortage. If this unhappy condition is beginning to make you feel below par—jumpy, depressed, looking as dull and uninteresting as you feel—start taking "VITAMINS Plus" today!

See if you don't soon begin to enjoy renewed energy and renewed interest in life—to *feel* better and so *look* better!

Results are usually so good because "VITAMINS Plus" is a complete, balanced combination (full protective potencies) of *all* the essential vitamins. What's more, "VITAMINS Plus" actually gives you *extra* B-Complex vitamins and *added* iron! Remember . . .

NOTE.
"VITAMINS Plus" is Non-Fattening!

Life Begins with
VITAMINS Plus

9 Days' Supply .75
36 Days' Supply 2.75
72 Days' Supply 5.00

AT DRUGSTORES, DEPARTMENT STORES
AND ARMY POST EXCHANGES

The Only Multi-Vitamin Product Recommended by Makers of Vicks VapoRub

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 88

Rock, as awful a play as has come along in some years, would take on the relative quality of *Hamlet*. The petroleum business is just as respectable in its way as the theatre. Let Mr. Faust and others like him who yearn to be O'Neills or Sam Shipmans ponder the fact.

Yet it is doubtful if they will. And the inevitable, understandable and under the circumstances, even forgivable result will be still more grossly amateur concoctions of the species that one of the banking Rothschilds contributed to the Paris stage, that such oil men as Davis wrote in *The Ladder*, that such otherwise admirable brewery executives as my friend, Ed Self, wrote in *The Distant City*, and that other men successful in Wall Street, the glue factory business and the manufacture of ladies' underwear and toilet accessories have written in plays like *Bulls, Bears and Asses*.

* * *

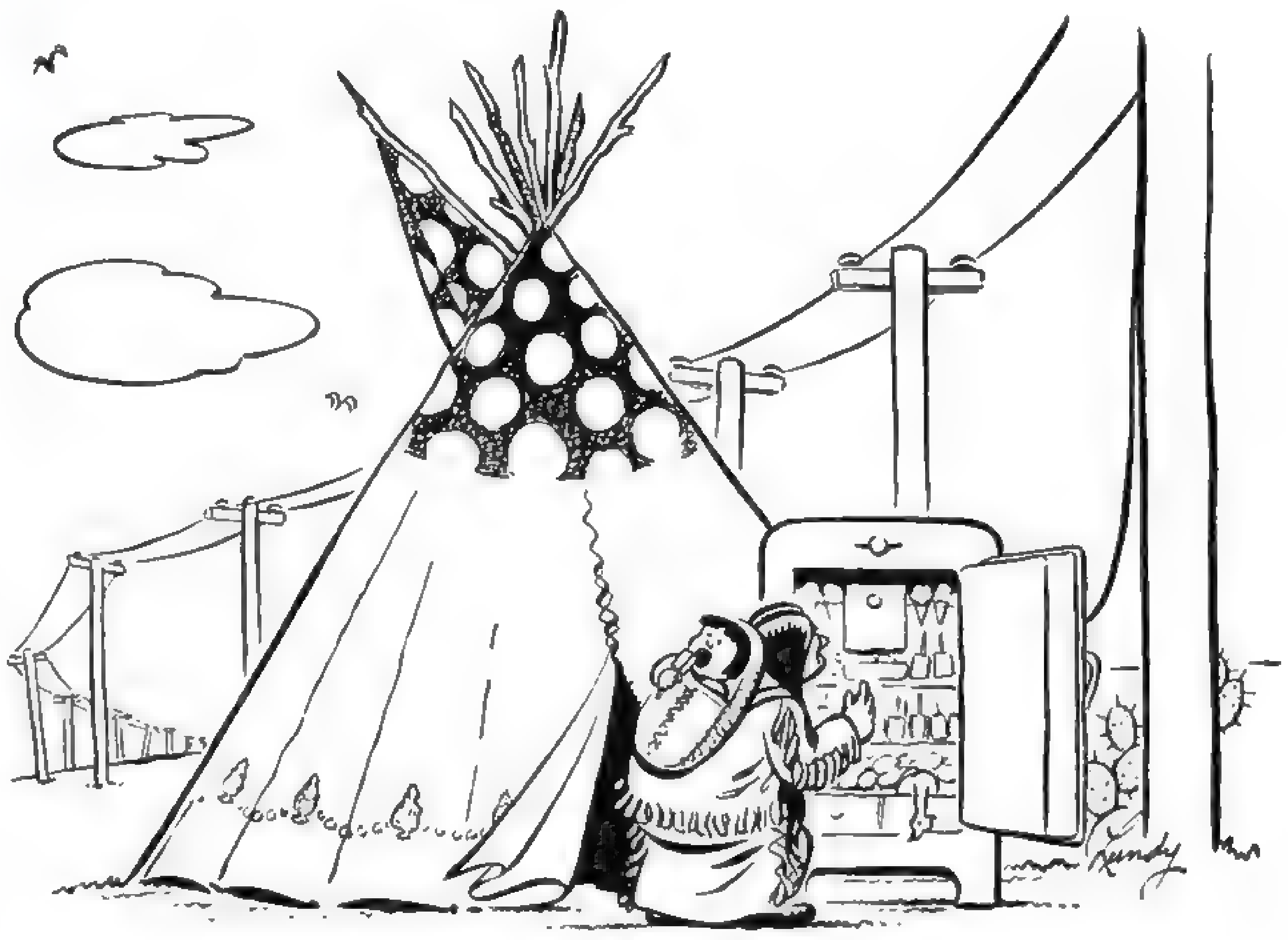
The Messrs. Shubert have put on a sufficiently gay, well-decorated and recommendable show in their newest edition of the *Follies*, and they are at liberty to quote me in the advertisements to that effect, but I wish they might have dug up at least five or six more girls as pretty as Ziegfeld used to. There are one or two on their stage that pass muster, but one or two, as Ziegfeld well appreciated, are hardly enough to satisfy the Mormon eye of connoisseurs of musical shows.

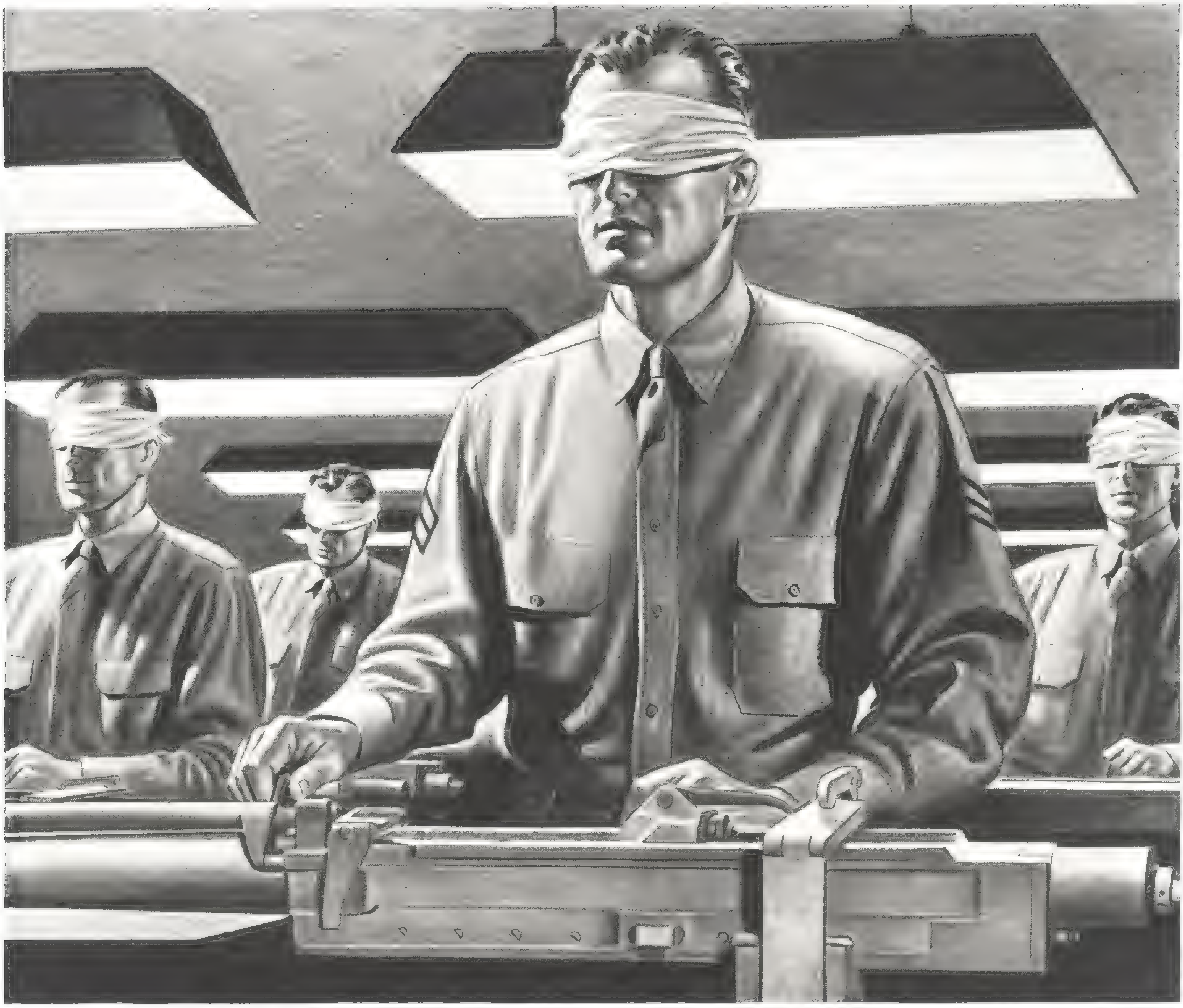
They will doubtless politely reply that they got the best-looking girls available, and that Jehovah and George Jessel could do no more. But I privilege myself a soupspoon of skepticism. There never were so many pretty cookies sitting idly around New York as at present, I am told on the authority of men who don't sit around idly. You will find them, my information goes, out-of-work at the Stage Door Canteen, drinking round after round of chocolate sodas at Walgreen's, hanging disappointedly outside agents' offices, desperately wasting hours on a lamb chop in the company of old bores, and trying to make a little living money as theatre ushers, cloak and suit models, waitresses, and cigarette and hat check girls. In my intermittent promenades I have caught sight of any number capable of knocking a front row's combined eye out, and I have a friend, somewhat less allergic to beauty, who was so overcome that he married three of the peachcakes within a week.

* * *

This season's Helen Hayes vehicle, *Harriet*, by Colin Clements and Florence Ryerson, is a decrepit concoction treating of the life and works of Harriet Beecher Stowe, does not overlook the greasepaint opportunity for some analogical rhetoric denouncing tyrants, and once again proves, if nothing else, that fine plays, contrary to the popular opinion, are not and seldom have been the prime essential of and greatest contribution to an important histrionic career. It is often junk that has elevated an actor or actress to eminence in the profession. *Camille* has done more for certain actresses than any of the more worthy plays they have appeared in, as has such unholy claptrap as *David Garrick, The Bells* and *The Corsican Brothers* for certain male idols. Bernhardt and Duse built careers largely on second- and third-rate drama; Irving, Tree and Guitry ditto.

Miss Hayes, who occupies a foremost position among our American actresses, has surely not attained to that kudos by virtue of the consistent quality of her plays. For one reputable one like *Caesar and Cleopatra* or even *Victoria Regina* she has appeared in at least half a dozen like *Ladies and Gentlemen, Petticoat Influence, The Good Fairy, Coquette, Mr. Gilhooley* and *Young Blood*. For one actor like Maurice Evans who has made name and fame principally out of Shakespeare, you will have small difficulty in finding another, like, say, David Warfield, who had them removing the horses and pulling his carriage uptown on the score of his performances in such ghastly flubdub as *The Auctioneer, The Music Master, The Return of Peter Grimm* and *A Grand Army Man*.





Masked Men...with Guns!

THEY'RE ARMY TECHNICIANS AT OLDSMOBILE'S FAMOUS ORDNANCE SERVICE SCHOOL . . . THEY'RE LEARNING TO ASSEMBLE A CANNON BLINDFOLDED . . . AS A TEST OF THEIR ABILITY TO KEEP 'EM FIRING!

Scene: THE OLDSMOBILE AIRCRAFT ARMAMENT SCHOOL.

Time: ANY DAY or ANY NIGHT.

The blindfold test is part of the regular "final exam" for the men of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps who come to Oldsmobile for service training on the different types of aircraft cannon we build. In three weeks of intensive instruction, these armorers become so proficient that they can take apart or re-assemble an automatic aircraft cannon in total darkness, or blindfolded as the picture shows. The Oldsmobile Aircraft Armament School is the largest of its kind in the nation . . . training men at a rate of 10,000 a year. Oldsmobile operates it as an *additional* contribution to the war effort, supplementing its record-breaking output of cannon for planes, cannon for tanks, high explosive and armor piercing shell for tanks and the artillery. Keeping 'Em Firing is our big wartime job, and we follow through right down to the training of the men who service the weapons at the fighting front . . . weapons that will hasten Victory.

For this valuable training work—as well as for the production of cannon and shell—Oldsmobile was one of the first to be awarded the Army-Navy "E," and one of the first to earn a star on the pennant for continued achievement!

You can help "Keep 'Em Firing," too, by Buying War Bonds and Stamps!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF *"FIRE-POWER"* FOR THE U. S. A. ★

SWANK jewelry makes a man look better, feel better and work better. Limited in quantity, yet unchanged in quality. $1 to $25.

SK
SWK
SK
SK
SWANK

Robby, All-Around Coach

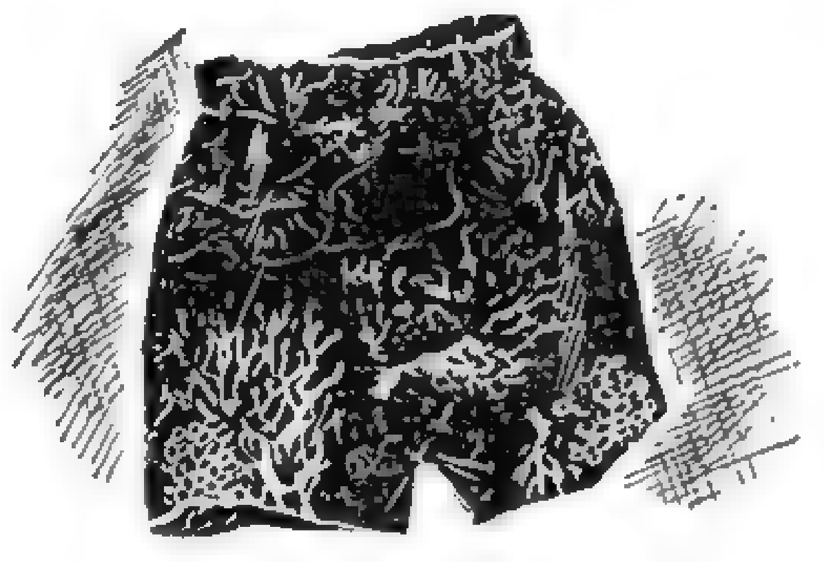
Continued from page 65

law degree, he became disgusted and went to work in a St. Paul law office, studying for the bar exam. America entered the war, and he tried to enlist but was turned down on a minor physical defect. Then he had an offer to coach at Kentucky Wesleyan and accepted, coaching until the end of the basketball season. On his return to St. Paul, he was accepted by the Navy and was shipped to Hampton Roads where he remained until honorably discharged on January 7, 1919.

Turning now to the only business he knew, he became coach at Georgetown College in Kentucky, handling basketball, baseball and track. The next step was the University of Illinois summer school for coaches, which netted him the post at Kansas State Teachers College at Hays, Kansas. This didn't look big enough, so he began shopping around and landed at Bradley.

During the summers now, the entire family works at a Peoria recreation center. Mrs. Robertson and the two daughters, both Bradley coeds, teach girls' swimming; while Jim, junior high freshman, and Bill, sixth grader, assist Robby with the boys' program.

Ever since Robby finished up his work on his M.A. degree in physical education at the University of Iowa in 1936, he has turned down more lucrative offers of summer employment in order to spend his time in recreation duties with his own sons and other youngsters. He organized a midget softball team that has won the city title three out of the last five years, and also coached the junior baseball champs the past three years without losing a game. Both of his sons are members of these teams. Jim, aged fourteen, played second base on a team in the Sunday Morning league last summer and was the youngest member of the circuit. Bill, eleven, is the catcher on the midget softball champs.



American designs add zest to gaily printed swim shorts.

Mrs. Robertson, a former Chicago school teacher, also is a Bradley product by virtue of her A.B. degree in 1936. It's her contention that Robby is the most superstitious coach in the business. "Why, every day before a game I have to prepare the victory food or he won't touch a bite," she told me. "That's spaghetti!" Robby is also superstitious about neckties. He'll wear one for months if he's on a winning streak. And he thinks red suits are a jinx for his team.

Mrs. Robertson doesn't dare invite people in advance to the house for after-the-game affairs. Robby doesn't want to see anyone when he has lost. But when he wins, there are usually twenty-five to fifty friends who show up.

There's one other member of the family almost as famous as the others. That's Skeezix, just plain dog. He never misses a day trailing Robby to the office, and he sits in all his classes.

Of course, in a larger sense, all his players, past and present, are a part of his family. A visit to his office in the gym, or to the study at home, will convince you just how much his boys and teams down through the years have become a part of his life. Pictures of them cover the walls. "See that basketball team?" he will gesture with unrepressed pride. "That's the Famous Five, the '38-'39 bunch, and the greatest team in the forty-five years of Bradley sports. Those boys were plenty good. They only played two big games and then they beat Illinois, 30 to 22 and Iowa, 35 to 28."

When he gets to reminiscing over the football pictures, he invariably leads you to the 1926 groups. "That's the best team I ever coached," he claims. In individual stars, it's the same story . . . top men. Robby rates his best lineman as Dutch Meinen, who has been his line coach since graduating in 1922. Lee Handley, a great quarterback and baseball star, was a big league star for Pittsburgh until an automobile accident counted him out a year ago. Roy Carlson and Leland (Shorty) Elness played with the Chicago Bears. Dar Hutchins and Chuck Orsborn played pro basketball with Hammond.

Then there are the stars who have gone into that tougher competition. Two of these, aviators Ellis Fredrich and Willard Norval, have lost their lives in the war. Lieutenant Ed Kiefer was wounded at Pearl Harbor. Pat Redd, three-sport star for the Braves who won the national collegiate broad jump in 1932 and went on to take second in the Olympics, was the top man in hand-to-hand Commando fighting tactics at Fort Benning, Georgia. He is now a lieutenant instructing this type of fighting at Seattle, Washington. Lieutenant John Stickell, now a member of the R.C.A.F., was recently cited for bravery and awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Robby likes to look up at the pictures of these boys on his walls and talk about them. To him they are the golden harvest of all the sweat and pain and struggle of many a hard battle of sports.

Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain—richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life's truly finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ . . brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Happy Swallows!
No bitterness

Schlitz
Schlitz
Schlitz

Just the KISS *of the hops . . .*

Schlitz

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

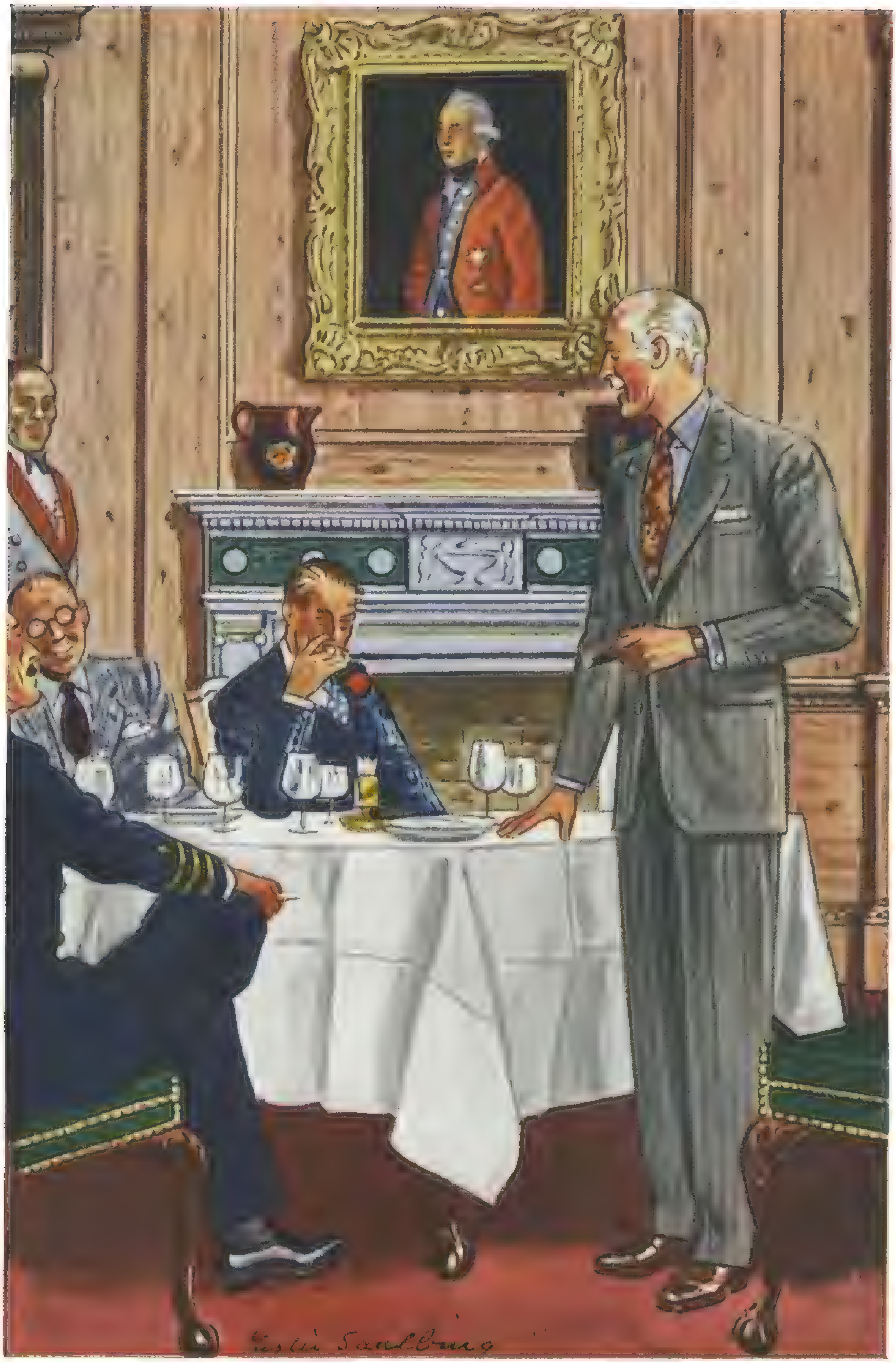


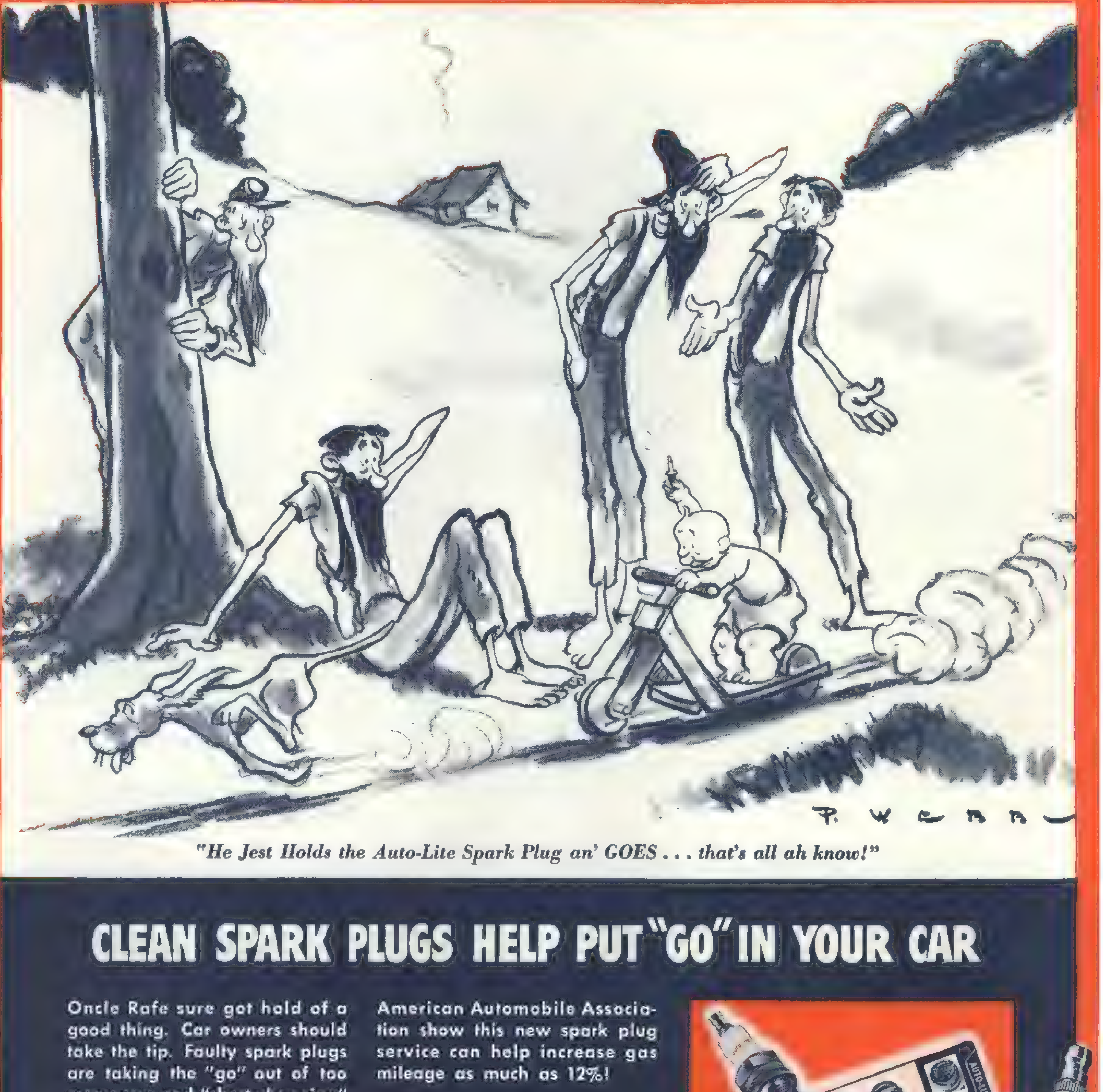
table tactics

The gentleman in Navy blue, out slumming for the afternoon no doubt, is herewith being served the usual portion of luncheon strategy. Whatever his military qualifications, the man at the right, who has thrown on any old custom-made thing, is intelligently rigged out to beat the heat. The suit is a lightweight worsted in close-set blue and grey stripes against a grey background. The jacket is a three-button single breasted model with tapered sleeves. The white-striped pale blue shirt is deceptively light and porous, being woven of fine cotton yarns. The large-figured tie is an effective splash of color, and also a highly acceptable one—since these patterns, originally restricted to sports outfits, are now in quite good standing for town. The other two civvies wear comfortable tropical worsted suits that illustrate how far we have come from the heyday of the plain white summer suit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



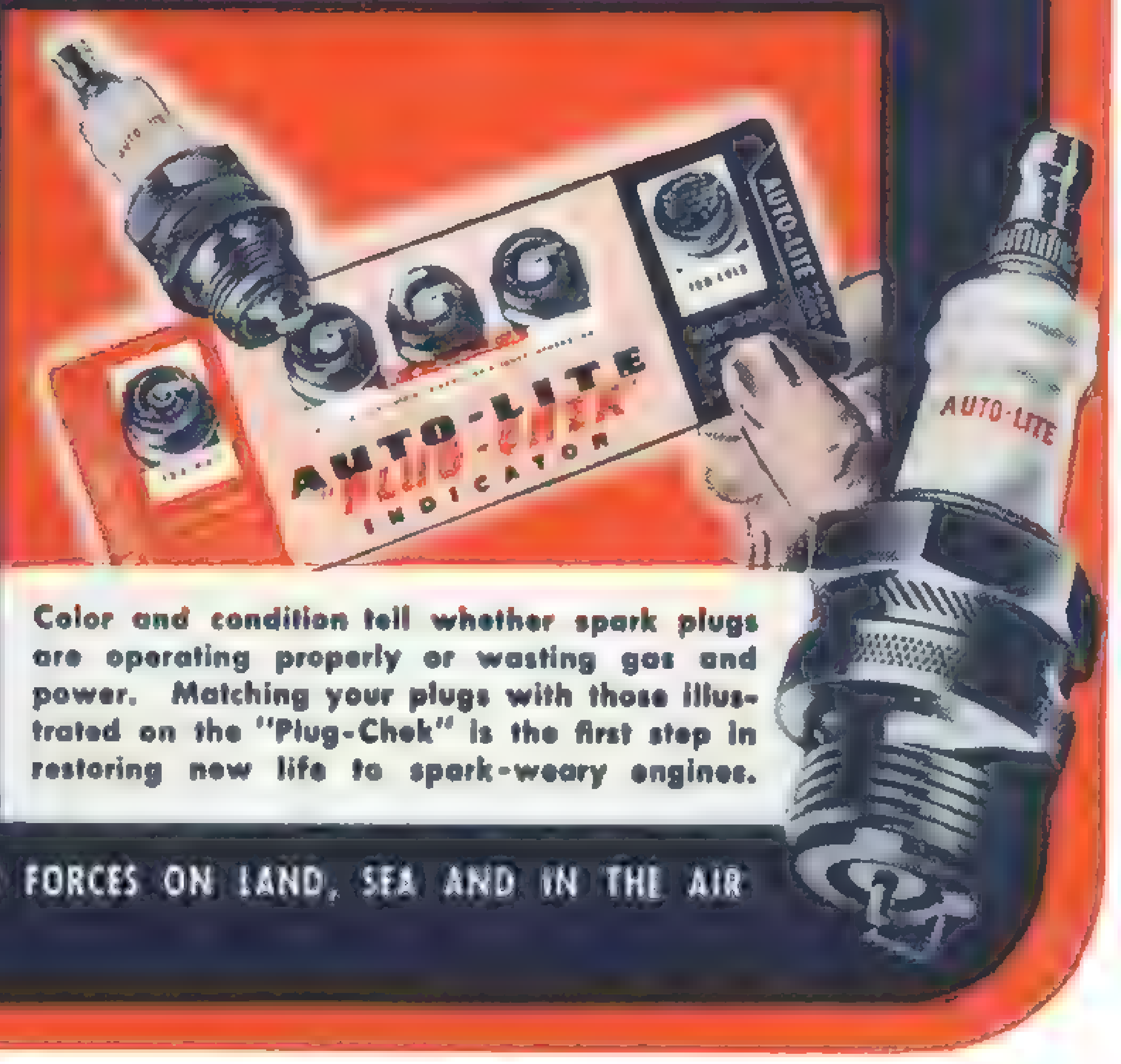
"He Jest Holds the Auto-Lite Spark Plug an' GOES . . . that's all ah know!"

CLEAN SPARK PLUGS HELP PUT "GO" IN YOUR CAR

Oncle Rafe sure got hold of a good thing. Car owners should take the tip. Faulty spark plugs are taking the "go" out of too many cars and "short-changing" owners on their mileage rations.

Auto-Lite's "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service is the new, easy way to spot spark plugs wasting gas and power. Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new spark plug service can help increase gas mileage as much as 12%!

You will find "Plug-Chek" as simple as the ABC that identifies a gas ration book. Get more miles of essential transportation. Ask your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for a "Plug-Chek" now.



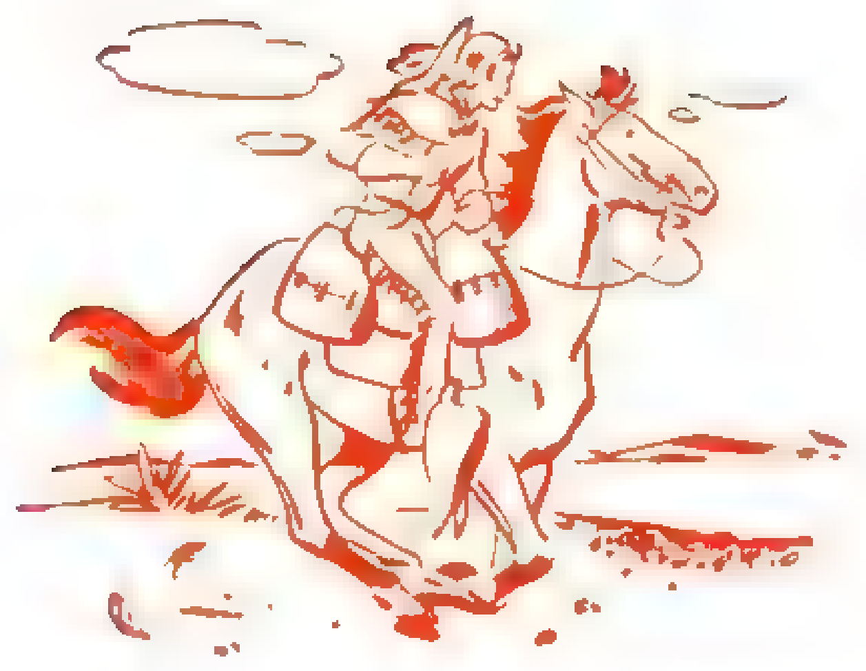
Color and condition tell whether spark plugs are operating properly or wasting gas and power. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in restoring new life to spark-weary engines.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • SARNIA, ONTARIO

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

THIS GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

has seen 85 exciting years



1858 The Pony Express went through to California; Lincoln and Douglas held their famous debates; the war between the states was brewing. And Corby's started its illustrious career.

1898 Torch light parades; "Remember The Maine"; the Spanish-American War started, with Americans singing "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight." Even then Corby's was a respected whiskey name, with 40 years behind it.

1903 Kittyhawk was the scene of the first flight of a plane heavier than air. Planes were first used in combat during the World War, which broke out 11 years later. The name Corby's continued its tradition as a symbol of fine whiskey.

CORBY'S
Special
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1943 Share-the-ride; coffee and sugar rationing; the civilian population participating in all-out global warfare. And Corby's more solidly than ever a part of the American scene.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Yes, Corby's, that grand old Canadian name, has seen exciting years . . . exciting events . . . is living through them now. And while the distillery where Corby's is produced devotes its facilities to war production, supplies of Corby's are being stretched. If you can't get it this week, you probably will be able to next week. Be patient with your dealer. Everything possible is being done to maintain a fair distribution of the fine, light, sociable whiskey with the grand old Canadian name.

BUY WAR BONDS

86 PROOF—73.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • JAS. BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 75

Marine Fighter Squadron 223 who fell on Guadalcanal; Captain H. T. Wheless, Texas football; Captain Bob Faurot, University of Missouri football; Lieutenant Chuck Gelatka, Mississippi State football; Lieutenant Frank T. Waskowitz, University of Washington football, who died in *The Blue Goose;* and Captain Carl Wuertele, Denver high school football star.

There were many votes, too, for our foremost military leaders with sporting backgrounds, such as: General Douglas MacArthur, General Dwight Eisenhower, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Captain E. J. Moran, Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., Captain Joe Foss, General Jimmy Doolittle, Rear Admiral Jonas H. Ingram, and Brigadier General Clovis E. Byers.

Another bracket took in Big Names of sport, such as: Sergeant Joe Louis, Lieutenant Hank Greenberg, Commander Tom Hamilton, Lieutenant Ted Lyons, Aviation Cadet Ted Williams, Private Joe DiMaggio, Lieutenant John Kimbrough, Lieutenant George Earnshaw, Chief Specialist Bob Feller, Private Frank Sinkwich, Commander Gene Tunney, and Lieutenant Johnny Beazley.

"Barney Ross," wrote **R. W. Warner,** Bradenton, Florida, *Herald*, "made one of the gamest stands in boxing history when Armstrong took the championship from him. Even his feats on Guadalcanal fail to overshadow completely his stand against Henry. Ross has come through every time and is a real champion."

J. G. Taylor Spink, editor of *The Sporting News* mentioned: "Captain Billy Southworth, Jr., son of the St. Louis Cardinals manager, who recently was awarded the Air Medal for bombing missions from Britain, and Lieutenant Elmer Gedeon, former Washington outfielder, who received the Soldier's Medal for rescuing a fellow crew member trapped in a blazing bomber." **J. H. Chesney,** Middlesboro, Kentucky, spoke for his fellow townsman, Lieutenant Dave L. Rogan who "was turned down by the United States, but went to Canada and passed and joined the Royal Air Force in England. When America went in, he joined the U. S. forces and went on the Dieppe Raid. He was recently decorated with the Purple Heart, and is in a London hospital. He was a star miler at the University of Kentucky."

Vic Diehm, WAZL, Hazleton, Pennsylvania, revealed that: "Wheeler G. Lipes, the young pharmacist's mate who performed the emergency appendectomy in a rolling submarine with kitchen tools, played halfback for Yeaden, Pennsylvania, high school."

Roscoe D. Bennett, *Grand Rapids Press*, voted for Lieutenant H. P. Edwards, saying: "Tex Edwards was National A.A.U. and Olympic tryout wrestling champion, 191-pound class in 1928. He was a member of the team that General MacArthur headed. He died in action on the *Ruben James.*"

Charles M. Evans, President of the National Sporting Goods Association, voted for "Lieutenant Alvin Bradley, former Centenary College football star, who brought down several German planes over North Africa. They shot his plane out and he bailed out safely." **Cadet W. Wayne Watson,** Georgia Pre-Flight, said: "Captain H. T. Wheless was an All-American from Texas University."

Carl B. Hoy, director of athletics at the University of South Dakota, pointed with pride to the many athletes "from this small institution who are doing an unusually good job. Among them are the McNickle twins, Marvin and Melvin, both sprinters, who are flying over Germany daily; Brigadier General LaVerne Saunders of Solomons fame; Captain Joe Foss, the ace among the aces at Guadalcanal. Foss went in for football and the mile at South Dakota. He was not outstanding, but in track one day after his second year the time of his mile was not too good. He said to me, 'Coach, I'm improving more each year than Cunningham.' Glenn was then national mile champion. The McNickle twins had their most fun when one would qualify for the 100-yard dash and the other would run in the finals. Officials, or even myself as their coach, could not tell which was running until I saw them coming down the track. In England one is flying and the other has a desk job, and I'd hate to tell you which one of them was going out in the morning."

Due to golf's demand for space in providing a pastoral antidote for the wartime strains of a mechanized civilization it looks like outlying golf clubs are in a tough spot for player transportation.

The sodbusters don't mind walking four or five miles in pursuit of a golf ball, six bits in quarter bets and refreshing libations before they sugar off in the showers, but it's murder for them to have to walk a mile from the railroad station to the first-line trench of alibis at tee No. 1.

So, there's a lot of talk about clubs consolidating that the game may be preserved and made convenient as a valid wartime recreation. Whether wartime consolidations could be made, or would assure reopening of the outlying courses after the war, is surely debatable.

Non-golfers who suggest abandonment rather than consolidation are answered by **Tom Walsh,** ex-President of the Professional Golfers Assn., who commented:

> If a man or woman plays at some game for relaxation and makes many sacrifices for the war, and saves his gas, etc. so that he can play his favorite game, he is no less patriotic than the person who spends his time reading a book. We should be very careful about judging our fellowman's patriotism. The critic of the other fellow's patriotism will be the first person to forget the men in our services when the war is over. Patriotism is in the heart, and the real stuff is not loud and blustering.

"I'm in favor of consolidation," wrote **William V. Reddy,** *Syracuse Post-Standard*, "but club

Continued on page 118

Stradivari

I Love You Truly . . .

soul-stirring melody . . . from the throbbing heart
of a violin . . . from the singing heart
of a lady in love . . . from the golden heart
of a fragrance . . . captured forever in pulsing, thrilling
Stradivari, latest perfume creation
of Prince Matchabelli.

Stradivari in the famous, gold-encrusted Prince Matchabelli Crowns

3.00, 7.50, 13.50, 25.00 (*Plus Tax*)

Prince Matchabelli

711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 75-117

officials probably would be just as much opposed to the idea as major league owners were to the 10-club East-West plan. Many clubs probably would prefer to close up for the duration than take a chance on consolidation which, after the war, might find outlying courses unable to attract old members." **Ray Michael,** WMAL, Washington, D. C., thought: "Consolidation of private golf clubs would make for disunion and friction owing to variance in memberships of the different clubs both as regards numbers and position socially and professionally of individuals comprising these memberships." **Robert M. Feldman,** WMAS, Springfield, Massachusetts, brought out the same point when he said: "I am definitely in favor of consolidation of private golf clubs, but how in the world are you going to do it? Do you think that some of these snobs are going to tolerate different racial groups playing on their swanky courses? Why even some of the so-called middle class would have a helluva time crashing the so-called ultra exclusive clubs."

George S. May, Chicago, stated: "Tam-O-Shanter Country Club, Chicago, is going forward 100 per cent in 1943 with all its activities and tournaments."

"A better idea," suggested **James B. Woods,** Mattoon, Illinois, *Journal-Gazette*, "would be to open private clubs as municipal courses for the duration. If courses are closed and abandoned, the expense of re-opening them after the war will handicap the game."

A coldly cynical view is taken by several comments on votes from the military bloc on Question IV. They ask, why go to the trouble and expense of providing helmets for fighters whose brains possibly are scrambled before they get into the ring?

It may be that authoritative judgment in this matter could be reconciled to the popular objection to helmets in pro boxing if the knocked-out fighters were given proper treatment. Dr. James Barton, writing a syndicated health column recently said: "For many years I treated injured amateur and professional boxers and wrestlers to whom head injuries were not uncommon. While most cases of head concussion recovered consciousness in minutes and even seconds, I often wondered if I made them take sufficient rest before resuming activities."

The doctor goes on to cite Dr. H. Cairns' paper in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine, in which Dr. Cairns said if a patient has been knocked unconscious for five minutes, four to six weeks must pass before the kayoed party should return to work.

That would be swell for some fighters who are not fond of work.

But the consensus is that the customers want to see leather whack against raw meat and the gore squirt out like the juice from a grapefruit.

"The new Navy headgear," reported **Cadet J. T. Gentry,** Georgia Pre-Flight, "allows a boxer to absorb more punishment, but it is also directly responsible for more blows being taken. It limits the vision and hampers the movement of the head, cutting down the quality of boxing on the whole." On the other hand, **Lieutenant Commander W. M. Bell** of the Georgia Pre-Flight school, argued that: "The use of the special headgear at the Pre-Flight School here has practically eliminated the possibility of injury to the nose and eyes, thus protecting the youngsters who must fly our Naval combat planes. It's up to the professional pugilists whether they desire to risk the present occupational hazards of their sport."

The reasoning of **Ralph Hubbell,** WGR, Buffalo, follows:

> Boxing has always been a survival of the fittest. If it becomes necessary to protect the individual fighter, then such protection should not be confined to the head but should include the heart, the stomach and the kidneys. For the Navy the head protection is fine, for boxing serves merely as a conditioner. But for the professional fighter it wouldn't do. The customer pays to see a knockout and if vulnerable spots are padded the chance of a kayo is diminished greatly. You'd save the fighter, but you'd lose the customer.

"I have witnessed many bouts and taken care of plenty of fellows who were marred by facial injury, sometimes permanently," wrote **Larry Dean,** Atlanta, Georgia, "and I have always advocated the use of headgears. I am very glad that you are giving the public an opportunity to express itself on this subject. These opinions may have some influence on boxing commissions and cause headgears to be put into use." But **Stuart X. Stephenson,** WSFZ, Montgomery, Alabama, thought: "Adoption of helmets for Navy boxers is okedoke, but it is bunkum (or is it Buncombe?) to think of professional maulers turning that sissy. Boxing is the well-known art of self-defense and if the punks get their noses twisted like roots of an oak tree, they're punks. Some great fighters, notably Harry Greb, had a beauty of a proboscis." **Robert S. Harlow,** Press Association Sport Editor, New York, said: "Forty per cent of boxers who stay in for five

Continued on page 120

ALL RIGHT AMERICA—YOU ARE SMOKING MORE*

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

ESTABLISHED OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC.
FINEST SELECTION
MADE IN U.S.A.
BY PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK
PHILIP MORRIS
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

And You're SAFER Smoking

PHILIP MORRIS

A FINER cigarette—scientifically proved less irritating to nose and throat . . .

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in medical journals by a group of distinguished doctors.

We do *not* claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence proves they are far less irritating for your nose and throat.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY FOR *REAL* WALKING PLEASURE?

Step into a Fortune

FOR FIVE DOLLARS!

- At a time when every man is walking more—and saving more—it's mighty good to know you can buy a fine pair of Fortunes for as little as five dollars! Comfort, of course, is the most valued feature in shoes today, but in Fortunes you get authentic styling, too—and the kind of leathers and expert workmanship that make walking a pleasure.

- The styles illustrated are two of Fortune's famous "Coolators"—designed to make you forget all about hot pavements and the extra miles you're walking. The secret is in the hundreds of "ventilators" that let cool breezes flow in and out every time you take a step! Try a pair, today . . . for a wealth of walking pleasure.

RICHLAND SHOE CO. • NASHVILLE, TENN.
A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

Style No. 6134, left, and 6136, right. Two of Fortune's "Coolators" for hot Summer wear.

Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

AT AMERICA'S FAVORITE PRICE

$5 to $5.50

SOME STYLES HIGHER

New Genuine Full Grain Cordovan Horsehide Belts

There's something in the supple strength of genuine Cordovan horsehide . . . its soft but sturdy beauty . . . that makes these new Buchsbaum belts appeal to all men. Here are three outstanding values! Drop in at your favorite dealer today and slip one on. Then TRY to take it off!

THE "STALLION"
Solid Heavy Cordovan
Selected full grain Cordovan horsehide in beautiful long seal grain. Extra-heavy weight—yet supple and comfortable. Latest 7/8" width. Choice of Black or Brown................$1

THE "DERBY"
Edge-less Tubular Design
Full grain Cordovan horsehide in attractive high-lustre shell finish. Matching leather-covered buckle. Choice of Black, Cordovan Brown, Blonde and Sun-Tan..........$1.50

THE "PADDOCK"
High Lustre Shell Finish
Selected full grain genuine Cordovan horsehide in high-lustre shell finish—lined on cowhide. Choice of Black, Cordovan Brown, Blonde and Sun-Tan..........................$1

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888 · CHICAGO

Dealer's Note: Stocks immediately available in our New York, Chicago and Los Angeles offices.

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 75-117-118

years show permanent injurious effects. Some are punch drunk."

The voice of experience was added when **Theodore A. Campagna,** WDAY, Fargo, commented: "I'm for all the protection that the boxers can have without interfering with their efficiency. Headgears do not interfere. I have fought 22 pro-fights, lost 2, and am for headgears. The fans may object, but they'll get used to it."

"The use of headgear in Navy or Army boxing is a fine thing as a protective measure," declared **Floyd Olds,** *Omaha World-Herald*, "but it would ruin pro boxing. Pro boxing is a rough, tough business. Its fans love to see some fellow get his beak bashed in, an ear torn off, or lose plenty of blood. No, the protective headgear has no place in pro boxing, one sport which never has been accused of belonging to the cup-of-tea crowd." **J. H. Samuel,** *Augusta Herald*, commented: "Helmets for boxers would prevent thousands of young men from falling into the class of bums. Only a handful come through unscathed. We have seen too many young men ruined for life because of the beatings about the head they have received in the ring. They take on the appearance of Frankensteins and can only mumble in conversations." **Len Goldin,** *Orange Evening Transcript*, added: "Professional boxing lives by its promise that some one is going to get hurt. Were the possibility of some being hurt eliminated, professional boxing would not survive."

Although the ayes carried the vote by a long margin in Question V, there were lusty negatives from some who believe that compulsion and the basic American idea of liberty may be difficult to reconcile.

However a dispassionate realism was especially evident in the comments from men in the armed services. Frequently they expressed regret that they hadn't had preliminary training fitting them for the work they're now in, in order to complete their current job sooner.

It was also evident from the service men's comments that there is no hardship involved in compulsory physical and military training in school; that the physical training especially should be a pleasure to a normal American boy.

Ray Murphy, New York, made the interesting commentary that:

> The word "compulsory" is a fighting word to most Americans. Ordinarily now in high schools and colleges, at least for certain degrees, some studies are "required," while the student may choose other subjects from a list of "electives." Why not "required" as to military training, as a prerequisite to graduation? Further, S.701 (Gurney) and H.R. 1806 (Wadsworth), companion bills now pending in the Congress, if passed, would "require" every American male before reaching 22 years of age, to enter upon a training period of one year in the armed forces of the U. S. And, if passed, this legislation might eliminate the need for training in high schools and colleges, except perhaps for training of officer material. I've been through a phase of this fight.

V. D. Heath, Robinson, Illinois, called attention to the fact that: "In our high school we have had three serious accidents in 'Kill 'em quick,' due to improper training or supervision."

Said **Budd Sweeney,** WHKC, Columbus, Ohio:

> When we think of military training we are likely to think too strongly of war and killing. Yet in military school I learned many things that were not to be found in ordinary high school or college. Discipline, organization, companionship, team play are just a few of the fine assets of military training. I am not advocating any campaign to raise a group of super-men, but haven't we learned the hard way that a great percentage of our men have never taken the first step in physical training? Yes, let's have military training and physical training in our high schools and colleges now. We'll be a greater nation for it.

This is the report of **Walter E. Dobbins,** Lincoln, Nebraska, *Journal*:

> At the University of Nebraska, a land grant school, military training (R.O.T.C.) is compulsory. Recently I talked with Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Browne, former University of Nebraska assistant football and head basketball coach, who stated: "I firmly believe that special emphasis should be placed on high school and junior high school competitive sports and physical training." Compulsory physical training is essential because only a few are benefited by competitive varsity athletics. Compulsory physical training should be imposed in both high schools and colleges, but I think that military training should be confined to colleges.

Carl Walters, Meridian, Mississippi, *Star*, stated:

> I feel very strongly that compulsory military and physical training in high schools should be a "must." Varsity squads reach only a small portion of the students. The others are flabby-muscled spectators. Call it regimentation if you like, I'm all for compulsory military and physical training with exceptions limited only to those who simply can't pass a physical examination.

"This world is always going to be militaristic," declared **Major Harold J. Bluhm,** Fort Sill, Oklahoma. "The fact that soldiers have participated in sports prior to their entry into the service is a definite help. They have learned how to get along with others and work as a team. They have developed leadership to some extent. They have developed their bodies and have acquired a coordination of mind and body which is most essential in war. Last, but not least, they have self confidence."

"Anyone facing the rigors of Pre-Flight," wrote **Cadet Franklin D. Johnson,** Georgia Pre-Flight, "should be toughened up before he ever gets to the training school. It is a tough job and no place to worry about manicures and wavy hair. Give every man in high school and college a thorough going over so that he will appreciate the reserve status he holds."

Cecil B. de Mille also said "yes." ++

THE OFFICER WITH A *Future* WEARS THE CAP WITH A *Past*

Bancroft "Zephyr"
Bancroft "Fighter"*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
U.S.
U.S.

AMERICA'S alert young officers — in army, navy, air corps and marines — are finding it smart strategy to "follow the regulars" when selecting a cap. BANCROFTS, they find, are practically a tradition with veteran officers who are as exacting in their quality standards as they are of the performance of their men. That's because BANCROFTS are made as only America's largest exclusive maker of military headwear can make them . . . with economies that can only come from almost half a century of specialization.

BANCROFT
Military Caps

AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE . . . OR WRITE TO WORCESTER CAP COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

For Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF
The 16th LANCERS
(Queen's Own)
Beaumont — Salamanca — Vittoria — Waterloo — Maharajpore—South Africa, 1899-1902—Marne, 1914—Ypres, 1914-15—Somme, 1918.

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"
Grand Prize . . . Louisiana Purchase Exposition. St. Louis, 1904 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 4, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25c. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. C. (Officer illustrated to be included in Edition No. 5, soon to be published.)

White Label 8 years old

Victoria Vat
12 years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

TO win honours for distinguished service, rely on the master stroke of social strategy. Enlist the aid of Dewar's "White Label" . . . veteran campaigner with more than 60 citations of its own for distinguished service. Make the order of the day . . . and night . . . Dewar's "White Label" and soda.

COMMAND DEWAR'S AND...BE "AT EASE"

Dewar's
"White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY.
Copyright 1942, Schenley Import Corp., New York

The Substitute for Manpower

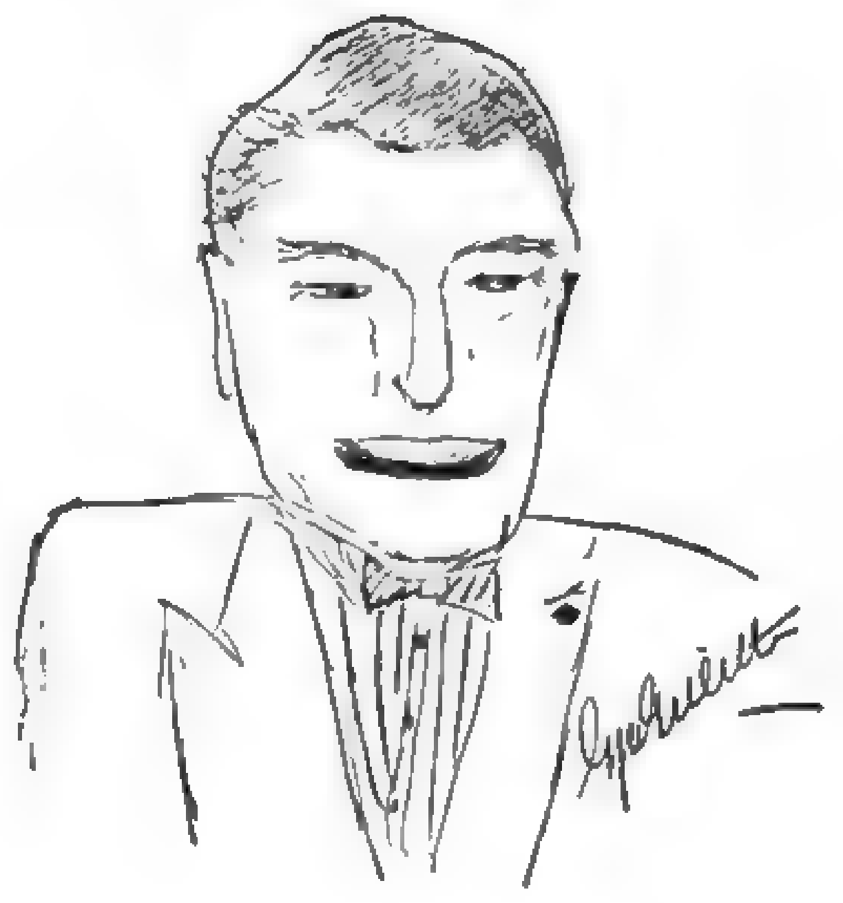
Continued from page 35

and making that feasible now are American-designed glass panes for pressure cabins, panes that can withstand pressures of more than 20 pounds to a square inch and which won't disintegrate even if punctured by .50-caliber bullets in the 60-below-zero-cold high up above the earth. How can glass designers make such tremendous advances? High speed photography—the kind that can snap a bullet in the act of bending glass as it crashes through—is a great aid. But while you can take ordinary speed photographs with a fast shutter, such shutters are not nearly fast enough for the kind of photos scientists and designers need. So a light as bright as a small flash of lightning and 800 times as fast as the standard flash bulb was invented. And electronics solved the problem of turning these lamps on and off so quickly that even a shell hurtling out of a naval gun seems to stand still while the light is on. Electrons can accomplish this because, fast as is a speeding bullet or shell, electrons travel many times faster inside their tubes. Just as you can run up to a walking horse and take its picture with a simple little camera, so the flying bullet is an easy target for the electrons to adjust their timing to.

Then there's the matter of vibration. Maybe you know that when marching soldiers reach a bridge, they are ordered to fall out and cross it, choosing their own steps because the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of uniformly marching men might cause so much vibration that the bridge would be shaken apart. That's how important vibration is in any structure, and in plane design it's a key factor. But now the whole problem of vibration has been simplified for aviation engineers. With an electron tube they can actually draw a picture of vibration in a plane. And when trouble develops inside an engine, they can make a picture that helps determine what the trouble is.

Electron tubes also help designers to check the strength of wings. Put your arm out the window of a car moving 40 to 50 miles an hour and the wind pressure may be enough to snap your arm severely. Against the wings of a plane, power-diving at 500 miles per hour, wind pressure will be a hundred times as great. Now designers attach strain gauges to the wings and connect them with electronic recording instruments inside the plane and get a record of wind effect. The electron tubes write the story of the strains encountered during the test flight and from this the designer can de-

Senator Gillette, as sketched by himself



A Portrait of Senator Gillette

by Senator Guy M. Gillette

Narrowest Squeak: The 52,851 votes for Iowa State Senator that I garnered in 1912—to my opponent's 52,850.

Favorite People: Children—especially those not yet old enough to write their Congressman for favors.

To Make a Friend: Contrive to do something that will contribute to his self-confidence and self-respect.

Big Surprise: Learning upon my return from service in France in 1918 that, in my absence, I had been nominated (and defeated) for the office of state auditor.

Happy Days: My fourteen years as a farmer, when I had the satisfaction of producing something I could see, smell, taste and touch—not to mention never having to worry about who was going to knife me next.

The Gillette Motto: Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow, because by tomorrow you may not have to do it.

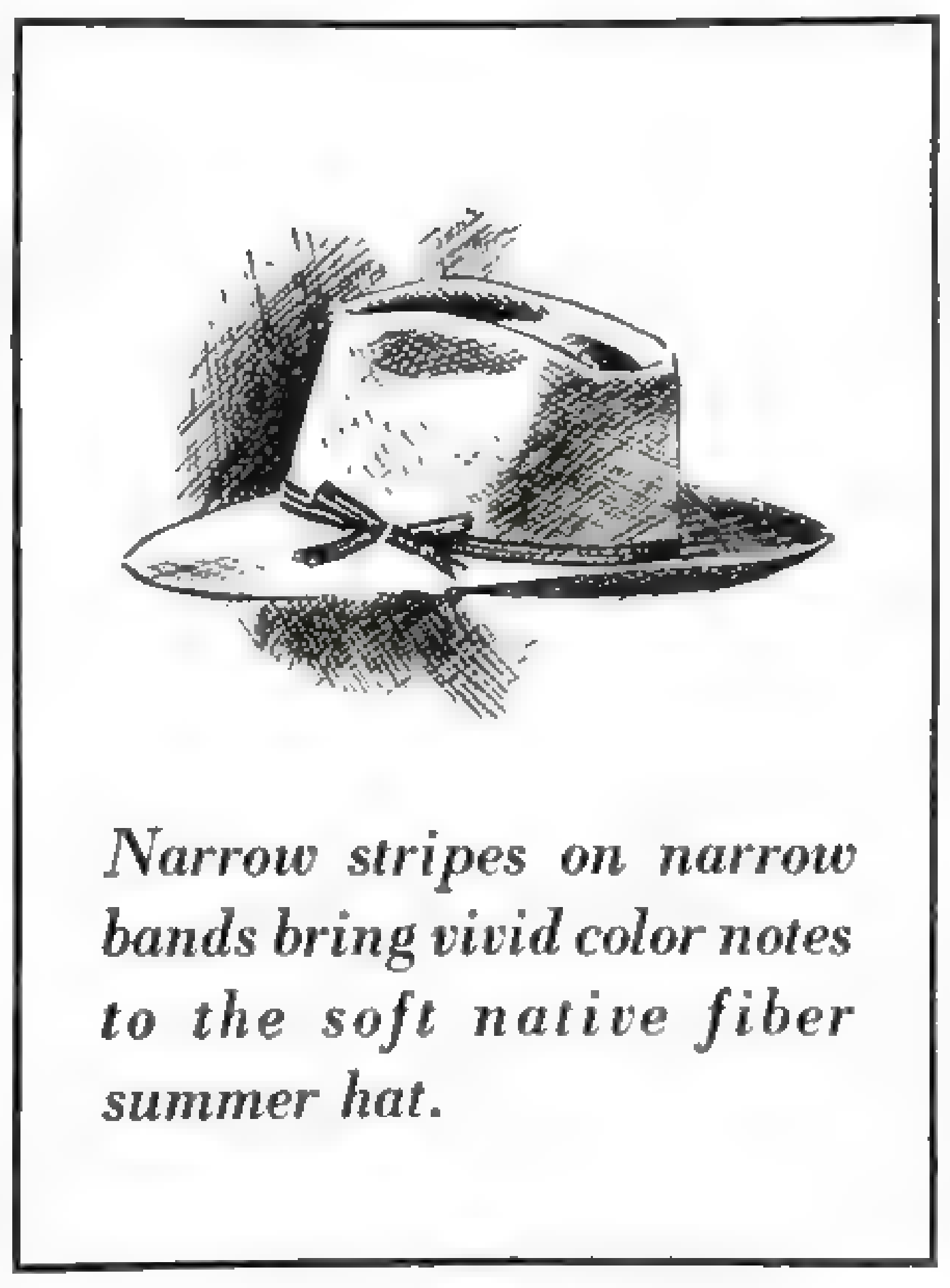
Assorted Recreations: Kittenball, hunt-and-peck piano playing and post-graduate poker (a degree attained only after the payment of rather heavy tuition fees).

Pertinent Suggestion: Feed the starving people of Europe now —not after half of them have starved.

termine whether he must add greater strength to the wing or reduce weight and save materials.

Then there's the electronic "secretary." Much of the superiority of American planes traces back to the engine which is built to highest precision standards—right down to even the exact shape of each tooth on the gears. Every tooth may now have what amounts to a written certificate of accuracy. For this, a gear involute measuring machine that can check the shape of gear teeth within one ten-thousandth of an inch has been designed. And the "secretary" automatically writes down the measurements and issues the "certificate."

Electronics even stand guard over our soldiers' "Iron Rations." The sheet steel used in making "tin" cans in which Army food is packed, races off rolling machines at a rate up to 1,000 feet a minute—so fast the human eye can't hope to discover any tiny pin holes that might cause leakage or spoilage. But two electronic devices do amazing jobs. The first detects holes as small as one one-hundredth of an inch in diameter as the steel races by. The second remembers exactly where each tiny hole was and marks it to be cut from the sheet before the material is made into a "tin" can!



Narrow stripes on narrow bands bring vivid color notes to the soft native fiber summer hat.

Electrons are saving human lives, increasing health—on the fighting, production and civilian fronts. With radiography, an electronic development, the doctor can determine when teeth are decaying, can see when broken bones are mending, can treat sinus conditions, and detect tuberculosis and silicosis. With X-rays, another electronic development, he can treat skin disorders and infections and fight cancer, gangrene and gas bacilli. With electronic inductothermy, he can safely produce artificial fever deep within the human body, which will be a great aid in treating certain types of disease.

Winning the war is Pvt. Electron's first job, but he's one fighting man who won't be demobilized at the peace. In fact his work will be doubled. Right beside him will be the thousands of newly trained electronic technicians, "war products" like the graduates of the Army Signal Corps' wartime training program.

So when the electrons come marching home you can look for television as clear as motion pictures, and radio receivers whose clarity and high fidelity will make present sets seem amateurish.

Count on air free of dust and germs, an end to food contamination, and look forward to tender, delicious meats at prices within the reach of everyone in America.

Expect a whole host of conveniences in your home. A "burglar alarm" that will sound a warning if intruders come too near the baby's crib. A phototube that will turn on the porch light at dusk and off again at dawn. Another that will automatically open the garage door at the approach of your car.

Anticipate safe grade crossings, automatically controlled auto traffic, an end to ship collisions at sea, train collisions on land, plane collisions aloft.

Thanks to electronics, airplanes which can now fly blind will be able to land blind—even in thick fogs. Approaching his destination, and finding the airport hidden under fog, the pilot will turn on his electronic blind-landing equipment. In his headphones, he'll hear a signal that will tell him where to start his glide. On an illuminated screen, he'll see signals that will tell him whether he's losing altitude fast enough and just where he is at any given instant. As a result, he'll be able to "see" himself into a happy landing with the same ease as during the brightest day. Already, several blind-landing systems are being developed by various government agencies.

New knowledge of the human brain is coming. At Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, scientists have built an electronic device that can detect the tiny currents of electricity developed in different parts of the brain, and can follow them as they travel out over the nervous system. The electric waves can be measured for size, speed and frequency for further study.

Still another hope—a bright hope—is that some day electronics will make it possible for the blind to read ordinary printing. Not just Braille. Already a device has been invented that sings out for the blind the denominations of currency. Just slip a dollar bill in the little machine and it buzzes once. For a five-dollar bill, it buzzes twice, and so on.

Talk to electronics scientists and they'll explain that through a hook-up of electronics tubes—some like television tubes, some like radio tubes—the Electronic Reader for the blind would make each letter in the alphabet sing its own special tune. Five little beams of light would run across each printed line. If they hit the letter "e," for instance, the blind reader would hear three chords in his earphones. He would hear each complete word as a tune. And it is possible he could be able to read his newspaper as fast as sixty words per minute.

In short, life will be sweeter. ###

AROUND THE CLOCK... AROUND THE WORLD

IT'S SEAFORTH FOR MEN!

At an officers' club in Calcutta, a colonel says: "Suli, I'm stepping out in style tonight. Fetch me that jugful of U.S.A.—the one that says Seaforth, For Men!"

In a very hot barracks in Trinidad, a Yorkshireman rubs his chin before the mirror. "Now then," he grins admiringly, "we ain't got Hollywood plumbing 'ere, but can't a man do wonders with Seaforth!"

On an advanced airfield in North Africa, six flyers split a cake of shaving soap six ways. "Catch the crumbs, Harry," says a bombardier. "Remember, son, that's Seaforth!"

DO YOU KNOW a man who cannot buy these little comforts for himself?

PICK UP A GIFT of Seaforth for him . . . you'll win his enduring gratitude.

Some things in this world, such as billiards, and detective stories, and good tobacco, have a universal appeal to men. With pride, and grateful wonderment, we have seen Seaforth raised to full-fledged membership in that category . . . in just about four years.

Today, the superb Seaforth toiletries are used by sailors and their admirals; by soldiers and their generals; by shipyard workers and bank presidents. These sturdy stoneware jugs and mugs are prized equally in New York, in Sydney, in London, in Samoa, on flying Clippers and on ships at sea. The Seaforth *idea* explains this best, perhaps. Named for Scotland's Seaforth Highlanders, styled to a man's taste, these products are the ultimate in masculinity. The soaps are made from the world's finest oils. The scent of all products is tangy heather and fern, without a trace of cloying sweetness. Down to minute details, each Seaforth package is planned to give a man the kind of grooming he likes best.

ALFRED D. McKELVY CO.
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA • NEW YORK

SOLD EVERYWHERE at a man's price . . . Single items one dollar. Sets two to seven dollars.

Seaforth! FOR MEN

SHAVING SOAP • SHAVING LOTION • MEN'S TALC • MEN'S COLOGNE • DEODORANT • HAIR DRESSING • HAND SOAP

Keys are
Important . . .
Chain yours!

You've scrapped the keys you don't use . . . don't lose the ones you need. Keep them with you safely . . . the smart way . . . on a key chain by Hickok.

You can still get these —and others styled to your taste . . . in sterling silver from *$3.50 up* . . . in gold color from *$1 up*.

•

In the spirit of 1943 . . . *"all out for Victory"* . . . we are serving our Country first and our customers to the best of our ability.

HICKOK

Where war work comes first

Belts • Braces • Jewelry

That Second Year Sag

Exposure of weakness, "pressing," and cockiness make baseball players flop

The spurt of the St. Louis Cardinals to the World Championship last year dated from the day Manager Billy Southworth finally gave up on Frank Crespi at second base and switched Jimmy Brown over to that spot. Chance aided this move as it coincided with the landing of "Whitey" Kurowski on third, where he helped out so phenomenally in the stretch drive. The move to employ Brown on that side of the diamond, where he had some difficulty pivoting on double plays, is interesting in view of the fact that Crespi played so brilliantly the year before as a first year man in the majors. Lon Warneke went on record to the effect that he never saw second played any better than Crespi played it in 1941. His decline his second year in the majors brought to the front again the old argument among ball players: "Why is it that so many players in their second year fail to equal their first year's performance?"

Crespi himself was unable to explain his own trouble, except on the grounds that he was simply trying too hard to better his previous year's good record. A survey of the big leaguers on this question suggests that it simmers down to three general reasons. The chief one is that the player has some baseball weakness, and the league finally catches up on it. Or he may, as Crespi did, "press" his second year. The third most generally given reason is that the player lets down a bit and becomes a bit cocky after feeling that he is "set".

Larry French, the Dodger southpaw, explained the situation very well when he said: "I believe that second year men find it hard for the following reasons: Pitchers get too set in their rotation of pitches. By that I mean they fail to mix up their pitches enough. Hitters solve their system of pitching, and until the pitchers vary their motion and the pitches they make, they seem to be hit harder than the first year when all is new to both parties. Much the same thing is true of hitters. They usually have a weakness unless they are one of the very few great hitters; they, too, have weaknesses, though not so glaring. It takes time for the weakness to get around to all the clubs and pitchers. Once it gets around, the player has to correct the fault or he will be reduced in hitting until he is not wanted in the majors."

Bill Nicholson of the Cubs said:

> "The first year they experiment to find out weaknesses, and often they are pitching to a man's strength."

George McQuinn, the Browns' great first-baseman, also emphasized that: "First of all, a player may have a definite weakness which isn't discovered until the latter part of his first year. Then again, a rookie may have one of those years where he plays over his head and isn't capable of duplicating his performance the second year."

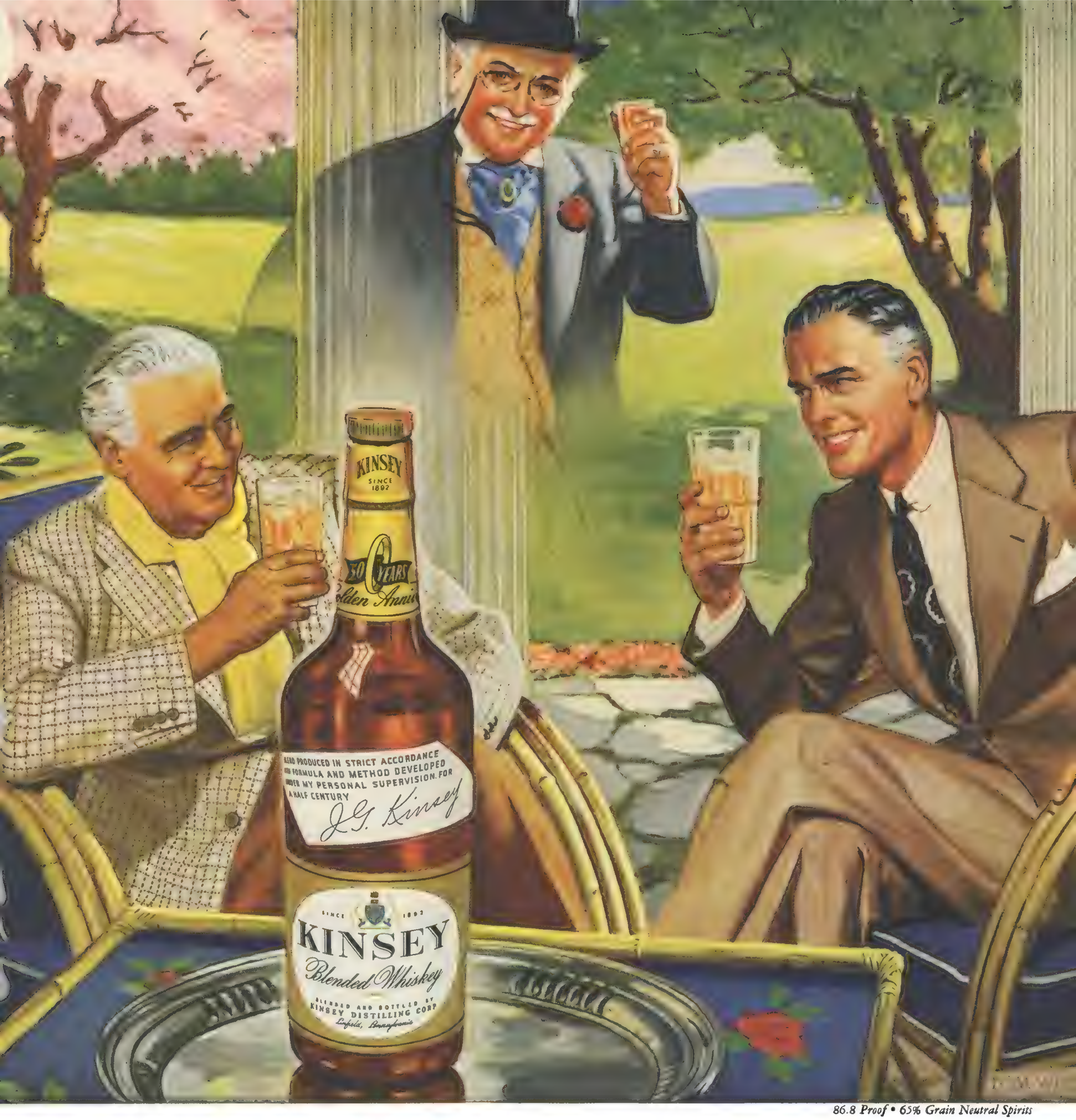
Arthur Mann explained it in this fashion:

> First year success is usually due to the psychology of "Everything to gain and nothing to lose." The first year player is without inhibitions, complexes or fear. His swing and rhythm is natural. Having succeeded, his second year brings him a consciousness of possible failure. It affects his concentration, his rhythm, and a hundred tiny movements clutter up the smooth, untrammeled actions of the previous year. Only in cases of phlegmaticism (Di Maggio) and ego (Williams), etc., does the inhibition, consciousness and fear fail to assert itself. The smarter a rookie is, the more he is likely to fail in his second year, for he has complexes that can be affected by subconscious and unconscious reactions.

Ted Williams, who didn't have the second year sag, thought it happened to many: "Because probably the second year opposing pitchers start catching up on him, and as a rule he isn't smart enough to realize they're working on him differently and consequently his average drops. However, there's no real reason why this should happen if the player is just smart enough to realize what's happening." Johnny Pesky, who had a phenomenal first year while hitting second to Williams in the American league, but never had a chance to find out about the second year sag personally because he entered the Air Force with Williams, said he didn't know what caused it unless the players "are over-anxious to make good because of the second year jinx."

Fred F. "King" Lear, Pirate pitcher, listed the causes of the famous slump as: "Overconfidence, carelessness, marriage, condition and lack of work to correct weaknesses." Phil Marchildon, Athletics pitcher now with the RCAF, said: "Defects in play are found by the league after the first year." Truett Sewell, Pirate pitcher, put the causes as: "Some think they are set in the big leagues and let down a little." Jim Bagby, Jr., Cleveland pitcher, said: "They do not change their styles. Every year you have to change or the players in the league discover your weakness." Harrison J. Weaver, Cardinal trainer, added that: "He may be resting on his laurels of his first year record, or disgruntled over his new contract."

This phenomenon of baseball, the second year sag, is a problem of long standing in the big leagues. Years ago the late Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pirates, used to tell his holdouts after a good first season: "Let me see how you do this year and if you come through you won't have to worry. How do I know you're a great player after only one season? Anybody can be a Morning Glory." ╫


KINSEY
SINCE 1892
50 YEARS
Golden Anni
PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION. FOR A HALF CENTURY
J. G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

TODAY, AS IN THE GAY 90'S . . .
it's Kinsey among old friends!

HOST: After giving the garden a going over, Joe, what's better than a shower and a Kinsey highball?

GUEST: Right you are, Old Timer. But, say, what a Victory Garden you have to give a going over. You didn't by any chance major in agriculture at State?

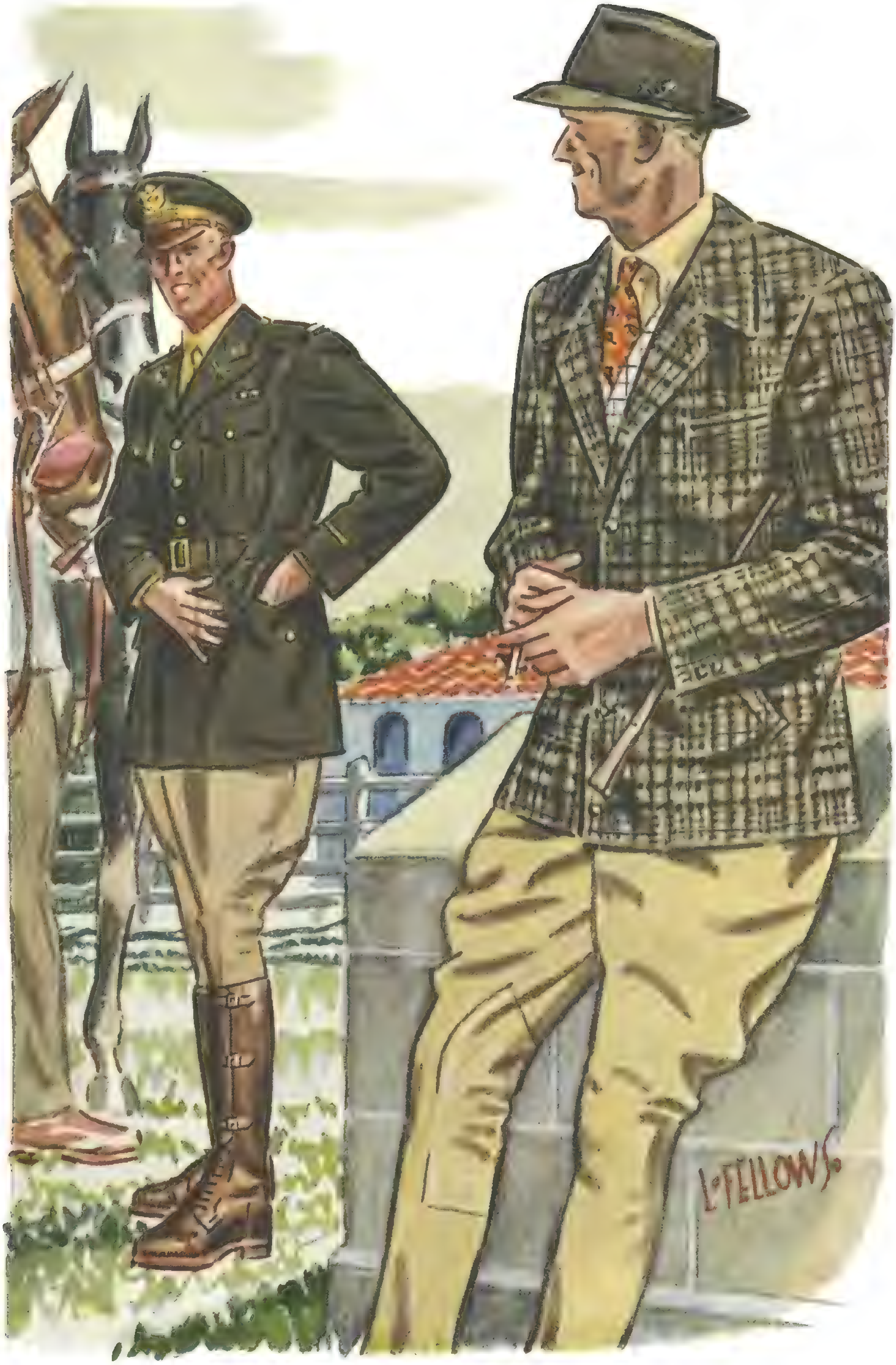
HOST: Cut out the modesty, Joe. Those cabbages of yours have mine licked a mile. What do you feed them — this good Kinsey of yours?

GUEST: Believe me, if they're as good cabbage as this Kinsey is whiskey, I've got something to cheer about.

MR. GAY 90'S: In my day, too, the proudest toasts were celebrated with Kinsey. And with America's oldest living distiller, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, still supervising the blending, you can be sure of the same high quality we enjoyed in the Gay 90's.

SO TAKE A TIP FROM 1892 . . . ENJOY THIS GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY WHISKEY

SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania



rations in riding

Equestrian mileage hasn't been cut yet, there still being plenty of what makes the mare go. But the WPB has cut the extra length and flare from riding jackets, and that's the fashion news in this picture. Nor does this compromise with quantity work out half badly. The cut of the jacket's jib is patterned after the western frontier coat with convertible collar and slanting pockets. Tweed, of course. The balance of the outfit is regulation—tan flannel shirt, red ground figured foulard tie, red, black and white checked Tattersall waistcoat, brown lightweight felt hat and tan jodhpurs. The cavalry officer does very nicely by Uncle's sartorial precepts. The triple-strapped boots, which can be donned and doffed in a jiffy, are certain to become a post-War boon for tired equestrians. They take the backache out of boot-pulling and still retain that slick silhouette about the calf.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

WORK HOURS PRODUCE MORE

...when rest hours really rest!

A year and a half of war under our belts, and still the production pace increases. Never before have such demands been made on our workers. Never has true relaxation in rest hours been so important—so necessary. For years the comfort—the style—the verve of Glover Sportswear have given a "lift" to weary minds and tired bodies. Their sleek lines—their easy fit—let a man relax both mentally and physically. You'll prize them for yourself this summer—for work or leisure. The smart jacket—the luxurious sport shirt—the rich, crush resistant shirt of Teca cloth—are all typical of Glover's superb luxury. Yet their cost is amazingly moderate. Ask for Glover's at better stores everywhere. H. B. Glover Company, Dubuque, Iowa.

86TH YEAR

SPORTSWEAR by Glover

MAKERS OF MEN'S WEAR FOR NIGHT AND DAY... SHIRTS... SPORTSWEAR... PAJAMAS

Give him our Best on Father's Day

Certainly, he deserves *your* best... and *our* best, too. After all is said and donated, he'll appreciate the lasting quality and sophisticated good taste of the newest in Cheney Cravats.

Distinctive American adaptations of classical, conservative British designs, in characteristic Madder colorings... Cheney Madder Foulards, $1.50

Bold, sparkling prints that every summer wardrobe calls for... Cheney Nylon Twill (100% Nylon) $1

LOOK FOR THE LABEL

CHENEY* CRAVATS

STYLES FOR ALL OCCASIONS · TIE WELL · WEAR WELL

Copr. 1943, Cheney Brothers
CHENEY BROTHERS, *manufacturers of luxurious fabrics since 1838,* 1412 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Army and Navy Mascots

Technically banned, dogs, cats, fish, and kangaroos brighten dull hours of fighters

by HENRY C. NICHOLAS

Officially, Army and Navy mascots do not exist. When an Army moves there is no provision made for their transportation. For them to accompany the troops is, in fact, technically against Army regulations. But every member of the Army knows that these mascots are somewhere among them, whether the troops are traveling in airplanes, or in the great convoys headed toward some foreign shore.

When our troops sail, everything that is taken on board is carefully inspected. For days in advance, guards on the wharves and in small boats on the water surround each ship. Every passageway and entrance is under guard. But somehow these mascots are never detected. There is an unwritten law that nobody must ever report seeing one of these mascots being taken aboard.

The mascot of the American paratroops in England is a white mongrel dog named Reb, whose home was originally in Texas. Reb takes his regular position in line and floats to the ground in his own parachute. Like the others, Reb is camouflaged, his body being painted with green lines and dots that merge with the underbrush.

At Fort Benning our paratroops have trained a number of kittens to descend in parachutes with them. These parapussies always hesitate a bit before the jump but they seem to enjoy the ride, and their landing form is the envy of all the paratroopers.

The most famous mascot of our troops to date is Sinbad the Sailor. It was his honor, or fate, almost to upset a treaty, and he is probably the only mongrel dog whose conduct has been officially brought to the attention of the President.

Sinbad is the mascot of the crew of the *U. S. S. Campbell.* He understands almost any order given. He stands at attention for daily inspection, has his own life-belt and seat in the lifeboat, and his own liberty card. But unfortunately for him he will never again be allowed to use that card and go ashore.

On going ashore after his long trip to Greenland, Sinbad came upon the unexpected sight of flocks of goats and chickens in the streets of Godhavn, and could not resist chasing them. This happened at the moment the United States was negotiating with Greenland for the use of a portion of its territory. When Greenland officially complained about Sinbad, the matter was given prompt attention in Washington. Within a few days the commander of the *Campbell* received an official order restricting Sinbad to the ship for the remainder of his life. Thus Sinbad, like the famous fellow in the story, became a dog without a country, doomed to sail the seven seas without ever going ashore at any port.

Soldiers and sailors are immensely proud of their mascots, but there is one large Army camp in Georgia where the soldiers sometimes wish their mascot was not quite so intelligent and efficient. Sandy is a big and powerful dog from the Red Desert of Wyoming where he spent his life herding great flocks of sheep. With no sheep to herd at the Army camp, Sandy has taken up the herding of the soldiers. Close to midnight every night Sandy walks down to the small town near the camp. There he makes a round of the bars and soda fountains, nosing every soldier he finds outside to the street. Then he herds the soldiers he has thus collected back to camp! When Sandy goes for a walk with a group of three or more soldiers they have learned they will have to remain together until they return to camp. Sandy has the M.P.'s beat all hollow at keeping the boys straight.

At the Bay Pines Hospital, near Jacksonville, the fish in the lake on the grounds have been trained to eat out of the soldiers' hands. After eating a scrap of bread they will stroke the soldier's hand by swimming over it back and forth then giving his fingers a fishy kiss. At a sound of a whistle they make a series of leaps through the air before swimming to the one end of the lake for their luncheon. The medical staff is agreed that the interest of the soldiers in their training of these fish has done more than medicine in aiding their recovery.

About the only grouch of the American soldiers in Australia is that they were not allowed to retain the mascots they smuggled aboard ship. Australia is rabies-free, and determined to stay that way. Now most of the soldiers want to bring home a kangaroo, but these happen to be about the only animal the American soldier is willing to admit he cannot train. At one camp, an old kangaroo hangs around one of the squad tents. He sits all day about thirty feet away, but if an attempt is made to pet him he runs away. At night he approaches the tent and eats the food set on the ground for him. If the soldiers ignore him, as they have learned to do, he will come into the tent and crawl under one of the cots. But when the soldiers awake the next morning, the old kangaroo is again seen sitting in the open about thirty feet from the tent. If anyone attempts to approach him, however, he instantly runs away.

Doenitz: Domination by U-Boats

Continued from page 38

came to power in January, 1933, he immediately gave Doenitz power to start building a U-boat fleet.

Hitler did not like the navy, perhaps because he cannot stand the sea. He becomes so seasick after even a few hours on the water that on a few inspection trips he undertook, he always brought along his doctor. Since 1938 he is said never to have inspected a ship except in port itself, where there was no danger of seasickness.

Hitler didn't like Raeder, either, for he and all the other admirals were much too hidebound and cautious. They believed the German surface fleet hadn't a ghost of a chance against the British fleet.

Hitler has always believed in attack. It can be assumed that as the war progressed, he became more and more dissatisfied with his admirals, who were doing the only thing that was possible—namely, nothing.

It is only logical, therefore, that Hitler took a liking to Doenitz who was so much more aggressive, who wanted to conduct a U-boat warfare that would strike and strike until nothing was left of enemy shipping. In a way, Doenitz was just as fanatical as Hitler. Perhaps even more so. And best of all, he did show results. He sank enemy shipping, a lot of it.

Doenitz became one of Hitler's favorites. During this war he has had a sensational career. Still a captain at the outbreak of hostilities, he was soon put in command of the U-boat fleet, and, later, over the protest of Raeder, he became rear admiral, then vice admiral, then full admiral. He is now a Grand Admiral (a title which Hitler invented), while the depressing and rational Raeder has been retired "on his own demand, to the role of an advisor."

Even before Doenitz reached the top, it was with him that Hitler consulted, not Raeder. It was he who, throughout the war, was invited to Hitler's headquarters. Indeed, he would even go to Hitler's headquarters uninvited when he wanted to discuss a matter of naval strategy with the Fuehrer. According to naval etiquette, he should have discussed the subject with Raeder, and Raeder then should have taken it up with Hitler.

Certainly the submarine warfare conducted by Doenitz has been highly successful, especially at the beginning of the war and again during the first year after our entry.

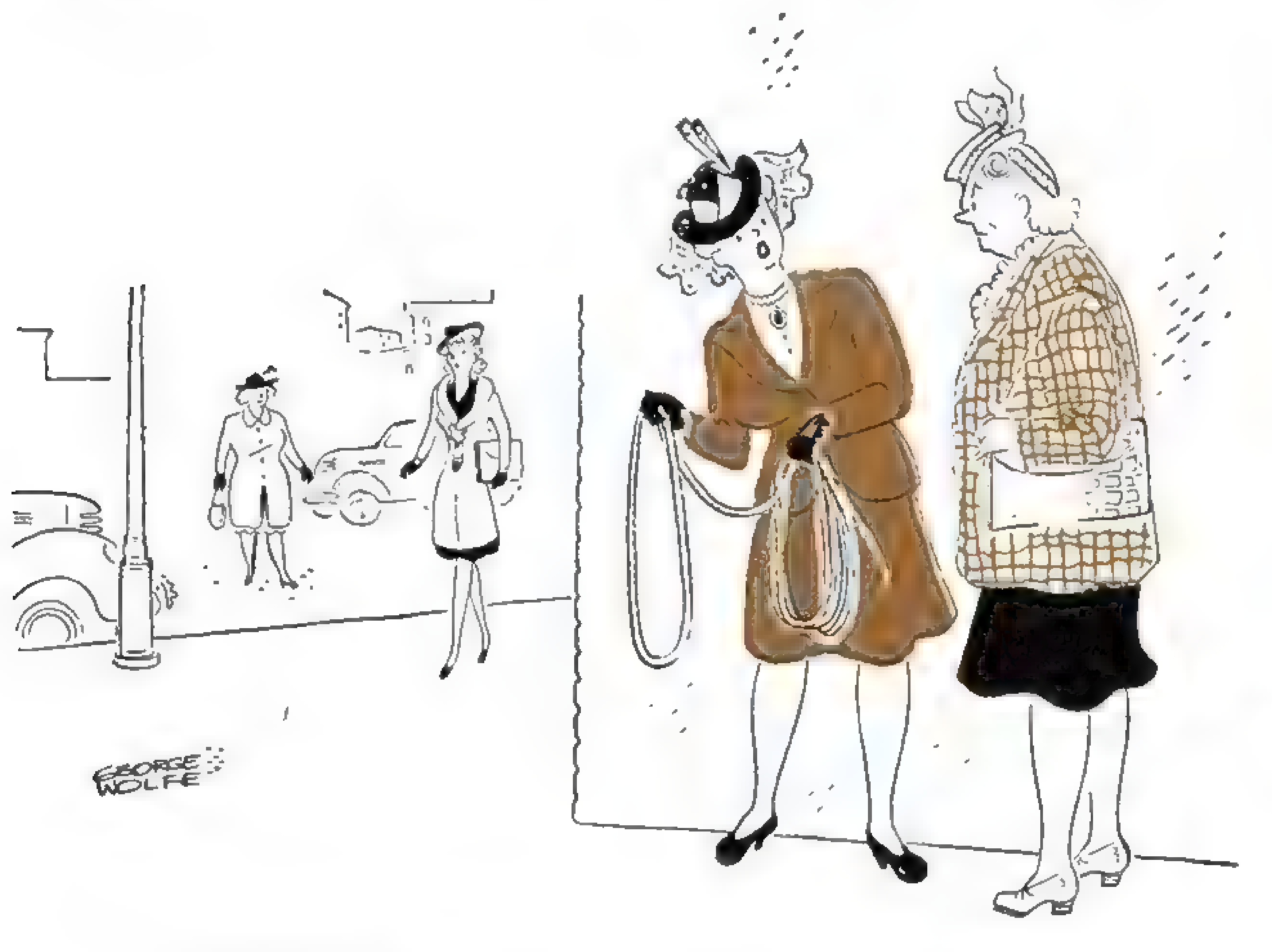
However, this must not take our minds off the fact that things have not gone according to Doenitz' plans or to his one, big, over-all plan. The prerequisites, which he termed necessary in order to win this war, were by no means met.

The war began at a time when Doenitz did not have his 600 U-boats; he had, in fact, scarcely 10 per cent of this figure. And, in spite of Doenitz' warnings, Hitler brought many neutrals into the war, thus making it necessary for Doenitz to disperse his U-boat fleet instead of concentrating it around England.

Worst of all, America came into the war—too soon, and too well prepared.

Meanwhile, Doenitz' best men have either been sent to the bottom or have been taken prisoner. Only one of the young officers whom he trained in the late thirties is alive today. That exception is Commander Gunther Hessler, who is married to Doenitz' only daughter. The fact that he immediately transferred his son-in-law to a shore position indicates better than anything else Doenitz' own opinion as to the chances for a German U-boat crew to survive.

But that does not mean he will give up or even slow down. He will continue to build U-boats, he will train more crews, and send those crews to their death. It is entirely possible, even probable, that he was made commander of the entire German fleet because he promised to rush the surface fleet, too, into an impressive, heroic—and utterly senseless—venture. ⌗



"Getting a maid these days has become quite a problem!"

DUBONNET
GENUINE DUBONNET
Dubonnet
wine
An Aperitif

that man is here again
to say... make your drink
DUBONNET
straight or mixed...

Dubonnet STRAIGHT:
serve well chilled, no ice

MERRY WIDOW:
one-half Dubonnet,
one-half dry
★ Vermouth—Dubonnet,
stir with ice, strain,
add twist of lemon peel

Dubonnet HIGHBALL:
jigger of Dubonnet, juice
of half lemon, add ice cubes,
fill with soda and stir

☞ **WRITE FOR FREE** "Smart Drink Guide", Dubonnet Corp., 350 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
Tune in! "Alec Templeton Time" 10:30—10:35 p.m.(e.w.t.) Blue Network Mon., Wed., Fri.

Dubonnet Aperitif wine, product of U. S. A. Dubonnet Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.
★ Vermouth—Dubonnet, made with a know-how that's world-famous,
product of the U. S. A., buttled by Dubonnet Corporation, Lodi, California
MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT... BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Nettleton

Coupon-Saving Quality Solves your Problem

With fewer shoes available, and more walking to do . . .

He is a wise man who *invests* his shoe ration coupon in a pair of fine Nettletons!

Long, long wear is not the only reason. Nettletons—constructed with their flat soles, as good shoes ought to be built—retain their original fine appearance and comfort to the very end of their long usefulness.

We are producing large quantities of ski boots and officers' shoes for our armed forces who deserve the best. We are also producing Nettletons for you—shoes that conserve materials and manpower because they *wear well so long.*

Buy fewer . . . Buy Better . . .
Buy Nettletons
Best for the long walk ahead

Nettletons
$9.95 TO $20

A. E. NETTLETON CO. • SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Hoosier Swimmaster

Continued from page 76

pounds, was sitting with Sawin alongside the Pittsburgh pool before her race when a newspaper photographer came along. The demure little miss in her white sweater caught his eye.

"Well, hello, Honey, what are you doing here?" he asked her.

"I'm swimming," was her reply.

"Oh, in one of the kiddie races?"

"No, in the Women's National Junior half-mile," she corrected.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the photographer, "my paper can use pictures of some one besides champions. I'll just take your picture. You must be the youngest swimmer here." She was.

That photographer got a picture his paper welcomed, because Mary Ryan won the National Junior half-mile and set a new National Junior record, defeating a field up to nineteen years old.

By the following summer Sawin was convinced that Mary was ready for the real Big Time. The National Women's Senior Championships had been awarded to San Francisco, and the Louisville club members were able to make arrangements for coach and pupil to fly out there for the meet. This was in 1937, when Katherine Rawls was at the top of her form, winning four titles in that meet.

Sawin entered Mary in the mile, which, of course, was one of the races Katherine won, swimming what was then the second fastest mile in the history of the National championships. But for a twelve-year-old, little Mary was third.

In 1938 the National Championships were at Santa Barbara, California, and again Sawin and Mary took a plane to the meet, and with them this time was another girl, Ann Hardin, who lived across the Ohio River from Louisville in New Albany, Indiana. Ann was six months older than Mary. Mary took a couple of seconds, and Ann got a third and a fourth.

By the next summer the Lakeside Club had six girls good enough to send to the Women's National Championships at Des Moines, Iowa. There Mary Ryan won her first National Senior title, taking the mile in 24:12.8, then the third fastest time ever made in the meet.

In winning the mile she beat Nancy Merki, the pride of Portland, Oregon, but the girl from the Pacific Northwest defeated her in the 440 and 880-yard events.

Nancy Merki, who had developed from an infantile paralysis invalid into a champion swimmer, had set her home city agog about the sport, much as Mary Ryan had done in Louisville. Portland bid for and secured the 1940 National Women's Senior Championships and looked forward to seeing its home-town girl make a grand sweep of the major honors. On each day of the carnival was one of Nancy's races, thus she was to be the star of each session.

Of course, these were Mary Ryan's races, too, but Portland didn't expect Nancy, swimming in her own pool before a friendly crowd, to have any trouble with Mary, even though she had lost to her in the mile at Des Moines.

None too good a judge of pace, Nancy made a practice of letting her chief rival set the pace, staying just a foot or so behind her until about 100 yards from the finish. Then Nancy would turn on the steam and pull away.

Sawin decided to upset this scheme. He told Mary to swim the first half-mile at her usual speed, when, he told her, Nancy would be right behind her. "Then give it everything you've got for 100 yards," he said.

Mary won by a full length of the tank, 55 yards, and had swum the mile 32 seconds under the American record and only 3 seconds over the world record.

Nancy couldn't swim the next day, and Mary had the half-mile all to herself and set another American record. Nancy was out at the pool for the third day of the meet, but her coach doubted if she could beat Mary in the quarter, so Mary took the quarter, too, and a third American record.

Mary Ryan's times in that meet, 5:30.1 in the quarter, 11:26.4 in the half and 23:15 in the mile still stand as National Championship meet records. Those for the quarter and the mile are still American records. Mary was fifteen when she set them. At sixteen she turned professional and began teaching swimming at Brenau College in Georgia.

Mary's three triumphs at Portland brought Lakeside the National team championship, quite an accomplishment for a club that had entered National Senior competition only four years before.

Louisville and Indianapolis are natural rivals in sports. The glory an Indianapolis boy was bringing to Louisville in swimming went hard with some of the sports-minded people of Indianapolis. They wanted him back in the Hoosier capital, and Sawin, who considered Indianapolis his home town, rather wanted to be back.

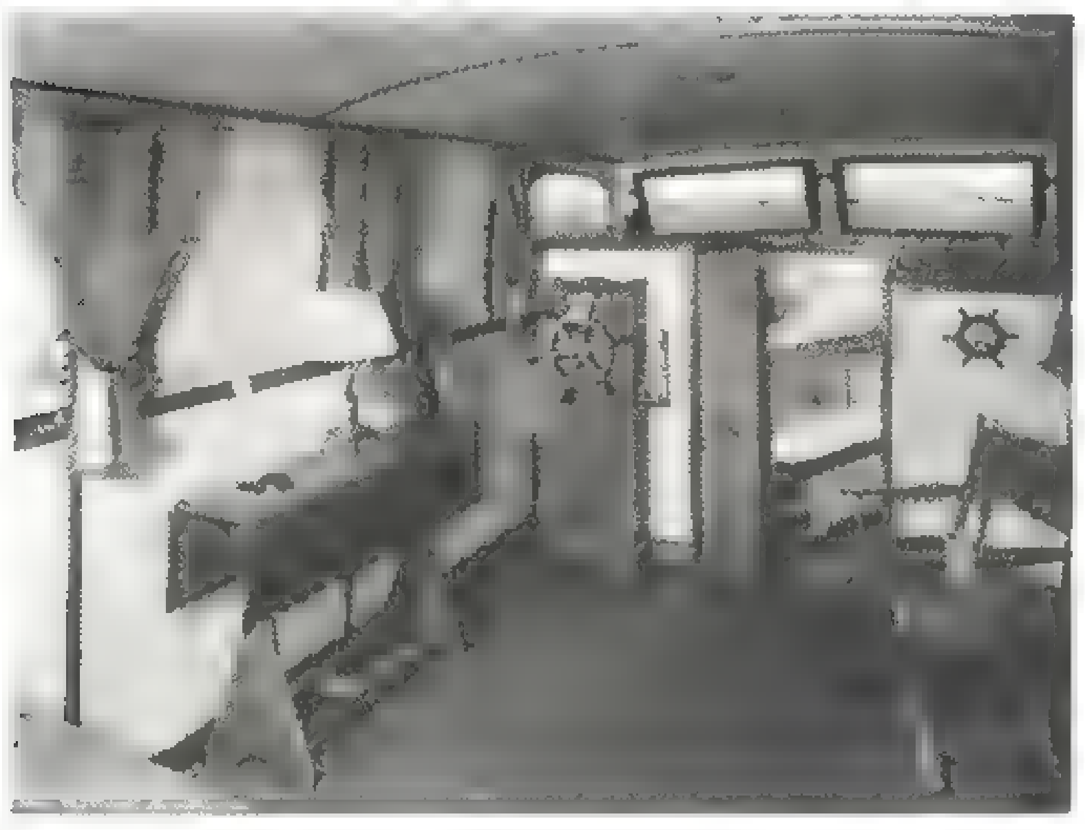
As a result, the next winter found him teaching swimming at the Riviera Club in Indianapolis, and by the outdoor season he had a team of girls ready for the National Championships at High Point, North Carolina.

The only member who received any pre-meet publicity was Patty Aspinall, the breast stroke champion, who had been at the Riviera before Sawin came there. Ann Hardin came up from Louisville, and there was Betty Bemis, of Nashwauk, Minn., about to give up swimming after four years of almost fruitless competition.

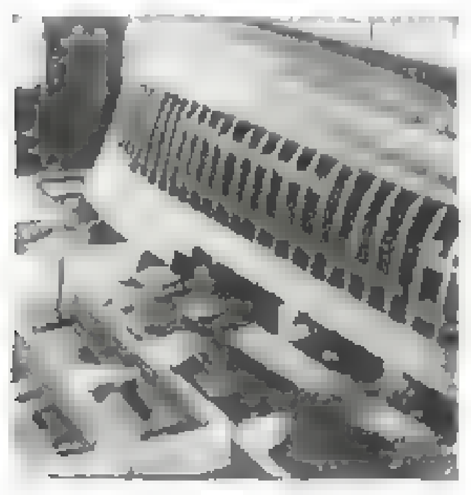
Betty's father, his heart set on having his daughter a champion, finally sent her to Indianapolis to work under Sawin while she attended Butler. Similar circumstances brought Mary Ann Walts up from Deland, Florida, to join Sawin's entourage. Completing the

One Hull *with* Single Purpose

As far as we know, nobody was ever before crazy enough or smart enough (take your choice) to concentrate on just one hull model—one size. Result? Mass production—applying the automotive mass manufacturing technique to boatbuilding. Advantage? Just look at an Owens 30-footer and you see more room, more seaworthiness, more fine materials and workmanship, more boat all-'round for LESS cost—inevitable result of turning out 30-foot cruisers on a production line. Ever spend a week end in an Owens? You've some learning coming to you!



Lot of Room. That's what makes Owens owners—from coast-to-coast-and-lakes-included—feel they've got something. Forward the trim galley, compact washroom, clothes lockers and roomy two-berth cabin. Right at the left in this picture is the big divan that opens into a double bed. Aft, there's 60 square feet of open cockpit . . . plenty of room for fishing, for swimming parties, or for just soaking up sunshine. The Owens is the biggest 30-footer there is. You'll love it.



Built Right. Tough? Seaworthy? You bet! Owens construction features steam-bent, white-oak frames, one piece from sheer to sheer and closely spaced for added strength. Selected mahogany planking is held in place by Everdur bronze screws. Can she take it? We'll say she can!

Wait a While. Right now we are up to our scuppers in mass production of landing boats and aircraft rescue boats for the war. Just keep on wishing for that Owens, and when the Hitler and Co. are jugged, we'll offer you a new and finer Owens. Keep wishing while you wait!

OWENS YACHT COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

OWENS 30 ft.
The Ideal Cruiser

team were two Indianapolis sisters, June and Joan Fogle. The previous winter Joan, thirteen years old, had set an American record for the 300-yard medley of 4:13.3, making her the youngest swimmer to hold an American record.

The first day's feature races were the 1,500 meters and the 300-meter individual medley, in which the girls swam 100 meters breast stroke, 100 meters back stroke, 100 meters free style.

Nancy Merki was an overwhelming favorite to take the 1,500 meters, which replaced the mile she had lost the two previous years to Mary Ryan. Against her Sawin pitted Ann Hardin.

It seemed to the spectators that they slapped the finish board simultaneously. The judges went into a huddle for ten minutes and announced Merki as the winner with a new American record. Hardin, they said, was timed just a tenth of a second slower.

Sawin shrugged that one off and began to think about the medley, in which he had high hopes for Joan Fogle. To win she had to beat Chieko Miyamoto, the Hawaiian girl who was defending the title. Joan was well behind when they finished the breast stroke and turned over for the back; then she began coming up. When they went to the free style the Indianapolis swimmer began to fly. The Hawaiian girl's lead became shorter and shorter, but the tank was not long enough. Chieko won by two feet, finishing 1 7/10 seconds ahead of Joan.

First event of the second session was the 800-meter relay.

Sawin decided to use Joan Fogle, his youngest swimmer, in the lead, because he felt with an even start she could beat any but the best girls in the meet and he knew the other teams would save their best to swim anchor. In second position he put Mary Ann Walts, a sure if not sensational performer. He would follow with Ann Hardin and Betty Bemis.

He told the girls if Joan finished with a lead they could win, but instructed Betty to watch for a signal before she started the anchor leg to see if she was to swim her best or save herself for two other races later in the afternoon.

Joan finished with a lead—four feet. Mary Ann lost most of it, but was still a foot in front. Then an unforeseen element entered. Cody had placed Nancy Merki at anchor on the Portland team in preference to Brenda Helser.

Brenda set out to show him who was the best 200-meter swimmer in Portland. As a result she swam the fastest 200 meters of her career. Ann Hardin, over-anxious, swam one of her poorest races and was 20 feet behind when Brenda finished. It looked easy for Merki, considered by many the best swimmer in the meet.

Sawin was ready to give Betty Bemis the "no-go" sign but he couldn't resist the pleading look that told him she wanted to be

Continued on page 132

FOR EXTRA SHAVING COMFORT

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice

Compact Shave Set $1.00

Brushless Shaving Cream and Tube of Talcum

Men who insist upon maximum comfort and minimum fuss in good grooming, appreciate Old Spice shaving requisites. This new Shave Set is typical of Shulton quality and practicality. The Brushless Cream works fast and effectively —the Old Spice-scented Talcum cools and refreshes—the cleverly designed kit of travel-light paperboard packs conveniently into suitcase or duffel bag. *Old Spice Shaving Creams, Shave Soap, Talcum, After-Shave Lotion and Bath Soap available singly or in sets.*

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Hoosier Swimmaster

Continued from pages 76-131

told to go out and catch that Merki girl.

"I felt like a slave-driver," says Sawin, "but I clenched my fist and shouted to her that she could do it."

That's all Betty needed. She ate those twenty yards up before Nancy realized any one was chasing her. At the last touchoff the girls were even; then Nancy blew up; her stroke went to pieces. Betty sailed home twenty feet in front, and the team had cut $5\frac{3}{10}$ seconds off the American record, a mark that had stood since 1935.

Later in the afternoon Patty Aspinall won the breast stroke, with a new meet record, and Betty Bemis swam in the back stroke to get a point for fourth place to help the team total. After a 45-minute rest she came back to win the 400 meters, beating Nancy Merki again, and badly. Moreover her time of 5:23.7 broke by almost six seconds the American record Miss Merki had set in 1939.

By day's end Riviera had so many points it was mathematically impossible for them to lose the team title although another day of the meet remained.

Then he took the girls to Clementon Lake, where Ann Hardin won her third straight National Long Distance title, and the Riviera Club succeeded the Lakeside Club as the team champion.

Becoming a champion swimmer means long hours of hard work. Sometimes Sawin's girls practice as often as three times a day. Willingness to practice arduously and regularly and an ability to follow instructions implicitly are the chief qualifications for becoming an expert swimmer, Sawin believes.

The ability to imitate is what Sawin calls that unique faculty that some swimmers possess that makes it possible for them to perfect the best possible stroke for their physique and to get the most pull from that stroke. It is the amount of pull a swimmer gets from his stroke that counts, not how fast he strokes.

The first thing Sawin teaches his swimmers is a long, smooth stroke. Then he tries to develop their stamina by workouts over alternating long and short distances. Those that show ability to maintain their stroke over a route are trained for distance work, the others remain sprinters. Type of physique has no bearing.

The American crawl, which is the principal stroke used in free style swimming, and the back stroke are fundamentally related, Sawin says, and any swimmer who becomes efficient at one can master the other. But a good breast stroker is something entirely different.

The breast stroke itself is not the difficulty; it is the frog kick which goes with it. A breast stroker must learn to draw his legs together slowly and then quickly throw them apart to push himself through the water. Once in awhile a swimmer comes along who falls into this technique easily. From that point on Sawin trains that individual for the breast stroke practically exclusively. A breast stroker seldom is much use in the free style or back stroke events.

Sawin's success as a coach is due probably to two main factors, his thorough study of the science of swimming and his knowledge of human psychology. He is able to mold each pupil's style to get the best results from his particular physique, and he also gets the most from each of them because he has what every leader must have—the faculty of making people like to work.

His girls swim their best for him because they like him. And they don't like him merely because he fits that famed tall, dark and handsome formula, which it happens he does very well.

His coaching methods differ in one major particular from those of other coaches—he teaches his swimmers to breathe on either side of the body. The advantages of the Sawin system are two. A swimmer can see his opposition only when they are on the side of him on which he raises his head to breathe. It is a great psychological disadvantage not to be able to see a rival you wish to watch while swimming the last pool-length of a race. Knowing that you will be unable to do so creates a mental hazard throughout the whole race. Sawin's swimmers never have that worry.

In training they are told to swim watching one side of the pool; this means they must breathe on the left going down and the right coming back. Most other swimmers are told to pick out the side on which it is easier for them to breathe and then stick to that one. Consequently they worry about the lane they are going to draw every time they race.

Breathing exclusively on one side also throws the stroke off balance, according to Sawin. The tendency of a tiring swimmer is to reach too far with his arm on the blind side due to the fact that he holds his face out of the water longer to breathe as his fatigue increases. If he has practiced breathing on both sides, however, this tendency is balanced. Stroking remains uniform, promoting greater efficiency. ⧻

The American Gentleman's Choice
VAT 69
"Quality Tells"
—because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE V
8 Years Old
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
8 YEARS OLD
Wm Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N.Y.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF

Soldier Slanguage

New lands, new situations bring flow of new words into patois of Americans

by **THOM YATES**

▪ARTICLE▪

WHEN Johnny comes marching home again, some eight million war-free Americans are going to talk and write a different slanguage. New soldier lingo is bound to be substituted for old expressions in scores, if not hundreds of instances.

This sample letter from a soldier would be clearly understood by a comrade-in-arms, but almost anyone else would regard it as code.

> Dear Folks: I have just heard the angel's whisper, so don't have much time, especially since I am dog robbing tonight. We have been bunk flying most of the afternoon and watching the colonel's wife's silk stocking. Finally, however, I got tired of just gassing and told my buddies to drive it into the hangar. It was nothing but interruptions all day. First the guy with the chickens on his shoulder popped in, and then the top-kick with all the crow tracks wanted to check up on our dog tags. When the old man came in, I, of course, threw my new housewife on the floor and gave him a highball.
>
> P. S. I have been transferred temporarily. Please address letters to me in care of Company Q here at camp.

Now actually all that this soldier has said is this:

> Dear Folks: I have just heard the bugle blow, so don't have too much time, especially since I am doing extra duty for extra pay for an officer tonight. We have been talking aviation most of the afternoon and watching the "wind stocking." Finally, however, I got tired of just talking and told my friends to change the subject. It was nothing but interruptions all day. First the Colonel popped in, and then the First Sergeant with all the chevrons wanted to check up on our identification tags. When the Colonel came in, I, of course, threw my sewing kit on the floor and gave him a salute.

The postscript merely meant that the soldier was under arrest. There is no actual Company Q in the Army. "Company Q" is slang for guardhouse, particularly in the Field Artillery.

The chances are, of course, that no soldier would incorporate that much Army talk into a single note, but it is a very good bet that many of these words and phrases which he uses to punctuate his daily talk will remain at his tongue's tip after Army days are over.

The tendency of the soldier to abbreviate everything probably is a by-product of the Army habit of using initials for speed and brevity in official reports. The quasi-official P. X. is coming rapidly into use as designation of Post Exchange, the Army's department stores, which until 50 years ago were known as canteens, a name now more usually associated with the Navy. S. O. L. and B. S. are given wide range in the soldier's unofficial vocabulary, meaning respectively "out of luck" and "throw the bull." A. W. O. L., meaning absent without official leave; M. P., military police; K. P., kitchen police, and G. I., government issue, are familiar.

Each branch of the service and each section of each branch has its own special technical jargon which does not gain currency throughout the Army in general. Two expressions borrowed from the West Pointer's lexicon are "gig" and "poop." Originally a "gig" was an official report of a trivial infraction of regulations, but today to the draftee a "gig" is also a short confinement, usually lasting over the weekend. "Skin" means the same as "gig." "Poop" is any morsel of information, either written or spoken, and in the Field Artillery it has the double meaning of "fire" in reference to a gun.

The "limp line" is sick call. "Shutters" are sleeping pills. A "bog-pocket" is a tight-wad, and a cavalry man is a "bowlegs." A machine gun is "the devil's piano" or a "chatterbox," and a "cowboy who is letting her eat" is a tank driver running too fast. Bed is a "snore bag." Touring the town is "buzzin' the town." A "dry run" is combat rehearsal.

In the Air Force nothing is much worse than being "raunchy" (in bad shape or dirty). The air men refer to a girl who is responsible for a flying cadet returning late from weekend leave as a "six and 20 tootsie" because she causes him to get six demerits and twenty punishment tours. "Flying the Iron Beam" is flying along a railroad; "Flying the Wet Beam" is flying along a river. "Roger" is used in the air corps for "Okay" or "Right!"

To the fliers a crash is a "prang," and "Forty pirates (or bandits) at 20 angels" means 40 Jap planes at 20,000 feet. Twenty bombers and 20 fighters would be described as "20 big rats and 20 little rats."

Insects are "motorized freckles." "Shack man" is a married man. "Skirt patrol" is search for feminine companions. "Sugar report" is a letter from a girl. "Street monkeys" are members of the band. "Uncle Sam's Party" is pay day.

"Snafu" means that the "situation is normal, all fouled up." Evaporated milk is "canned cow," with the variation that activation of certain mechanized units of the Army caused it to be called "armored cow" by the personnel of the Armored Force. One type of American tank with two turrets showing above the superstructure is the "Mae West" for obvious reasons. Officers in desk jobs compose the "chair-borne infantry." Paper currency is "folding money" and coins "white money." And don't be surprised if you find yourself calling insufficiently addressed letters and cards "nixies," and warmed-over potatoes "reenlisted spuds." #

Most Likely to Succeed

Today the man who truly values time and makes it serve his purpose has the greatest chance for success. There is no better way to show your hopes for the graduate — no surer way to inspire him with a sense of urgency and achievement — than by the priceless gift of time by Rolex. This magnificent watch combines rare sturdiness with precision — products of the ingenuity and mechanical genius of Rolex craftsmanship. ☆ ☆ ☆ Among exclusive Rolex features are seven adjustments and the patented aerodynamic superbalance which enables Rolex to certify this watch as a Chronometer*— the watch for today's world in which time is the essence of Victory. ☆ ☆ ☆ Model illustrated — from $160.00

*A Chronometer is more than just a watch. It is an instrument measuring the time in accordance with precise limits and definite rules laid down officially.

ROLEX

The Masterpiece of Watch Craftsmanship

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY QUALITY JEWELERS

HART SCHAFFNER MARX
NEW YORK CHICAGO
Palmer

WHEN YOU MUST BUY LESS • INVEST IN THE BEST

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

That "E" button could also stand for your excellent new suit, Mr. Burt!

Would you bet the suit the gentleman is wearing is a regular weight? You'd lose. This is Suntan Bombay . . . an exceptional hot weather suit that will give you good service summer after summer without losing its smartness. No matter how torrid the temperature, Bombay keeps you cool, well-pressed and well-dressed, because it's a superb blend of two-ply resilient wool with amazing shape-retaining ability. Exclusive with Hart Schaffner & Marx . . . available at your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer's in a wide collection of what we believe are the finest summer suits available.

Now more than ever . . a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Three Practical Jokers

1. Hugh Troy, a mural painter, would go to any length to embarrass a friend

by **JOE BRYAN III**

A VERY proper friend of Hugh Troy, the mural painter, was going abroad. This gentleman had recently played on Troy a very neat joke, as all their circle agreed. Troy was invited to a "white tie" dinner and was asked to stop on the way and pick up a woman guest, "former maid-of-honor" at the hostess's wedding. Unsuspecting, Troy stopped at the address and sent up his name. The lady who came down was exactly thirty-nine inches high. She entertained the party with recollections of circus days.

It was a comeback at Troy. In college, Troy painted huge lumpy toes and bare feet on the Dean's rubbers. After the job was dry he coated it with watercolor lampblack. When the Dean wore the rubbers out in the rain, the lampblack was quickly washed off. In New York, Troy assured himself parking space in front of his studio by setting a wooden facsimile of a water plug at the curb. The principal guest at a banquet would find a splendid pearl—Woolworth—under an oyster. Troy's regrets and acceptances were delivered by carrier pigeon—brought by seedy messengers and put into the hands of astonished butlers. He hung signs, "Basket Parties Welcome" on the gates of Long Island estates. But at last he had been caught up with. They were all laughing at Troy.

At the steamer, Troy was on hand with other friends to bid the proper gentleman good-bye. Troy was meek, he offered no tricks, he left before the others. After the "All ashore" gong, the gentleman, not sorry to be alone, went to his stateroom. It was a double-berth room but he had arranged to occupy it alone.

Damnation! The ship was crowded. He was to have a roommate.

Inside the door hung a greasy old check suit. It stank. The room was insupportable with the odors of a grimy shirt, soiled underwear, and limp, ancient socks on the floor. Two used cornplasters were in the washbasin. An indelicate photograph was stuck in the mirror. The roommate's broken-handled rattan suitcase was in the other berth. The dog had evidently changed his clothes after coming aboard.

There was no getting through the crowd at the purser's office. The voyager passed the night in the smoking room rather than sleep with that fellow traveler.

Inside the suitcase the next day was found a farewell message from Hugh Troy.

2. Libel suits were as wine to that hell-firin' editor of the old west, Dave Day

by **ROSCOE FLEMING**

THE Colorado *Durango Democrat*, Editor, David Frakes Day, had the roughest style in handling anyone that Day didn't like, of any paper ever published in the United States.

Day was famous as the last of the Ravelaisian editors. For a time he shared fame with Bill Nye of the *Laramie Boomerang* and Eugene Field of the *Denver Republican* but these two journeyed east and conformed. Day never conformed. He started his first Colorado paper, the *Solid Muldoon*, in Ouray, with this heading:

"We shall publish a newspaper whose uplifting message will be always welcome, with an influence for good in the home circle. We do not hesitate to appeal to the mothers, wives and daughters who give that circle every hue it has of Heaven."

Social items on the first page included such as these:

"Two weddings are on dit for next week. This weather kind of suggests two in a bed, spoon fashion."

An epitaph:

"Here lies the body of poor old
Charlotte.
Born a virgin, died a harlot.
For eighteen years she kept her
virginity,
An all-time record in this vicinity."

Or: "In future, all communications to the *Muldoon* will be marked with an asterisk to show that the editor disclaims responsibility. Each correspondent will have his own*."

When Chipeta, Queen of the Utes, went to Washington, Day pretended that she had been seduced there by an eminent gold-standard statesman. He followed the case for nine months, announced the birth of a boy, named by Day for the statesman, and chronicled the alleged boy's growth for years by that name.

But Day was more than a roistering mountebank. He was a power. Burly, gun-toting, with an oxbow moustache, his *Durango Democrat* was the most terrific of all advocates of free-silver and was published in the very heart of the conflict. People in these days cannot realize the frenzy of the political-economic struggle for the free coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen-to-one with gold. At William Jennings Bryan's first defeat, Day ran a streamer across his front page:

SAVIOR CRUCIFIED ON CROSS OF GOLD

To Durango came a great personal friend of Day's, Francis E. Leupp, correspondent of the *New York Sun*, organ of the gold interest. Day was too busy one morning to write his editorial. Leupp said he would write it, "but you won't print it."

Day glared at the challenge. He ordered the foreman to print anything Leupp wrote. Even Day would have been terrified at the crashing upset that was hanging over him. The foreman, when he read Leupp's stuff, tried to save Day, but Day wouldn't look at it and roared the man down.

The Bible of free-silver came out with the most abject takeback that ever appeared in a newspaper. The bold-face editorial was headed: "A Confession Wrung from Conscience."

Leupp went on to say, "Conscience revolts, as decency long ago revolted, from carrying on any longer the fraud of free-silver. Posterity will hang its head for the dishonor of our government if we permit the free-coinage mania to carry us away." And so on for more than a column.

The *Democrat* was hardly off the press when a mob gathered to lynch Day. The whole editorial was telegraphed east and reprinted in full in the gold newspapers. Leupp's paper headed it, "The People of Colorado Come to Their Senses."

Never in the history of journalism was reckless daredevil so hit by an avalanche. The greatest tribute to Day's real power is that he lived it down. ###

3. Practical gag man was Peter Grimes who travelled on his charm and his wits

by BENNETT L. WILLIAMS

No apology need be made for including Peter A. Gordon Grimes in any parade of pranksters or fellowship of farceurs.

A gem of conception and execution was the farce perpetrated by Peter, etc., on the sailor Alfred Johansen.

It was Alfred Johansen's fate to be in a long, gaudy saloon in Nagasaki in March, 1914 when Peter and another man staggered in. Peter's situation at the moment was embarrassing. He had been convicted of forgery in the United States treaty port of Shanghai three days before. He had left the court handcuffed to the officer who was to deliver him at Nagasaki to the U. S. Transport *Sheridan* to be taken to California to serve his sentence.

On the two-day passage of more than 500 miles across the Yellow Sea the magnetic charm of Peter had won the officer to take off the handcuffs and they got off the ship to take in the sights of Nagasaki before Peter was put aboard. The officer was so helplessly drunk that apparently all Peter had to do was to shake him off. But Peter always loved to do a thing in style.

"You're a good scout, Pete. You're my pal. I'm trustin' ya like a brother." The policeman wove his way to a table and slumped down.

Peter had his eye on Alfred Johansen, a sailor on shore leave. Tobacco-stained, hempen stubble sprouted all over his rugged jaws. The filthy wreck of a shirt had been half torn off his knotted, tattooed arms and matted, hairy breast. He had been rolling in mud in an alley. One leg of his greasy dungarees had been ripped inside all the way up, revealing that there was nothing underneath them but the manly Norwegian.

To make a friend of that walking thirst was easy. But Johansen while he could speak, had his sense of duty.

"Mus' ged back to sheep," he muttered, clinging to the bar while he poured the cognac down. "No miss sheep."

"I'll get you back to the ship," encouraged Peter. "I'll get you on the ship. Drink her down. Here's to good old Yale."

At 3 a.m., six bells in the midnight watch, Peter lowered Johansen into a Japanese-manned launch at the dock. On the way out to the ship the sailor's copper-lined insides revolted and he let go all over himself.

"Shore boat coming alongside," sung out the lookout on the *Sheridan*.

Peter came up the side ladder. "Bringing you the prisoner," he announced cheerfully. "Here are the commitment papers. You'll have to hoist him aboard in a sling."

"If we weren't sailing in two hours I'd report you for bringing him in this condition," said the lieutenant furiously. Johansen lay on the deck, a noisome object. Around his legs a steaming puddle was widening rapidly. "Peter A. Gordon Grimes," the officer read from the paper. "Is that your name—you?" he yelled at Johansen.

"Co to hal you such and such and such," replied Johansen thickly.

Peter went back to the snoring guard in the saloon, pinned the badge back on the man's vest, put the receipt for himself in the man's pocket and disappeared.

Johansen had a free trip. No attention was paid, on the voyage, to the squawks and pretensions of the prisoner. At San Francisco the lieutenant received some compliments on having received the drunken sailor as Peter A. Gordon Grimes, Beau Brummel of the foreign club. The guard, greatly relieved to find the receipt after he awoke, returned to Shanghai and turned it in with his expense account. He, perhaps, was the one who enjoyed the joke most, after the cable began to buzz two weeks later. ###

You can't mail an embrace

..so Mail Her a

URIS "EMBRACELET"!

There's no more romantic way to say, "You'd be grand to come home to!" For a Uris "Embracelet" looks so handsome with the name and insignia of your service cut out of ten carat gold, that it will make her feel she's your personal pin-up girl. These Uris "Embracelets" are hand-finished and assembled by New York craftsmen. And the name Uris, established over a generation, is your assurance that quality will never go A. W. O. L. • Select your Uris "Embracelet" today. You will give it with pride . . . and it will be worn with pride by every mother, wife, sweetheart or sister. It tells the whole world her heart belongs to a fighting man!

URIS "EMBRACELETS" ARE REASONABLY PRICED. AVAILABLE AT POST EXCHANGES, SHIP SERVICE STORES, LEADING DEPT. STORES & JEWELERS

US ARMY
US NAVY
US MARINES
US AAF

FOR EVERY SERVICE MAN'S "MISS" THERE'S A LOVELY

"Embracelet" by

URIS

COPR. 1943, URIS SALES CORP., 222 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.

the one and only!
Sweet
VERMOUTH
Dubonnet
sweet or dry
the one and only . . .
VERMOUTH
by Dubonnet

Race horses or Vermouth — blood lines will tell. Vermouth by Dubonnet is a Vermouth backed by a great quality tradition. Everything the 97-year-old name Dubonnet stands for is in this Vermouth . . . highest quality ingredients and the skill to blend them to perfection. A pedigreed sure-winner . . . discover its superiority today. ☛ *Write for free Dubonnet "Smart Drink Guide", Dubonnet Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York City.*

Product of U. S. A., bottled by Dubonnet Corporation, Lodi, Cal.

Tune in! "Alec Templeton Time" 10:30 — 10:35 p. m. (e.w.t.) Blue Network, Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

The End of Atlantropa

Continued from page 49

cities, all of them near the new power stations. The "heart of the world," the capital of Atlantropa, was to be Tunis. It was to have three million inhabitants. The largest and most important city economically was scheduled to be Tangiers. It was to have between five and six million inhabitants. Other big cities were to be developed at Gibraltar, Messina and Genoa.

Still another one, called *Port de Rhone*, was to be built at the mouth of the Rhone. It was to be very important, while Marseille was to shrink to a picturesque little town.

For all those new cities detailed plans and maps were ready.

To Atlantropa's founders, money was no object. The project was to be financed through Schacht's new conception of state capitalism (or if you will, state socialism), which, in turn, is based on the idea that human energy is the only rational "coin."

The plan of Atlantropa could never be realized under normal conditions because it would be much too expensive. However, it could be realized in the way the Egyptian pharaohs realized the pyramids—by slave labor. There can be no slightest doubt that that is exactly the way the Nazis hoped to build Atlantropa.

When you look at it from this angle, World War II was only the first logical step toward realizing Atlantropa. If Hitler could enslave Europe's peoples for any length of time, he could force them to build Atlantropa. And with Atlantropa once built, the Germans would have enslaved Europe or, indeed, the whole world forever.

For the political and military supremacy of those at the switches of the machines that were to run Atlantropa would have been gigantic. Soergel told me that they would make peace "inevitable." I mean this literally. The machines—the power stations certainly would. Since all the countries of Atlantropa would have to use energy from these stations to make their factories operate, their trains run, their lights shine (remember, there will be little or no coal 200 years hence in Europe), no state would have been able to oppose those in charge of the power stations, the Germans.

But even for an Atlantropa enslaved by the Germans this would not have meant peace. It would have meant at least one more "colossal" war for the domination of the rest of the world—or what Haushofer called the periphery, (America, Australia, the Far East, etc.).

There is absolutely no doubt that this was the idea of those who were planning Atlantropa. Why otherwise would one of the most important features of the whole plan be the enormous fortifications on a scale never before heard of in the history of mankind, fortifications at all strategic points?

Just to take Gibraltar for an example, the fortifications there were worked out in detail by Engineer Peter Behrens, a Viennese. There was to be, among others, a steel tower 400 meters in height as protection against airplane attack. There were also to be numerous other features, all constructed of steel and most of them sunk deep into the ground.

The American invasion of Africa made the Atlantropa project impractical. But the Nazis have not forgotten it. They won't, until they are utterly defeated. ⧺

AMERICAN SERVICE RIBBONS ➧

Behind the tiny strips of ribbons decorating the chests of the men in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps are many meanings. All represent military effort to preserve liberty and some denote great valor. The ribbons most frequently seen are those authorized for service during the Period of Emergency and World War II. The American Defense Service Medal is represented by a golden color background, emblematic of the land of golden opportunity, and two groups of red, white and blue stripes. This ribbon may be worn by military personnel for honorable service for a period of twelve months or longer between September 8, 1939 and December 7, 1941.

The American theatre is a ribbon of blue ground showing the colors of the United States in the middle, flanked on either side by red and white stripes for Japan and black and white stripes for Germany. This is for service during any period from December 7, 1941, inclusive, to a date six months subsequent to the termination of the present war. This particular ribbon is for service on the American continent and adjacent waters, exclusive of most of Alaska.

The European-African-Middle Eastern theatre is represented by a green ribbon symbolical of the green fields of Europe against which appear the colors of the United States. Flanked on one side are the green, white and red colors of Italy and on the other side, the black and white stripes of Germany. The brown border of the ribbon stands for the sands of Africa. As the name implies, this ribbon is for service in Europe, Africa or the Middle East.

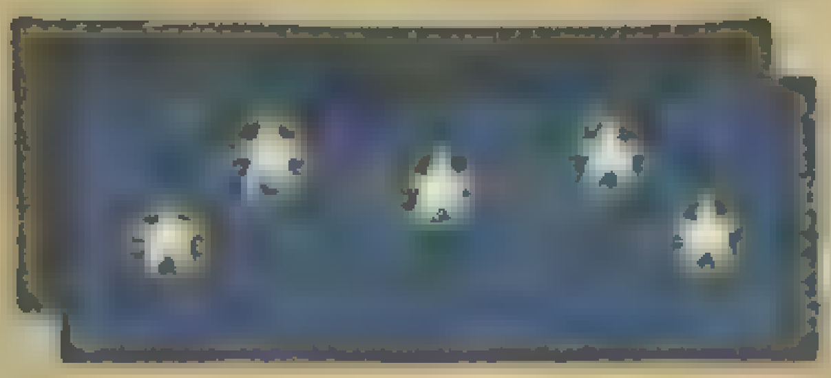
The Asiatic-Pacific theatre is represented by an orange ribbon showing narrow stripes of the United States, the blue, white and red in the center, flanked on each side by the red and white of Japan.

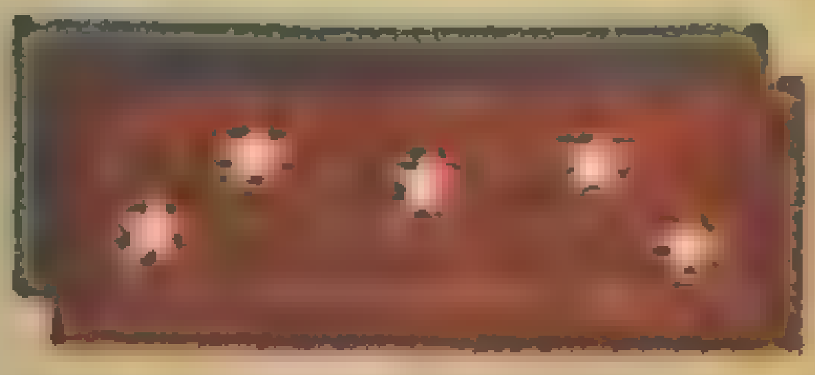
Members of the land and sea forces, including the women's auxiliary services, are eligible for these ribbons. Each ribbon represents a medal which will be issued after the war.

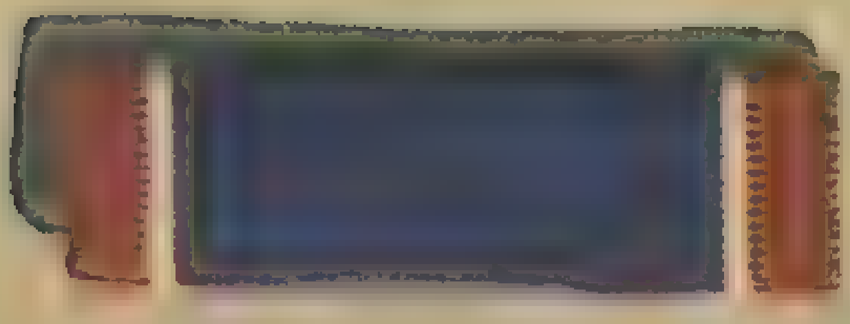
The small bronze star on any of the three theatre ribbons denotes attack. Where more than five stars have been earned, a silver star of the same size is substituted in the ratio of one to five.

AMERICAN CAMPAIGN RIBBONS *and* SERVICE DECORATIONS

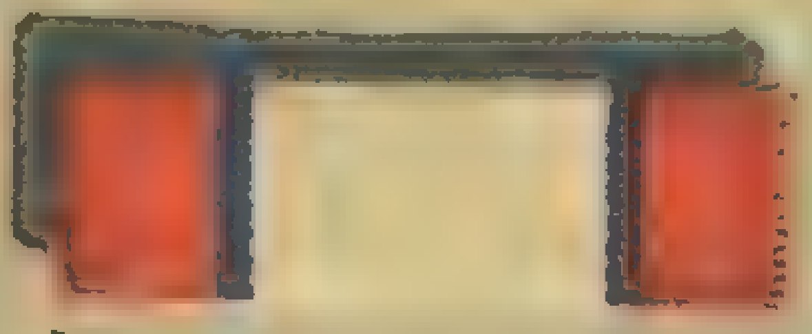
as seen by Esquire

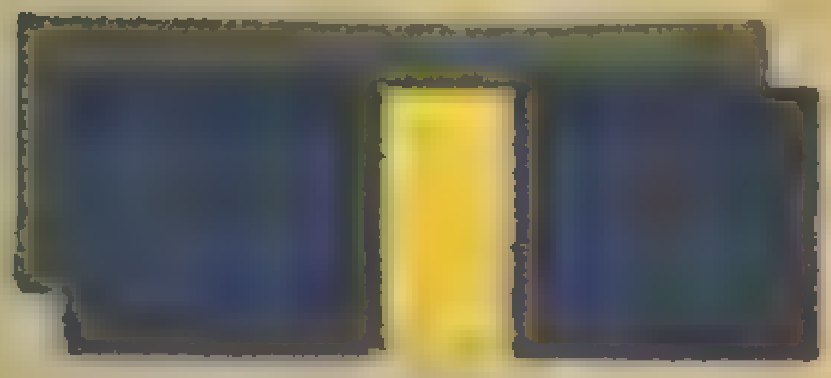

Medal of Honor.
(Army and Navy)

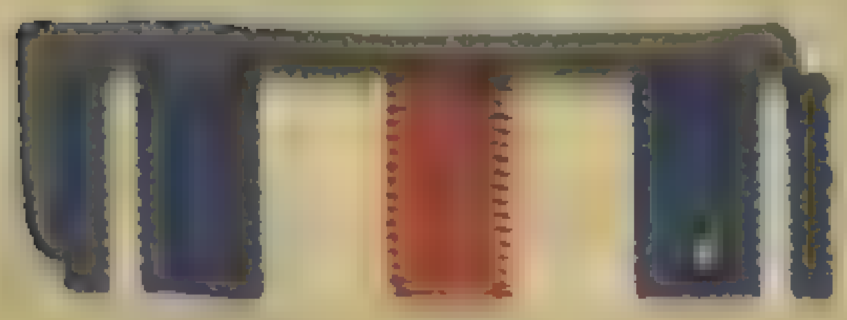

Marine Corps Brevet Medal

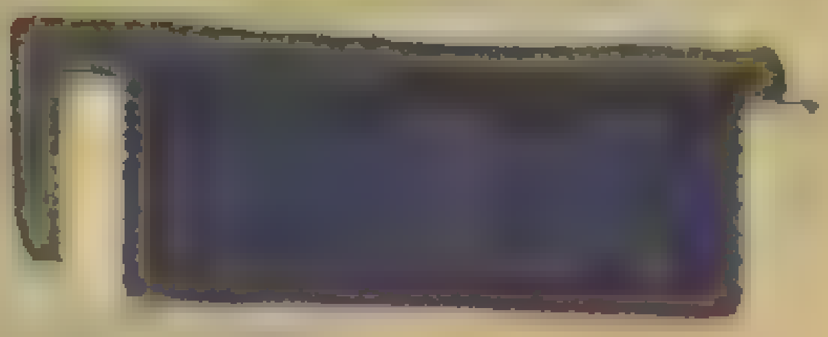

Distinguished Service Cross
(Army)

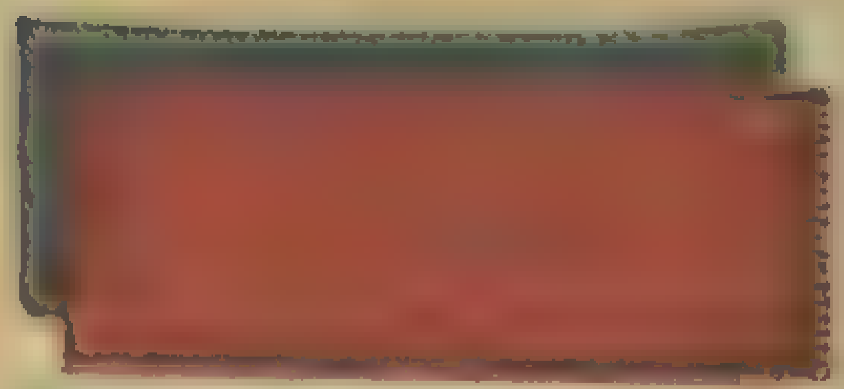
Navy Cross

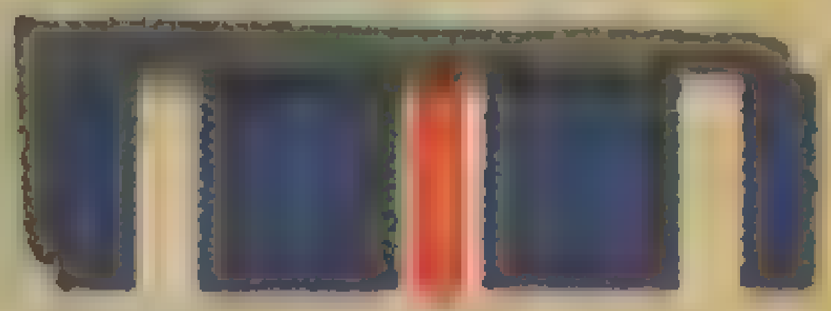

Distinguished Service Medal
(Army)

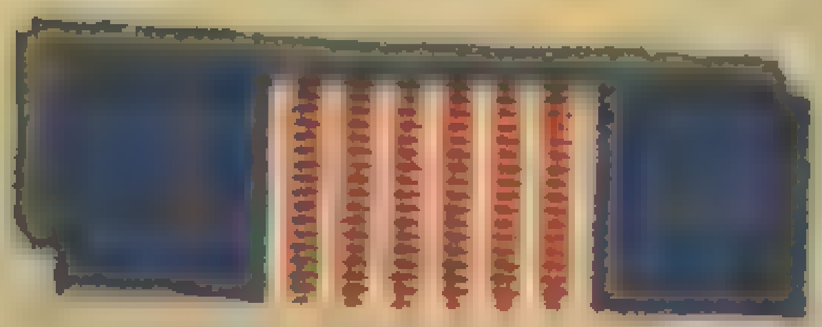

Distinguished Service Medal
(Navy)

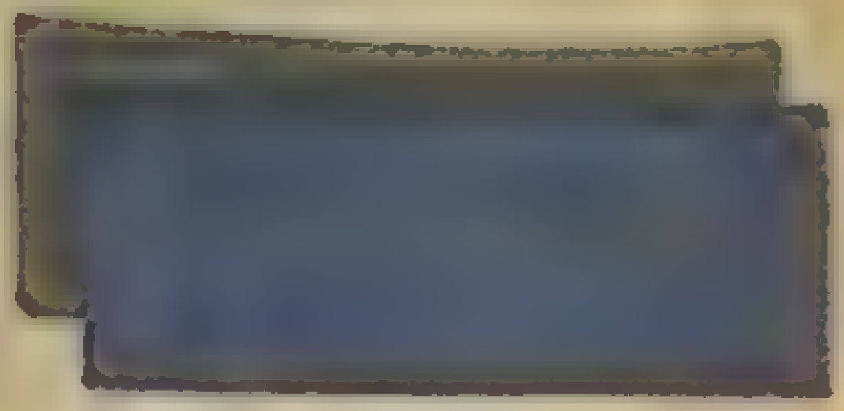

Silver Star *(Army)*

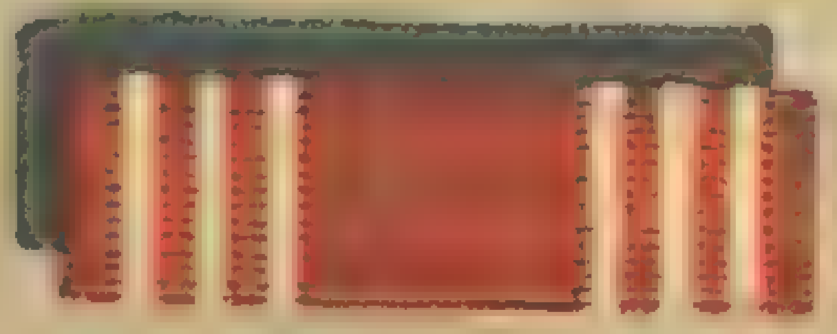

Purple Heart
(Army and Navy)

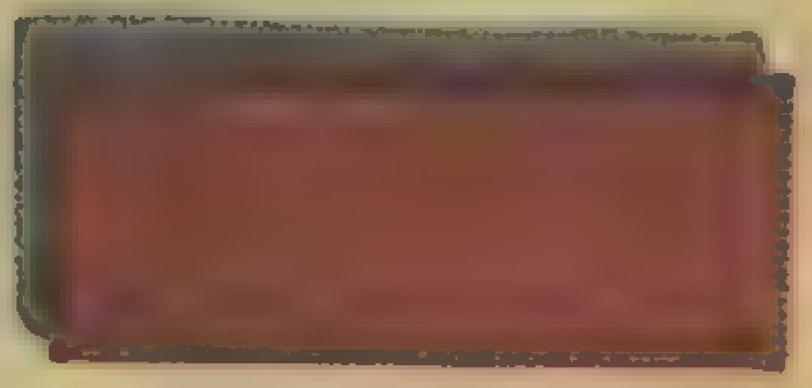

Specially Meritorious Medal
(Navy and Marine Corps)


Distinguished Flying Cross
(Army and Navy)

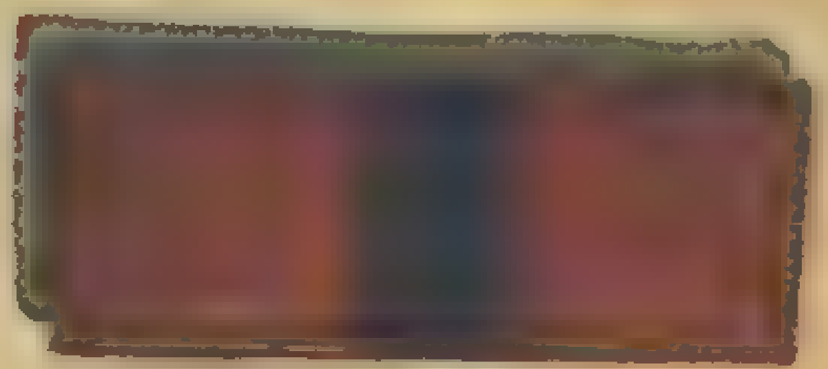

Soldier's Medal *(Army)*

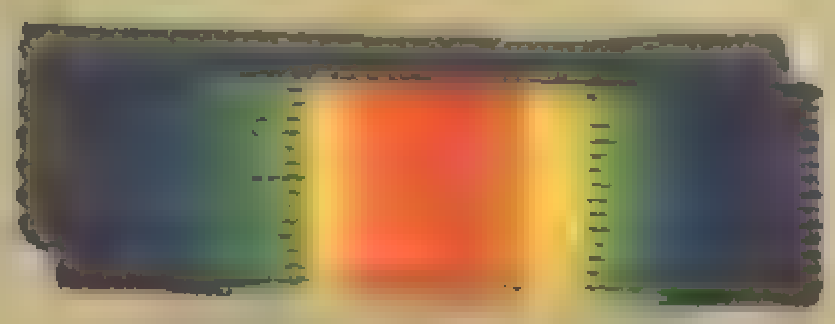

Silver Life Saving Medal
(Navy)

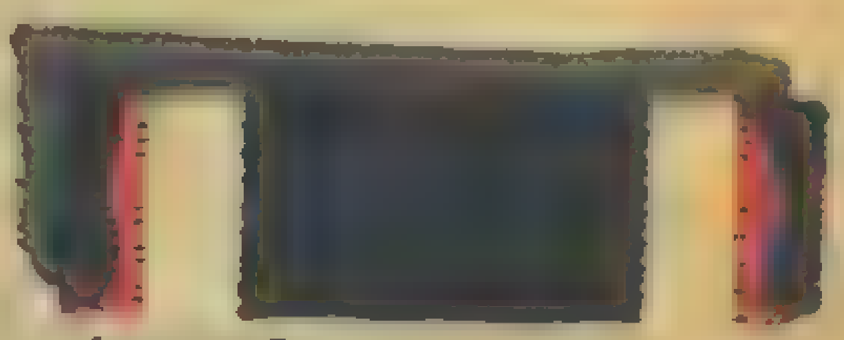

Good Conduct Medal
(Army)


Good Conduct Medal
(Navy)

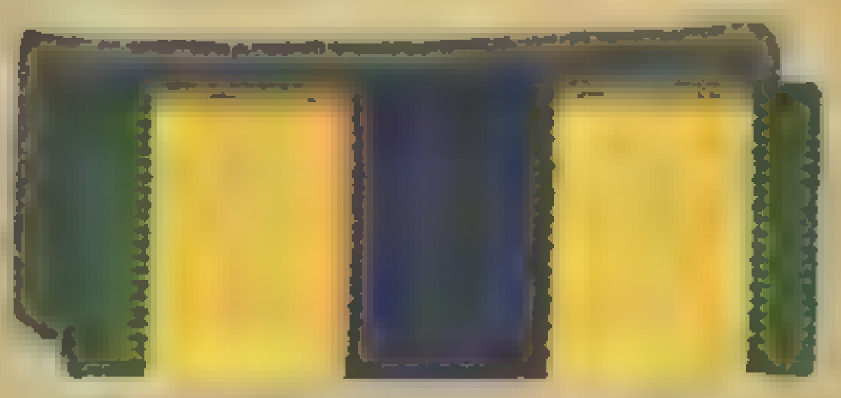
Good Conduct Medal
(Coast Guard)

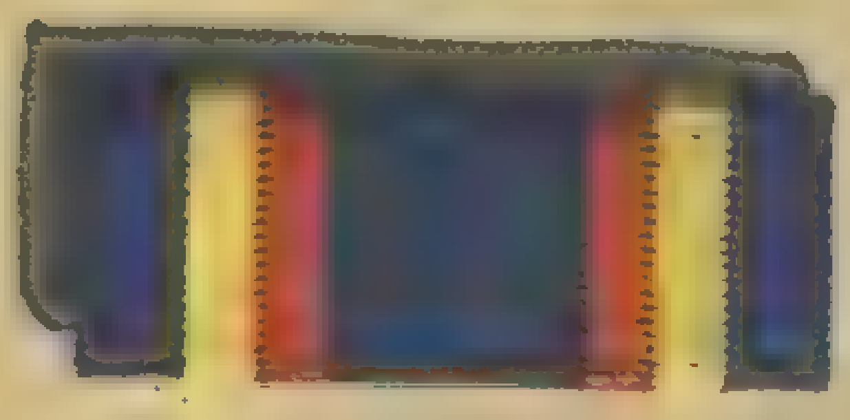

Good Conduct Medal
(Marine Corps)


American Victory Medal
(Army and Navy)

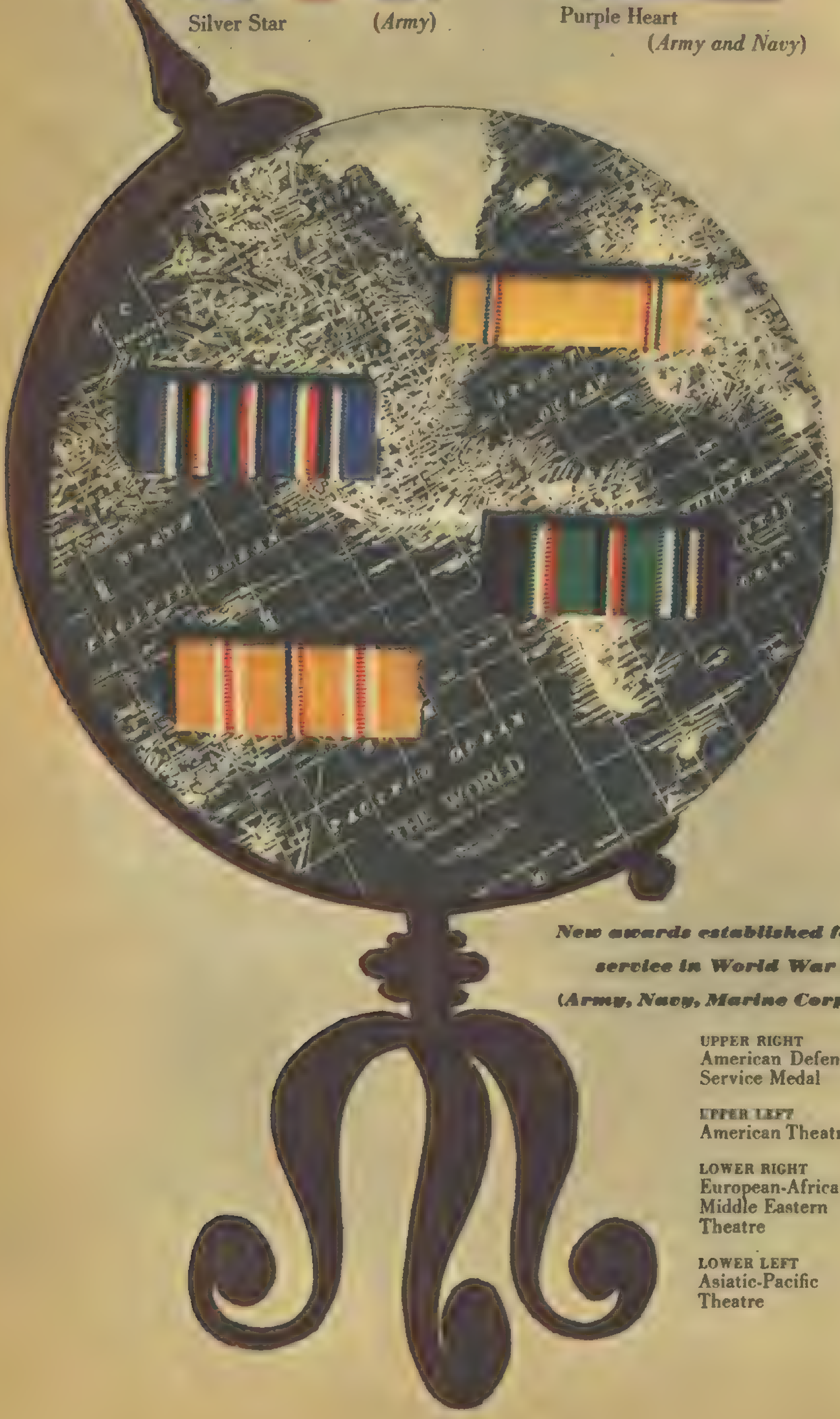

Army Occupation of
Germany Medal

Marine Corps Reserve


Navy Bar Mexican Service


Navy Yangtze

Naval Reserve



New awards established for service in World War II (Army, Navy, Marine Corps)

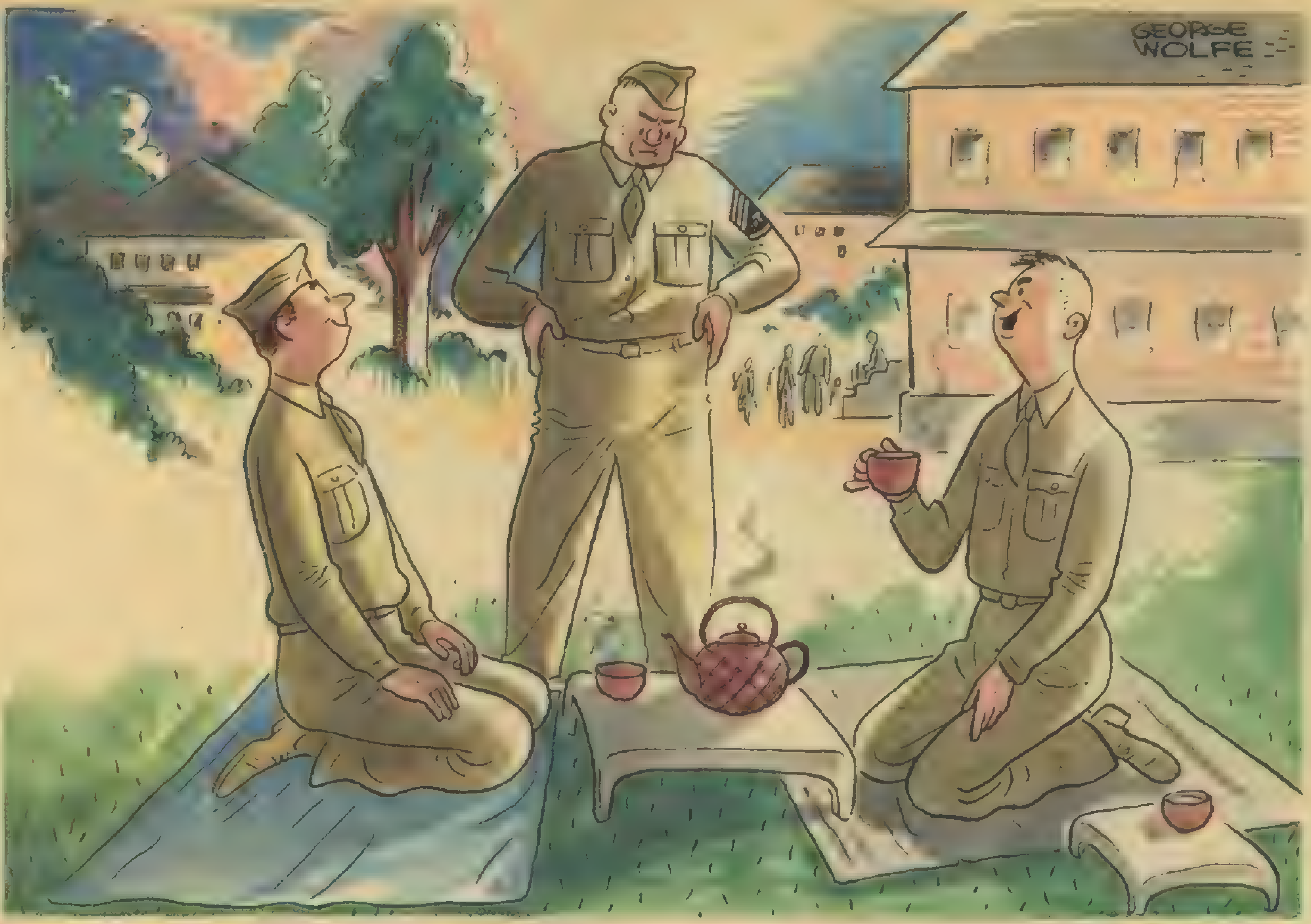
UPPER RIGHT
American Defense Service Medal

UPPER LEFT
American Theatre

LOWER RIGHT
European-African-Middle Eastern Theatre

LOWER LEFT
Asiatic-Pacific Theatre

Anton Bruehl



"Why, Sarge—you can't drink tea any old way in Tokyo!"

THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Featuring the girls at the Copacabana

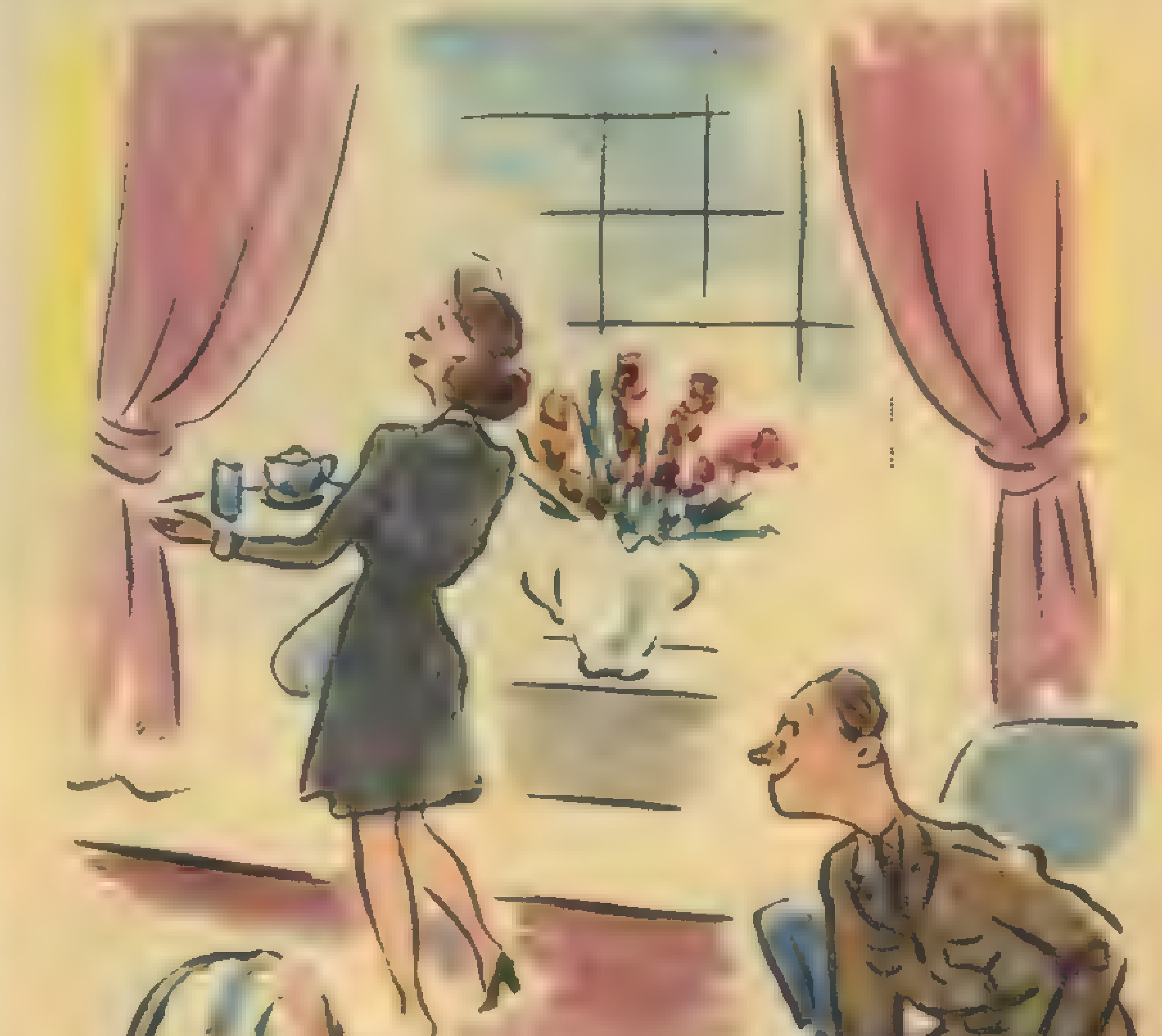
Taking up where the Good Neighbor policy leaves off, the girls at the Copacabana swing it in this first of a series of night club close-ups which are conceived for, and dedicated to, the men in Uncle Sam's service. Esquire's pragmatic point is that if the boys' duties take them too far afield for attendance at night clubs, then the clubs can damn well come to the boys via these full-page, full-color and full-blooded pictures by Anton Bruehl, the distinguished photographer.

Initiating the series is Monte Proser's Copacabana, located on the East Side of Manhattan. Having adopted the name of Rio de Janeiro's fabulous beach district, the Copacabana is carrying on in the cordial spirit of Latin hospitality. And it has made an agreeable specialty of serving up generous portions of hemispheric solidarity along with the Scotch and soda, the gin and tonic, or what'll you have? The girls of the Copacabana work overtime in their zeal to popularize the samba, that Brazilian dance whose rollicking rhythm makes it easy for the customers to learn, and whose bouncey hop makes it exhilarating to dance.

These Terpsichoreans in the show at the Copacabana are easily among the most gorgeous in town. And if you're from Missouri, we give you, for axiomatic proof: Lucille Casey (strutting her stuff in the center) who has been both a fashion model and a Broadway chorus girl, and who is now making her supper-club debut; Eileen Shirley, on the upper right. Forgive her if she looks rather proud; she's the daughter of a gunner in the U. S. Navy; blonde Marilyn Johnson, leaning comfortably against the palm tree (want a date, buddy?), who regards Miss Casey with a what-has-she-got-that-I-haven't expression—she was formerly a dancer in Hollywood musicals; Mary Mullin (she of the melting doe's eyes, who swings a hot maraccas) and Terry Kelly (old soldiers of World War I might observe that the up-tilted nose and dimples are reminiscent of Alice Brady).

Soldiers stationed in the jungles of the Solomons, ski troops in the snowy peaks of Alaska, or sailors manning submarines several leagues under, may go about their duties faintly disturbed by the fact that they are losing touch with such important matters as the last scream in café society fashions. So here they are, boys, designed by Walter Florell. The straw bretons have trimming that suggests castanets, while low-décolletage bodices of an open-mesh material and taffeta skirts with deep slits keep the girls delightfully cool, despite the cruel heat of the spotlight.

ANTON BRUEHL PHOTOGRAPH



"It looks as though the Army has made a man of Junior!"

just off the presses

the completely new 1943 Esquire date book

Esquire's
Date Book

ACTUAL SIZE

☞ It's out! Out to ease your eyes; out to permanently remove the *not* from "She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not"—a completely new, bangup 1943 Esquire Date Book. Just cast your glance above . . . and you have a rough idea of what this newest, most colorful Date Book contains. For besides a fund of amusing tips on dates, women, drinks, and how to mix them . . . besides a handy assortment of date calendars and other designs to pigeonhole the femmes . . . besides famous Esquire checkpayers and color cartoons, the Date Book boasts of 27 (count 'em) glamor girl photographs—19 in full color, and 8 in sultry black and white; girls so glamorous that one glimpse makes you want to put your left foot in your right pocket and happily float off on your elbows • And with more pages, more pictures, and more color than ever before, this biggest and best Date Book costs no more than other Date Books. Just dust off the small sum of 50c . . . clip the coupon . . . and mail today • And remember: The only insurance you'll have against "borrowing" of this double-double, double-dynamite, trouble-scattering Date Book is to provide personal copies to Soldier, Sailor, and Civvie;—all who come within reaching distance. ☆ ☆ ☆

ESQUIRE, P. O. BOX 1719, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hurry, Esquire, me for the completely new 106-page 1943 Date Book. I understand that this attractive 5" x 7" plastic-bound Date Book features 27 Esquire glamor girl photographs—19 in full color and 8 in black and white; and 6 hilarious Esquire cartoons in color.

50¢

☞ SEND ME . . . DATE BOOKS @ 50c EACH, FOR WHICH I REMIT $. . . ., PAYMENT IN FULL

____ *Name*
Please print

____ *Address*

____ *City and*
U.S. orders only, no stamps please

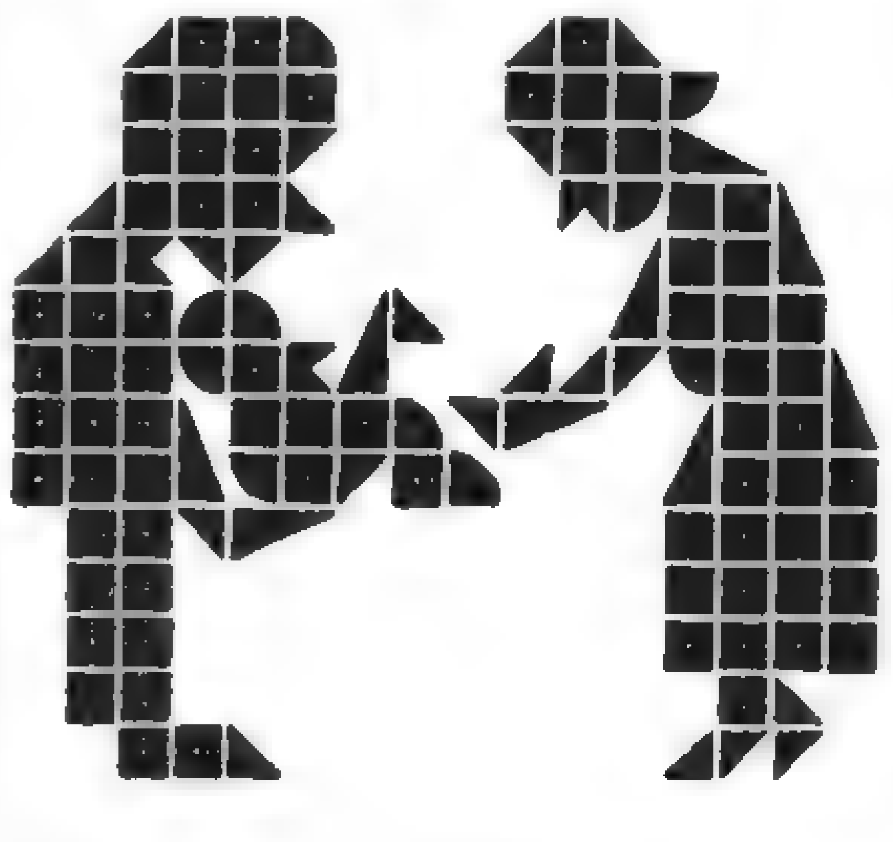
Keep Active to Keep Alive

Continued from page 30

radic outbursts of vicious exercise are senseless even though we lack the proof that they are potentially harmful. The body can "take it," but why impose upon it? I readily grant that folks do occasionally drop dead after severe exercise—or after bridge, or at the movies, or in the easy chair at home.

The field of preventive medicine is a specialty. The physical educator who completes four years of specialized collegiate study, followed by endless postgraduate work and practical experience, quite evidently possesses the essential qualifications to lead us along the right path to enduring physical conditioning. There are also a small number of physicians who have specialized in the fields of physical education and personal hygiene. If any of these men should say to us "You do not have to exercise" we would be wise to consider their counsel. But, these men who understand the principles of healthful living are certain to preach: "Exercise is vital to the preservation of a strong, rugged, healthy body which assures happiness and resistance against disease. Abundant vitality will ward off the latter, will abort its course, and will lessen its injurious effects. Exercise will lead to a more profound enjoyment of life and greater efficiency in all your work. Exercise religiously, sensibly, diligently."

The "Don't lift a finger" advocates lay great stress on longevity. Hard work, physical or mental, exacts its toll. True enough, the turtle lying motionless on the floor of the deep sea will not wear and will vegetate endlessly. Old Jeeters munching straws under the juniper trees along Tobacco Road most likely will outlive the hard working Kansas farmer or the maniacs rushing along the streets of New York. In a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* I noticed a summary showing that of a given group of deceased physicians, those most successful and prominent died at an average age of 64.5 years, while those less successful and less known lived on to an average age of 69.5. Thus every physician who lives as intensively as Clendenning, or our friend Babbitt, is deliberately chopping years off his total assignment on Mother Earth. And yet, knowing this, which one of them, and which one of us, would consider changing places with old Jeeters or the deep sea turtle? Worth-while achievements exact their toll. The twenty-six youngsters who flew their "Squadron Eight" bombers at the Japs, with only one of them living to tell the tale, did not worry much about longevity. Neither did Theodore Roosevelt who lived 600 years in his sixty odd summers.



Our baby is a wilful wight,
His every yearning is a must,
And when he wakens in the night
His bottle he will have, or bust.

Thirty years ago when I started in the field of physical education, Bernarr Macfadden was the Billy Sunday of the health movement. Fiery, intolerant of opposing views, ranting against drugs, Macfadden preached the gospel of universal physical culture. Countless thousands of men and women, through Macfadden's infectious enthusiasm, started on a lifetime of healthful living. The greatest impetus toward interest in exercise came, however, during the first World War, when the government took nearly five million of our men, conditioned them splendidly and taught them to understand and play our popular athletic sports. When these millions poured back into civilian life they started an athletic boom which has grown steadily ever since.

Unfortunately, keeping step with this desirable interest in healthful living came prosperity with its trail of ease, silk shirts, cabarets, limousines, margin buying, bridge, movies, soft life. The average intelligent person readily enough admitted that regular physical training was indispensable to the preservation of good health and vitality but pleaded, "I just don't seem to find time for it." Then came the depression with its struggle for survival, another excuse for neglecting the body. The curve of progress of physical conditioning started down.

Our leaders in the physical education profession had begun teaching that while folks did not care for formal gymnastics they would eagerly participate in some form of competitive sport if they could be taught to play it with fair skill. Around 1928 Thomas Wood and Jesse Williams of Columbia, Jay Nash of N. Y. U. and Seward Staley of the U. of Illinois, led a modernistic movement which in substance may be summarized as "Down with physical culture! Down with physical training! Down with muscle and perspiration! Long live physical education, character, good fellowship, joy through play!"

The modernists succeeded. Setting-up exercises began to disappear from the colleges, schools, club gymnasia, camps, even the radio. The youngsters played kitten ball, shuffleboard, archery. It didn't make sense. A great many lack the essential inborn co-ordinations to play games, however

Continued on page 142

TEACHERS
HIGHLAND CREAM
Three little wor-r-rds!

Three short words describe the popularity of Teacher's Scotch. No more need be said when you know . . .

"It's the flavour"

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned Oxfords
Avenue
LAST
Style 442
Ventilated Brown Calf
Parade
LAST
Style 2124
In the Military Manner
BUY SAVINGS BONDS

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

FOR ADDED STYLE MILEAGE

What Is Shoe Quality. . . .

If given the finest obtainable materials, could YOU make of them a pair of very fine shoes? Of course not. The satisfaction enjoyed by loyal wearers of Nunn-Bush shoes is a product of many highly specialized skills. Less determined shoemakers might take the same leathers and merely turn them into shoes. Nunn-Bush shoemakers constantly strive for the highest goals of fit and comfort they can conceive.

Most Styles $10 to $13.50

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Keep Active to Keep Alive

Continued from pages 30-141

hard you may try to teach them. In the more strenuous and skillful games (basketball, soccer, etc.) those naturally athletic monopolize the play while the dubs try to save their self-respect by clowning through the required period. An occasional turn at bat or a throw of a baseball is hardly sufficient to build strength or ruggedness or vigor. Twenty minutes of setting-up exercises can do more to promote strenuous body activity than two hours of baseball. "Athletics are a means of recreation for the healthy man who is in the proper physical condition to participate in them. Calisthenics is the whole wheat bread, coarse, not very appetizing, but very healthful; athletics is the cake, good fare only for a stanch stomach."

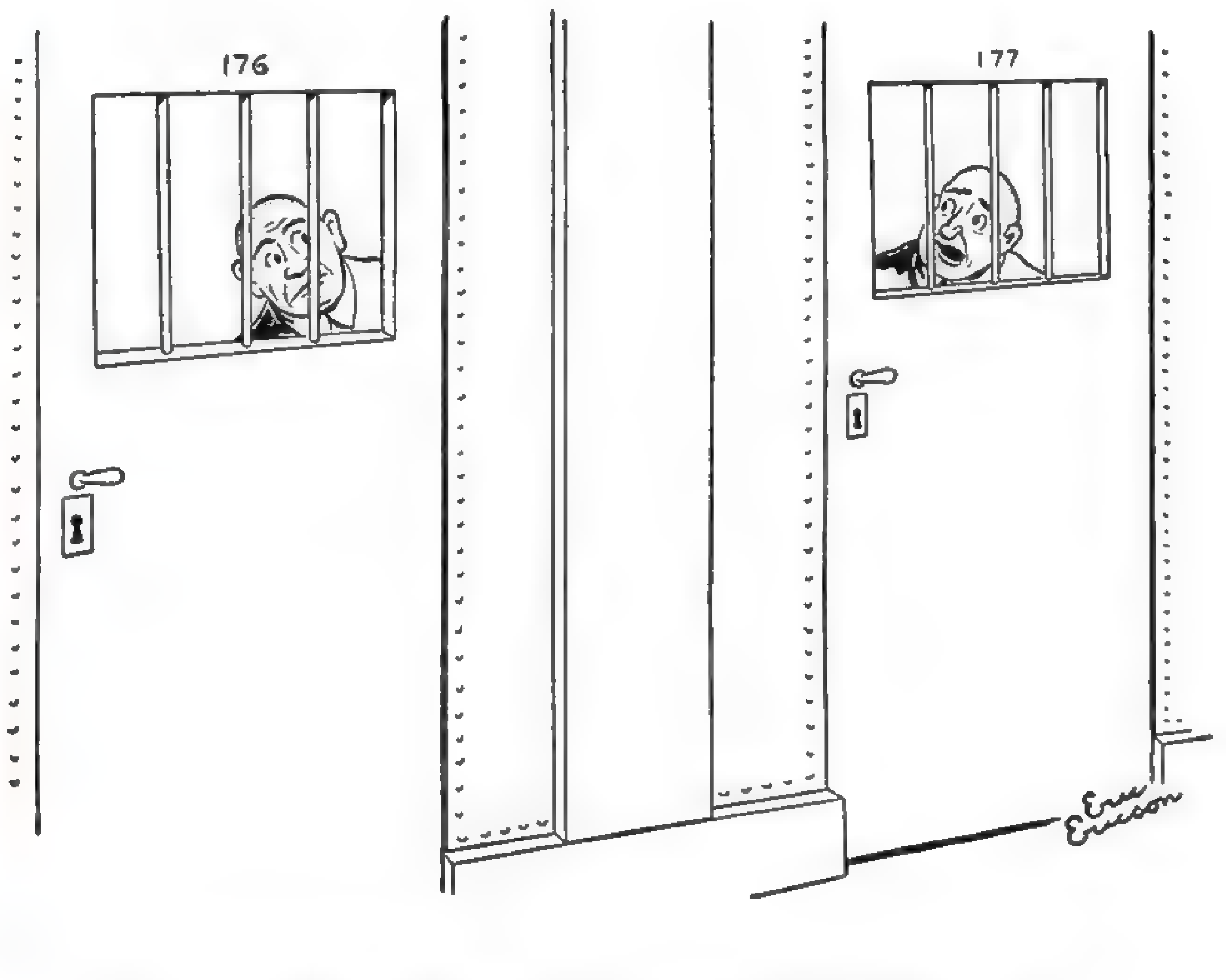
The physical educators, by this time, thoroughly appreciate that the modernistic theories have been calamitous. The government has accentuated this by turning to poorly qualified ex-prize fighters for help in conditioning its fighting men. We are going back to good old-fashioned physical training:—calisthenics, running, wrestling, commando stunts, strenuous games for all. The education part will be left to the educators and the "joy" part of the program to nature and the parents. The task of the physical director will be to build strong, muscular, tough, enduring fighting men.

The schools will toughen our boys. The services will toughen our men. The women will condition themselves since it is the only way they can fit into modern girdles and dresses. The WAACS and the WAVES will help. Hard work will do even more. We will come out of this war a healthier race. But when peace finally comes, will we have learned the lesson of the necessity of everlasting physical conditioning or will we go back to the lazy, inactive, "don't raise a finger" days that have passed and that have brought us to our present state of physical decrepitude?

One may consider health the mere freedom from disease. Apparently this kind of health is fully satisfactory to the flabby, atonic, pepless experts who prefer sipping lemonades in the shade to a strenuous game of tennis in the sun. Again, health can be what a well trained man feels, a profound sense of well being, strength, vitality, deep joy in living.

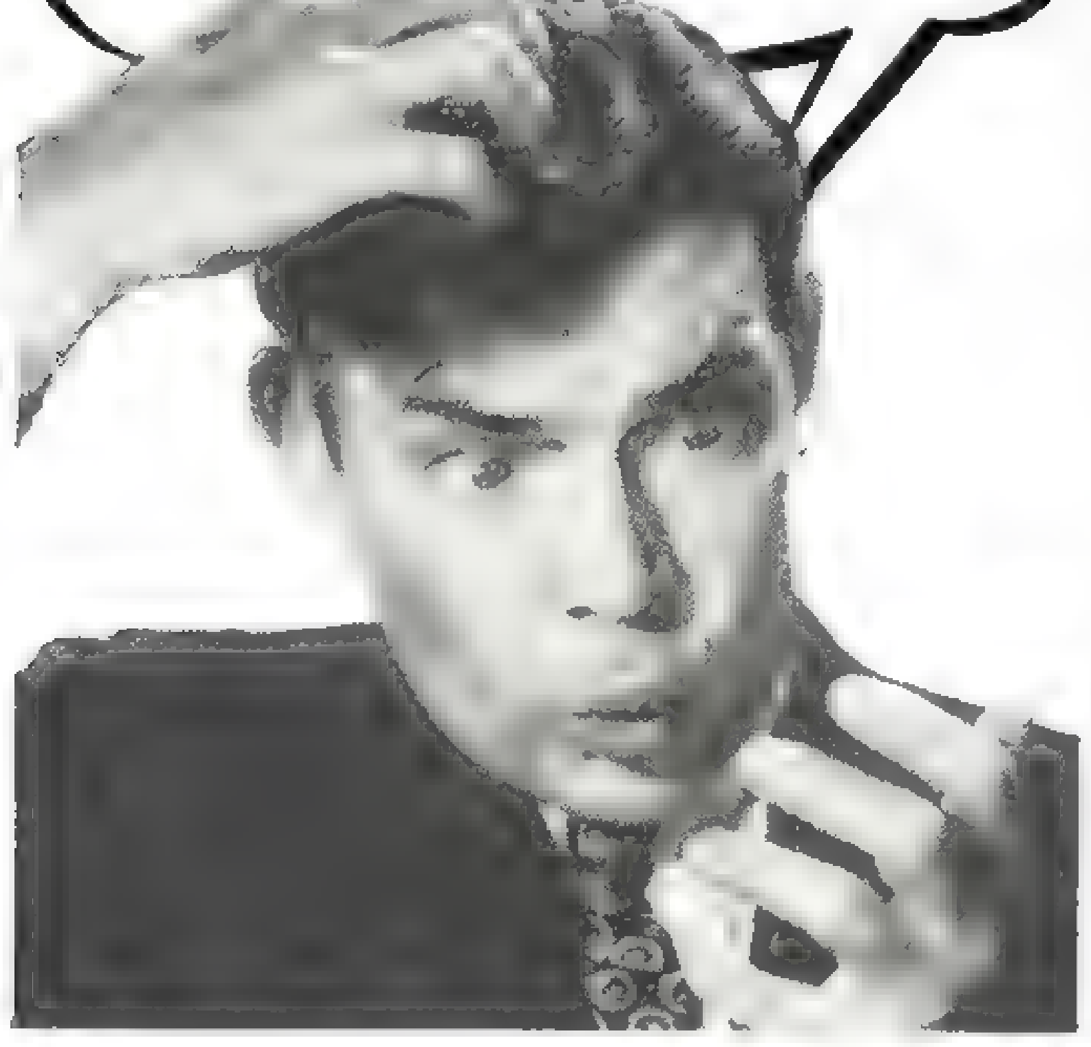
Just one more thing. George Jean Nathan argues that the care of the body takes valuable time which may better be applied to more important life tasks. He is correct in stressing that the cultivation of the body does take time. Whether it is worth while is for you to decide. Dr. Babbitt can assure you that his persevering adherence to sensible, healthful living has in no way handicapped him in his professional work. His duties are multiple and exacting He works as hard as he plays, starting the day at six and rarely getting to bed before eleven. Unquestionably his excellent physical condition and stamina enable him to carry on at a pace which has earned him the soubriquet "a human dynamo gone mad." He has not taken a vacation for years, not needing one. He has fitted in his training routine with the same ease that we all do our meals, bridge or gab sessions, or the movies. He has not been ill, other than occasional mild colds since childhood.

How much longer can this gang of mine keep up such intense athletic activity? I do not know. It will be most interesting to keep an eye on these guinea pigs and record at what stage a carefully nurtured body begins to lose strength, speed, stamina, pliability, and starts giving off warning signals—aches, pains, puffs and groans. I shall report to you, thirty years hence when I change from handball to golf—the sport of the octogenarian. ⧺



"Soon as I get out I'm joining the Army to protect our way of life"

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"



1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil-Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations they had been using. Get a bottle today at your druggists.

NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

Hang Onto the Boat

If you capsize, cling to canoe

From the Lake Michigan shore last summer four young people went out in a canoe. Two hundred yards off shore the girls leaned away from a wave and the canoe rolled over.

When the men came up, Dora was clinging to the end of the canoe. Marge was swimming desperately for shore. Tom started after her.

"Hang onto the canoe, Dora!" shouted Charlie. He swam to help the struggling pair. Tom was coughing and helpless and Marge's head was under water when he got to them. Charlie turned on his side and drew her up with his left arm around her and his hand under her chin. Tom, all in, put his hand on Charlie's shoulder.

People on the beach were screaming. In a few minutes a rowboat was coming. While one man grabbed Tom's hair the other stood up and dived for Marge. He had to go down four times before he found her. On shore they worked over her for hours but it was too late. They didn't find Charlie's body until the next day.

This tragedy emphasizes two rules for safety.

First: Hang onto the boat. A capsize is an accident that may happen to the most experienced. But there is an element of safety in both canoes and small boats or dinghys. They won't sink. In case of a capsize stay with the boat, and hang onto it.

Children should have this rule drilled into them before they are allowed to go out alone. The canoe or boat will support as many people as it can carry. Don't try to climb into it. All you need is to keep your head above water and wait until you are picked up.

A capsized canoe or small boat, full of water and floating awash, will easily roll over. Roll it right side up so you will have the gunwales to hold on by and then have some of the people hold onto each side and it won't roll over. If you are alone with a capsized canoe hang onto the end until rescuers come along.

No boat, not the smallest, should put out without at least one life preserver aboard. If you have to go to someone's rescue, remember that professional lifeguards never attempt a rescue by barehanded swimming except as a last resort. If you ever have that job to do, do it as they do—always take a floating cushion or other life preserver with you. Then you can make the rescue.

And finally, the second rule. This is inflexible. No one who is not sufficiently at home in the water and cool-headed enough to obey the above directions should be taken into deep water in a small boat or canoe. ⌗

WHAT MAKES PRIVATE MURPHY SUCH A WELL DRESSED MAN?

One reason the American soldier of today is literally the best dressed man in the world, is because he's wearing the world's finest fabrics. In most cases he is wearing fabrics far finer than he wore as a civilian — fabrics that might have seemed a luxury to him two years ago.

But the reason the Armed Forces have specified such high standards is not to pamper their men. They specify quality fabrics because they know from long experience that good fabrics are the only kind that wear and that they are cheaper in the end!

Most of the fabrics made today by William Skinner & Sons are going to the Armed Forces. But to the extent that you can find clothing with the Skinner label, you too will find it a paying investment in quality.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, NEW YORK

Pioneering in Your Own Pantry

You'll find spice and variety in orange rinds, parsley, mint and celery leaves

If you're just a hungry civilian in these food-restricted days you don't need to pull a dirge over those gone-but-not-forgotten coupons in your ration stamp books. With a dash of ingenuity and a trifle extra effort, the touch of your lips will respond again to the taste of tender vittles. This newest trick of the times doesn't call for a raid on OPA headquarters—it only permits you to be a modern pioneer and do a few rustic tricks in your own urban setting.

Now take the plan of attack on the food shortage that you can utilize with a few pounds of soy beans. If you crush and press the beans you'll get a whey juice and a white curd. Bubble up the whey with a carbonated soda and you'll have a vitamin-vested drink that dieticians will go into a dither about. The curd is a delicious cheese to spread on bread and embellish your relish.

And don't overlook those sunflowers that'll be blooming in another month. Once they were the symbol of a sonnet for a presidential party; now they're sources of food that you shouldn't overlook. Shake the seeds out of the flower, dry them, roll them, soak them in water. The kernels will sink, the hulls will float. Cover the kernels in boiling water and after awhile draw off a wonderful cooking oil. Or crush the kernels in a bowl, make a paste, and use it to make your butter go further.

Are you worried about getting shortening for your baking? Then, don't let the butcher cut the fat off the meat you buy; cut it off yourself—at home. Slice it into tiny bits, melt it down in a double boiler, strain, and store in a covered jar in a cool place. In these OPA days of point-rationed cooking fats, you'll appreciate having this addition to your larder.

Experts urge you not to overlook the potentialities in your oranges. After squeezing the juice, grate the rinds, dry them, and store in a covered jar. The shreds will be tasty-toppers for vegetable dishes and flavor for your puddings.

If you want herbs to spice up your soup, you can get them by drying out the usually discarded celery and parsley leaves. Outside leaves of lettuce and cabbage can be minced and shredded for more flavor in your favorite broth. Tender leaves of new clover growing near your home can be braised in butter—or in the sunflower oil—for a dish of greens to entice any gourmet. The big advantage in these suggestions is that they'll give you an extra helping of vitamins, because food authorities are agreed that most people lose food value in their habit of throwing away what doesn't immediately seem appetizing to them. Apropos of this, use beet tops as spinach—some say the beet tops taste better than the spinach.

English chefs know that sauces don't need fancy ingredients. If you, like many Englishmen, have mint near your doorstep, take a tip and fine-chop enough of it to get three full tablespoons. Dissolve a teaspoon of sugar in a tablespoon of boiling water, add a gill of vinegar and a pinch of salt, and mix in the mint. Stir it super, let the brew stand an hour and then use it on any meat.

You can really surprise your family, however, if you take a government-approved method of canning fish and store up this summer's catch for next winter's table. The Department of the Interior's *Fish and Wildlife Service Investigation Report 34* (ten cents a copy from the Superintendent of Documents at Washington) will give you authoritative advice on canning fish, but if you hanker after canned mackerel, lake trout, whitefish or Florida mullet, use this basic method:

Clean the fish thoroughly, cutting away strips of the thin belly section between one-half and three-quarters of an inch in width. Wash the cleaned fish in fresh water, then drain for a few minutes. Split the fish, without trying to cut out the backbone, and cut into pint-jar-length pieces. Soak in a brine composed of one-half pound of salt in one gallon of water for 60 minutes, then drain the fish and put them into the jars, alternating the heads and tails. Submerge the open jars in a kettle of brine composed of four ounces of salt in one gallon water and boil 15 minutes. Invert the jars on a wire screen to drain, add a bay leaf or two and two slices of onion for each jar, and then cook for 100 minutes at 240 degrees in a pressure cooker at 10 pounds pressure. Release the pressure slowly, taking 20 minutes or more, seal tightly and store. About 35 pounds of fish will make 12 jars under this method.

These, of course, aren't the only tricks you can employ. By yourself you can discover many more secrets to keep you happy throughout food rationing. And you'll find it fun to pioneer in your own pantry. #

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE *"Duration"...*

- Let's all cooperate and help Uncle Sam get all the leather he needs for the war effort.
- Good shoes give more steps—save more leather. And by taking good care of them, you can make your shoes last longer.
- Today, with rationing making fewer pairs of shoes the order of the day, J & M's are a logical choice, just as they have been for nearly a century.
- See the latest military and civilian styles *now* at all J & M dealers. Name of dealer nearest you gladly furnished.

Johnston & Murphy, Newark, N. J.
Makers of Quality Shoes for Men Since 1850.

THE J&M JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE

AT RIGHT: A sturdy oxford of distinction for civilian wear.
Tan No. 332—Black No. 432

AT LEFT: A smart comfortable military model popular with officers.
Tan No. 337—Black No. 437

BUY U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

The Old Bare-Knuckle Days Were Best

Argument that padded gloves are a cause of brain injury

by **JACK B. CREAMER**

▪ SPORTS ▪

Max Baer fought Frankie Campbell August 25, 1930, at Seals Stadium in San Francisco. In the second round Campbell caught a right hand smash on the jaw, delivered with all Baer's tremendous power. Campbell lasted five rounds before he sank to the canvas. He never regained consciousness. The autopsy established that Baer's second round punch had actually torn Campbell's brain loose from the tissues inside his skull.

Forty-one years before this ring tragedy—on July 8, 1889—John L. Sullivan met Jake Kilrain at Richbourg, Mississippi, in the last heavyweight championship bout to be fought in America with bare knuckles under the London Prize Ring Rules.

Spectators fainted in the intense heat, yet the battle went to seventy-five rounds before it was stopped and decision on points given to Sullivan. Both men's faces were bloody masks. But Sullivan lived to see three score. Jake Kilrain died a few years ago, having enjoyed good health to the last.

Under the London rules they fought round after round, barehanded, for hours, but "punch-drunk" was an unknown condition. Take a walk down Eighth Avenue, New York, some evening when there's a card on at the Garden. See the punch-drunk fighters shambling around outside. Hundreds are in sanatorias all over the country. Men who once lived by their magnificent and durable bodies are inarticulate, stumbling wrecks.

Why does the modern fighter, with the "protection" of gloves, live in dread of having his brain jarred loose? Medical science knows the answer.

The bare-knuckle blow causes greater visible damage but it is mainly local. Greater part of the impact is absorbed at the point of contact. Punch-drunkenness is the result of multiple cerebral hemorrhages. When a fighter's jaw is struck by a blunt, gloved fist the impact is distributed up the jaw bone and jolts the brain. This causes the brain hemorrhage. Eventually, after successive injuries, control of many of the sensory nerves is lost.

The shock need not originate from the jaw. If you were to jump off your porch and land with a jolt on your feet the shock would be felt by the brain. Keep it up and you will wind up "jump drunk" in the cuckoo ward.

The comparison between bare knuckles and gloved fist is that between a crowbar and a battering-ram. You can put a hole through a wooden door with a crowbar without injuring any other part of the door. With a padded, blunt battering-ram you can knock the door off its hinges without scratching the varnish.

Punch-drunkenness—by other names—probably was not unheard of in the bare-knuckle days but it certainly was rare. It is hard to believe that fighting men were hardier in those days. Seventy-five rounds is a long fight but if a man went to his knee it was a round. There is no evidence that the battlers did not hit as hard as present day fighters.

Bare-knuckle fighting was healthier and less hazardous in the end than modern glove fighting. Following is a roll of fourteen well-known boxers of the past two decades with the ages at which they died:

Young Corbett	42
Jack Dempsey (the Nonpareil)	33
Bob Fitzsimmons	56
Joe Gans	36
Harry Greb	32
Sam McVey	37
Terry McGovern	40
Tiger Flowers	32
Kid Lavigne	47
Pancho Villa	25
George Dixon	39
Gus Ruhlin	40
Billy Miske	34
Mike Cleary	43

Average 38.2

On the other hand is a list of bare-knuckle fighters . . . champions of the London Prize Ring from John Broughton to Tom Sayers:

John Broughton	85
Tom Johnson	47
Danile Mendoza	73
John Jackson	76
Jem Belcher	30
Tom Belcher	71
John Gully	80
Tom Cribb	67
Tom Spring	56
Jem Ward	81
William Thompson	69
Benjamin Caunt	46
Tipton Slasher	61
Tom Sayers	38

Average 62.8

The advent of glove fighting is chiefly responsible for the difference—38.2 years, compared with 62.8. That, and the attitude of the athletes. The old timers, though they were professionals, were more concerned with sport and physical fitness.

The modern fighter brings no such healthy attitude with him into the prize ring. Always there is the memory of Frankie Campbell and Ernie Schaaf, George Chip and the Jamaica Kid, the rumors about Primo Carnera and a thousand others. Lurking is the fighter's malady, brought by the polite and merciful padded glove—punch-drunkenness. ⧺

FOR Cool Comfort ALL SUMMER

Dress Well.. Look Well in a TROPI-TEX suit

● Designed for the man who wants to be well dressed in warm weather. A regular business suit so light, so porous that it weighs only 43 ounces, looks exactly like a fine year-round suit, and retains shape and press. The worsted fabric is made from 100% Wool Naphthalated, virgin wool gently cleansed in naphtha to preserve wool fiber strength. Look in breast pocket for Naphthalated Wool informative tag with care instructions.

For sale by BROADSTREET'S, New York and Chicago, and other leading stores. For name of nearest store write Arlingcrest Naphthalated Wool Service, 401 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ARLINGTON MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASS.

Montana Copper

A NEW COLOR-ORIGINAL
IN WEMBLEY TIES

$1
CRUSH IT!
TWIST IT!
KNOT IT!
NOT A WRINKLE!
Wembley
NOR-EAST
NON-CRUSH

Looking for a lively new color? See Montana Copper—in solid color or patterns. Wear Montana Copper with blue, gray, brown or green. Wear it—and *wear* it! The imported Nor-East Non-Crush fabric holds shape and drape, resists wrinkles.

Wembley Ties

MADE OF PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH FABRIC

Buy War Bonds through your retailer too.

COPYRIGHT 1943, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

Patient, Please Be Patient

Continued from page 56

but the material is better and the suits fit.

Eventually the head nurse, two student nurses, and the intern have arranged all matters, mechanical and financial, to their satisfaction, and you are left with instructions to undress and get to bed.

But you are not allowed to wear your pajamas. The hospital furnishes a "garment," obviously designed by a guy who flunked out of plumbing school and has been drawing on the walls of caves ever since. It is held in front of you while you place your hands in the sleeve openings. Then you beat the air with your arms, breast-stroke fashion, and if your coordination is good you can get your hands at the back of your neck in time to tie the neck-string before the "garment" falls off. Moored at last, you feel as if you are wearing a bib with sleeves.

But now you are in bed and you take a look around the room. There is a bureau against the opposite wall and by sitting up straight you can see yourself. What you see is an 18-karat chump.

There is a knock on the door and your wife enters with a new nurse. Your wife doesn't like the room.

"You'll be all right here for awhile, Mr. Gardner," says the new nurse. "And you can have a private room after the operation."

"Dalton!" you shout. "Not Gardner! This is a helluva place. Now you're getting me ready for some other guy's operation."

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Dalton. I forgot. They put Mr. Gardner up in 11C."

"Don't get excited, dear," says your wife.

But you continue to bluster until your day nurse, Miss Blake, appears. She gets you a glass of orange juice and your cigarettes, and she arranges your bedstand so that you can reach everything. Your wife tries to be useful and smooths out the pillow but Miss Blake gives it a finishing touch with a professional air. This puts the little woman in her place.

Your wife leaves, promising to bring you some magazines after supper.

When Miss Blake comes in to take your pulse and temperature you allow yourself the rosy thought—Is it true what they say about nurses? So you look her over good, while she is watching the seconds on her wrist watch. She is not bad. Questioning reveals that she is a student nurse or probationer. She is very polite. A student nurse, being in the lowest strata of hospital society, must be polite to everyone, even to patients.

At five p.m. there is a sharp bustle and you smell food. It smells good to you and gives you an appetite. You can see the trays going by to the ward. You sit up expectantly. You wait. Finally you call Miss Blake and ask:

"Don't I eat tonight?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," she says, with the same loud cheerfulness a mother uses in selling a bowl of oatmeal to a six-year-old. "The dietician will be around soon to tell you what you may have."

"What're they having in the ward?" you ask peevishly. "It smells good."

"That's the house diet. Private

Friends In Need

The Bartender

by Monte Woolley

A good Bartender is more precious than the stuff he sells.

If you are happy, he will not disillusion you.

And if you are depressed, he will not rudely try to cheer you up but will let you enjoy your misery.

He protects men from designing women, and designing women from themselves.

He knows what no wife has ever learned—that there come times when a man wants to be left alone, just left alone.

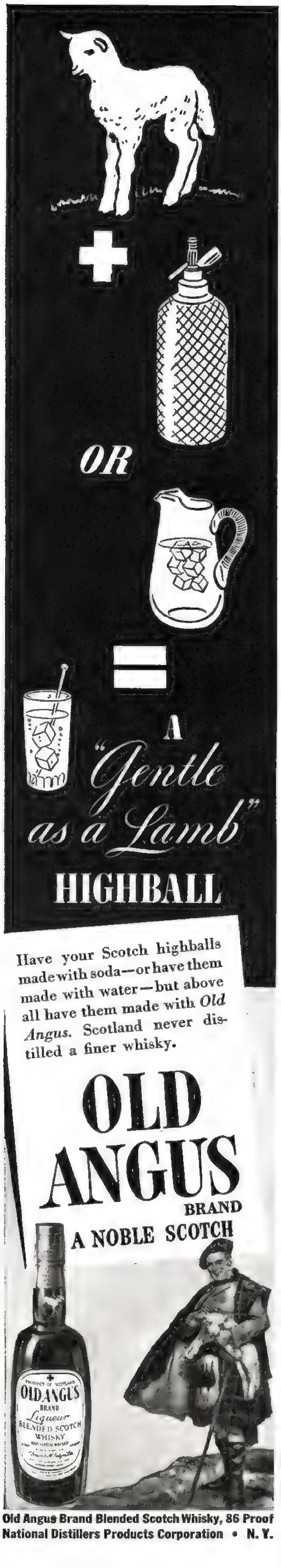
He is a physician to bruises of the body and of the soul.

He anticipates your wants before you yourself are aware of them.

The sincerity of his affection can be taken for granted because, if he did not like all sorts, he would not be a bartender but a movie actor or something equally useless.

He transmutes personal confessions into philosophical generalizations, thereby adding dignity to your petty woes.

And best of all, he has no means of escape from you; but you can always leave him at a moment's notice simply by paying your check.



Have your Scotch highballs made with soda—or have them made with water—but above all have them made with *Old Angus*. Scotland never distilled a finer whisky.

OLD ANGUS BRAND
A NOBLE SCOTCH

Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation • N. Y.

patients have a selected diet."

About the time you'd be willing to settle for a bowl of soup Miss Blake returns with the dietician, Mrs. Garr.

"Now, Mr. Gardner, in your condition, you realize you must be limited to a very restrictive—" she begins.

"Just a minute," you cut in. "My name is Dalton, as I have explained to six other people who asked me a lot of questions that were none of their business. I am hungry and I want to eat."

Mrs. Garr tries to smile but the smile seems to flake off her face. She and Miss Blake retire hurriedly to the hallway. In a moment Miss Blake returns and tells you that the following has been suggested for you: Spanish beef with green beans; lettuce and tomato salad; boiled potato; bread and butter; pudding and tea or coffee. This sounds pretty good but in order to aggravate Mrs. Garr you ask:

"Do I have to eat *that?*"

"Why no, of course not, Mr. Dalton," says Miss Blake, with surprise. "What would you like?"

"Don't they have any steak or lamb chops?"

"You may have broiled lamb chops. What kind of potatoes?"

Somewhat mollified you order all your favorite dishes. Miss Blake writes it all down and hands the pad to Mrs. Garr, who hustles away to hand it to someone else.

You are enjoying your dreams of lamb chops and delicious etceteras until you notice that supper is over in the ward and Miss Blake is preparing to go off duty. Her good-night message to you is strict instructions not to eat, drink or smoke after ten p.m.

"Will I eat *before* ten," you say, thinking of the in-laws and the turkey dinner at Mama's.

"Oh, that's right," Miss Blake replies. "Your tray should be here now. I wonder what the trouble is . . ."

While she is telephoning, an orderly enters with a glass of tomato juice and three crackers. Knowing this is intended for someone else, you foolishly refuse it.

Miss Blake returns with the announcement that your tray will be right up. She is followed by the night nurse, Miss Ravini. Miss Ravini is an eyeful and you are musing at how dull hunger renders the senses when the orderly arrives with your tray.

On it are several different size plates. You remove the metal covers and discover, first, that there is no soup. Instead, you have fruit cocktail. The pièce de résistance seems to be cereal and cream. There is also a slice of unbuttered toast, a dish of plain jello and a pot of tea.

A small card on the tray catches your eye. You turn it over and read: "Mrs. Dillon, Maternity Ward."

You start to eat, slowly and deliberately. Screaming is no solace. After all, a patient has got to be patient. ╫

SERVICEABLE Leather Gifts FOR SERVICEMEN
Swing-it
ENGER-KRESS
EK
POCKET SECRETARY

Pass-finder BILLFOLD

New type of billfold with removable hinged case for 6 snapshots and passes—additional pockets for cards, stamps, etc. In various leathers . . . . $2.50 to $5.00

DUFFLE KIT

Practical utility kit with draw string Compactly holds the essential toilet articles, razor, tooth brush, etc. 8 inches deep and 5 inches wide. Perfect for service men—they carry it wherever they go. In durable leather . . $1.00

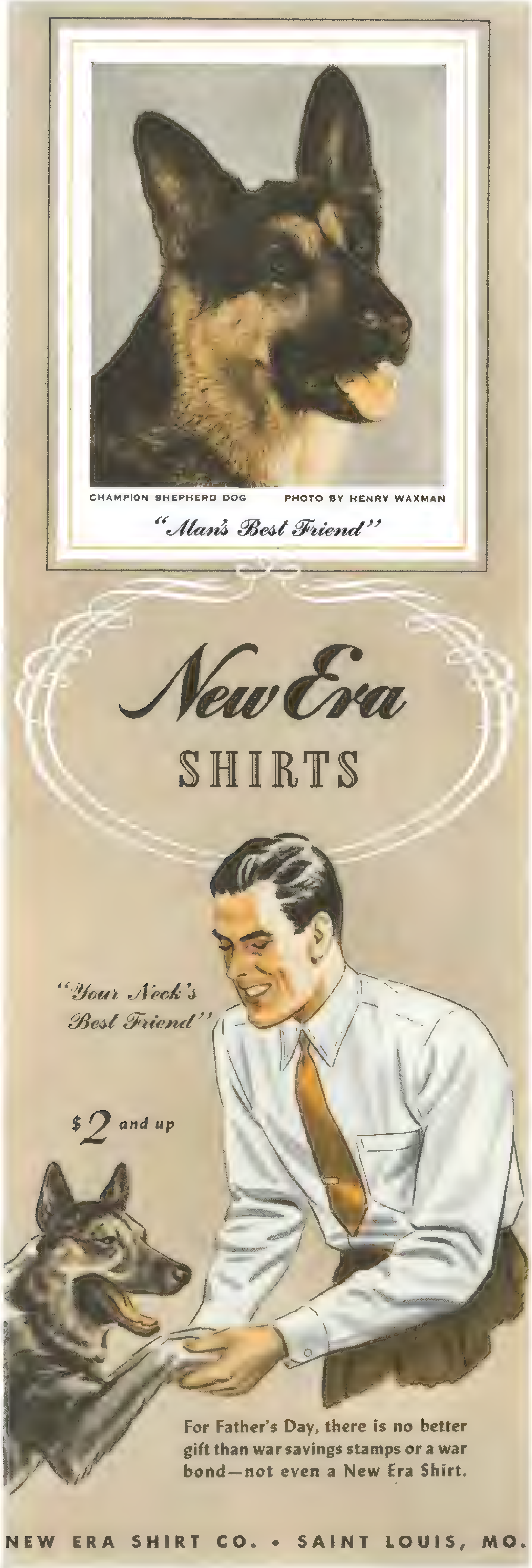
1. Swing it open.
2. Swing memo pad over cover, locking in valuables.
3. Swing into action.

Swing-it PATENTED **POCKET SECRETARY**

Patented feature swings memo pad over cover, provides firm writing surface and locks in valuable contents. In three sizes and several leathers . . . . $1.50 to $7.50

If your dealer cannot supply you temporarily, it's because the demand for Enger-Kress products far exceeds the supply. A substantial portion of Enger-Kress production has gone to war.

ENGER-KRESS CO. WEST BEND WISCONSIN EK



CHAMPION SHEPHERD DOG PHOTO BY HENRY WAXMAN

"Man's Best Friend"

New Era SHIRTS

"Your Neck's Best Friend"

$2 and up

For Father's Day, there is no better gift than war savings stamps or a war bond—not even a New Era Shirt.

NEW ERA SHIRT CO. • SAINT LOUIS, MO.

If Not Empire, Then What?

Continued from page 27

of de-imperialization, the granting of virtually complete independence to the various communities within the Empire. Why should it be supposed that what she has done in six cases she would refuse to do in a seventh, unless it were for such reasons as those indicated? Trade, investments? British trade with, and investments in Latin America have of late years been more considerable than in India.

Britain has learned that she does not need to control a country politically to do business with it. British trade with the Thirteen Colonies was much greater after independence than it had been before. And India has already fiscal independence—she makes her own tariff and has used it freely for the penalization of British goods.

Britain's position in respect of India is that she will take, after the war, risks of an independence which she cannot take during the war.

The United Nations cannot afford to see repeated in India on a vast scale, the situation produced on a smaller, but still extremely grave scale, in Southern Ireland, where refusal to allow the use of bases which Britain occupied as late as 1938, has added so menacingly to the already great peril of the Battle of the Atlantic. Nor could the United Nations afford to see created in India the kind of situation which arose in France in 1940.

The French people then went out of the war, not because they were under any "imperial domination" and could not fight as free men for their own country, and not because they lacked the courage to continue, but because, despite their long training in democracy, they became so entangled in internal divisions, as to be unable, largely by reason of that fact, to prevent betrayal of the country to the enemy by a little clique of politicians, who themselves did not quite realize the consequences of what they were doing, because political hates and conflicting ambitions had blinded them.

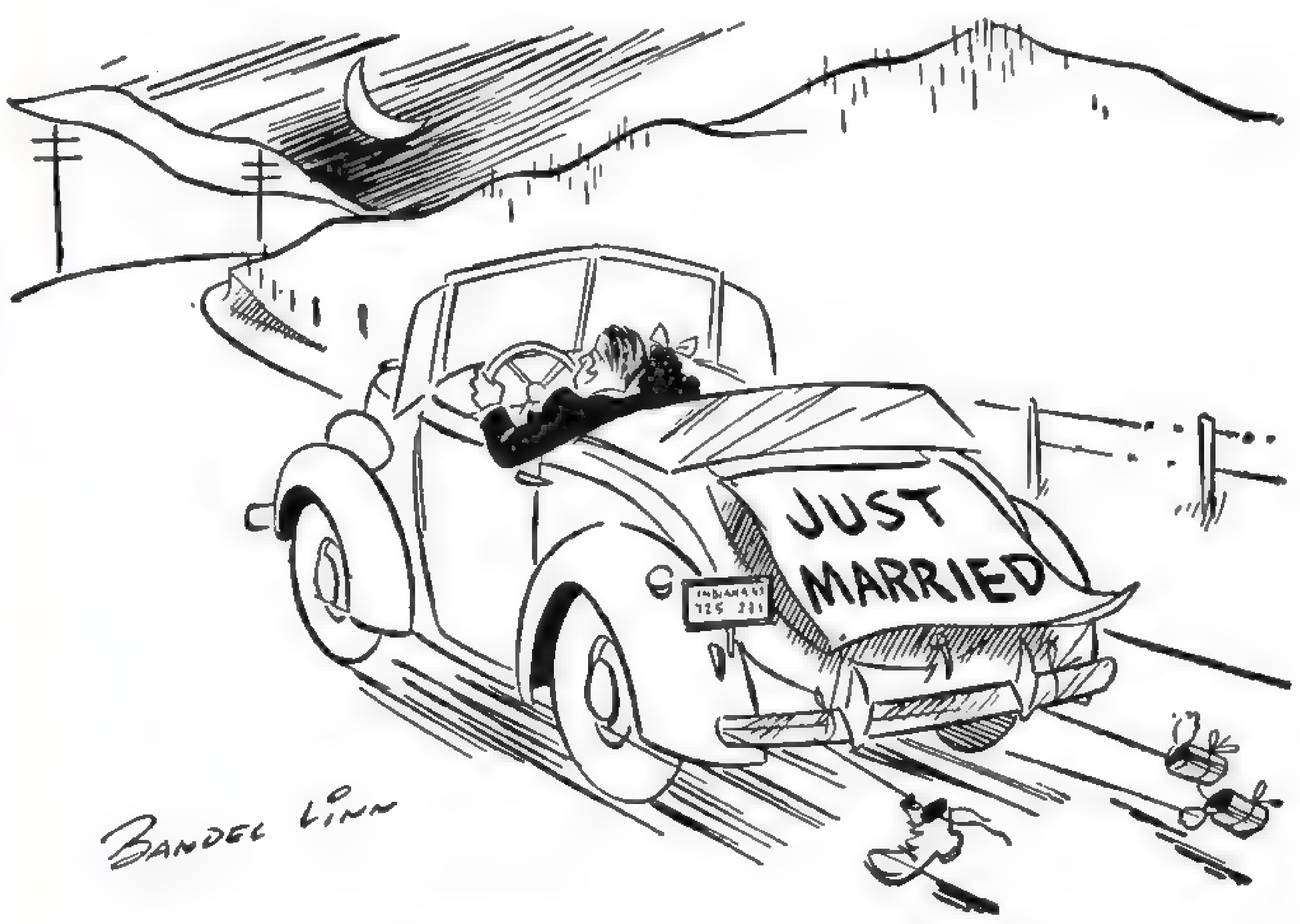
What happened in a free France could as easily—to put it mildly—happen in a free India, given the bitter political, racial and religious divisions which characterize the latter country. And if it did happen in India, the democracies would lose the war.

It is commonly argued that if only the Indians, the Malays and the Burmese had been given their freedom, they would have forgotten their internal political and religious differences, as well as their pacifism and inertia, would have stood together with the British from the first to meet unitedly the invader. But, again, though the French were free, that did not prevent bitter hatred of Britain on the part of some of their politicians. What grounds have we for supposing that freedom—political independence, that is—should do for Asiatic nations what plainly it has not done for European?

The lesser nations of Europe which have not been overcome by Hitler—Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, for example—refused obstinately to have anything to do with the precautionary defense measure of co-operation suggested early in the war by Britain and France. They preferred, like Ireland, to take the risk that, after all, Hitler *might* not invade their countries. If and when he did, they would call upon the Allies for help—when of course it would be too late for help to be effective. Siam, by the way, was an independent state. It did not resist any better than, or indeed as well as, Malaya or Burma.

It is true that in Malaya and at Singapore, we saw much military incompetence. But one may doubt whether the alleged "class-bound" structure of British society, or even of the British army, had much to do with it.

The root of the difficulty was that a small island of forty-five million population, having maintained for two years the brunt of the war against Germany,



"—on the other hand, however, I've always felt that the defense of India was of prime importance—"

BECAUSE OF A RECENT CHANGE...

American Brandy now matches the finest French Cognac

★ ★

Dumont Brandy is utterly different from American grape brandies bottled prior to this change in blending technique.

Several fine brandies are *blended* in Dumont . . . just as French Cognac has always been produced. Each is selected for its own special character. Together they make a truly magnificent brandy.

Try Dumont at your favorite bar or at home. Just compare it with the finest French Cognac you remember...and you'll find it very reasonable in price.

DUMONT *American* BRANDY

84 PROOF • PRODUCED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

had then to take on Japan as well. Insofar as military errors were revealed they were due largely to military conservatism, particularly that aspect of it known as the "Maginot mind," of which we saw so much in the French army. Yet we do not commonly accuse the French army of being "class bound."

And if British military incompetences are to be attributed to lack of democracy, are we to attribute the undoubted competence of the German and Japanese armies to the fact that these are more democratic than the British? We know that that is not the case.

Indeed are not these accusations of a "class structure" of British society due to our taking the feudal facade in Britain—the monarchy, the titles and the rest of it—as political and social realities instead of the mere symbols and coverings which they are?

Can a country which has twice since the last war turned its government over to organized labor, the Trade Unions acting through their political instrument, the Labor Party; whose parliament contains more of the actual "working class"—ex-manual workers—than any other legislature anywhere; in which the biggest big business of the country is not a capitalist business at all but the great Consumers Co-operatives run by working class folk; in which a large part of the municipal government is in the hands of the working class; which possesses the most elaborate social security system in the world (outside such other British nations as New Zealand and Australia); in which we see a degree of willing financial sacrifice on the part of property unequalled anywhere else in the world; where equalization of income through income tax and death duties has been pushed to a degree unknown elsewhere—can such a country be described as "class ridden," or its people helpless victims of a plutocratic or aristocratic oligarchy? Yet even now it is often so described.

The other day Justice Felix Frankfurter of the United States Supreme Court called attention to the fact that in all of Britain last year there were only eighty persons to whom the tax gatherer left an income of twenty-five thousand dollars.

This fact, he pointed out, had revolutionary implications. It proved, he said, that deep changes could take place in Britain peacefully, without disturbance to the surface. But the changes were none the less revolutionary in their social consequences.

We must all answer this practical question: At the peace shall we have wisdom enough to turn the domination which victory will give us into partnership, a cooperation in which each will achieve the maximum of freedom compatible with the enjoyment of the same freedom by others?

Can we use power as it should be used, not by each individually

Continued on page 150

This Navy officer wears the "special service" aiguillette, to designate a President's aide, on his right shoulder.

YOURS TO COMMAND FOR "*Special Service*"

The RAIDER

Stetson shoes have a service record we are proud of, and rightly! They are veterans of three wars — favorites with Army and Navy officers for many years — now mustered in again more actively than ever.

The Stetson diamond is a mark of distinction in shoemaking. It is your guide to Stetson's extra wear and extra service because Stetson shoes are "seasoned" longer on the last.

THE STETSON SHOE

Although stocks are limited you should be able to find an adequate selection, none the less, in handsome styles and sturdy leathers . . . both tan and black. THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., South Weymouth, Mass.

STETSON SHOES

"More by the Pair, Less by the Year"

Winning the War is all that matters!
Regal Cravats

FRANK & MEYER NECKWEAR CO., ST. LOUIS • MAKERS • EST. 1898

NO SUBSTITUTE
☆ for a job well-done
☆ for another war bond
☆ for precious time-off
and
☆ for the comfort of
a Sandy MacDonald
shirt
$2 to $5
from coast to coast
Sandy MacDonald
BROOM & NEWMAN
SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1905
11 EAST 26th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

If Not Empire, Then What?

Continued from pages 27-149

for the defense of his own special interest, but by all of us collectively—Anglo-Saxons, Chinese, Russians, Indians—for the defense of a law under which the right of each to life will be secure?

It is not going to be easy. Many talk as though the first and last problem in it all were the simple destruction of imperialism. But the destruction of empires is obviously a relatively simple thing—history is strewn with their ruins. What is infinitely difficult is the formation of societies which are both free and stable, built on the ruins of the empires.

Neither civilization nor freedom were gained by the mere disintegration of the Roman Empire. Human welfare demanded not that the Empire should just disappear irrespective of what followed, not that it should disintegrate into utter chaos, but that it should evolve into a cooperative commonwealth of a form which would give to each region the maximum of autonomy, and to each citizen the maximum of personal freedom compatible with the security of the whole.

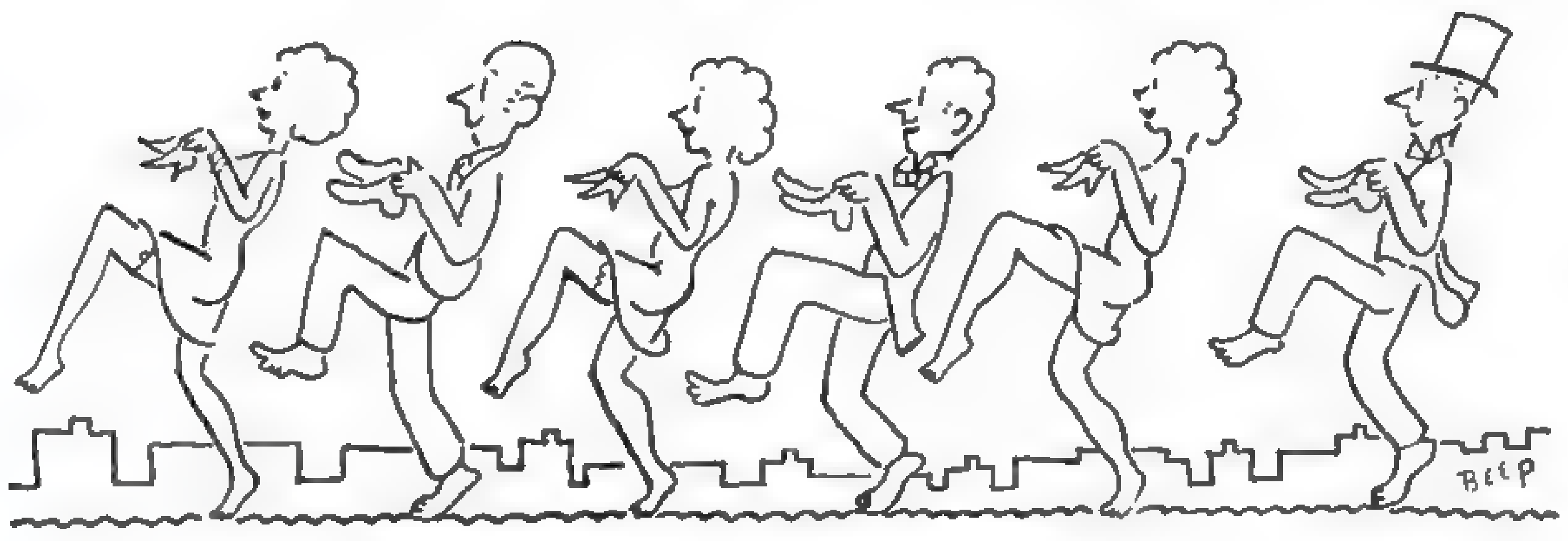
In some measure the British Empire has succeeded where Rome failed. The British Empire has been succeeded by a form of political organization in which subject communities—colonies or imperially governed provinces—have become independent nations, bound together only by the very loosest understanding that in the event of aggression upon one, all shall act unitedly to defeat the aggression.

Never in history has any political organization been able to combine such complete local and regional, or national freedom with effective action for mutual defense, as that revealed by the nations of the British commonwealth.

But this could never have come about at all except as the result of a process of evolution. It would most certainly never have come about if, to cure the evils of imperialism, it had been decided merely to "abolish the Empire, root and branch," on the expectation that when all bonds had been severed, the parts would somehow come together again of their own volition.

The present situation of the free and independent nations of Europe indicates that nations do not easily learn cooperation. We know now by the lesson of those nations that the price of freedom is not merely a readiness to revolt against tyranny, but a capacity to hang together, to accept mutual obligations, to defend each other.

Thus we will form a true society. ⌗



Unnecessary Steps

It's harder than ever to know just what is the patriotic thing, now that shoes are rationed. Suppose you're a restaurant proprietor, and of course you want to conserve butter and coffee and sugar. So you give your customers smaller and smaller dabs of butter and cups of coffee, and what happens? Finally they get on to the fact that you're dealing them out even less than they're entitled to, and they keep sending the waiter back for more, and he makes four or five trips where he used to make one before—and poof! There goes his shoe-leather.

Or you're an orchestra leader, and it's your patriotic duty to play at defense plants or Army canteens to keep up morale. And so the young folks you're catering to like good fast jitterbug stuff, and you give 'em what they want, and pour it on but good, and the hep cats cover considerably more than eight yards to the bar. How long are their shoes going to last? So you play real slow, and that depresses them so much that production begins to fall off. What's the answer?

Maybe you're conducting some kind of drive, and it's up to you to make a lot of house-to-house calls in order to raise money or collect scrap or books or what-not. Use the car? Certainly not! Can't use up all that precious gas and rubber. Better telephone. Nope. There's a terrific strain on our telephone system right now. Out of the question. O. K. Only thing to do is walk.—Hey! Are you crazy? With the shoe leather situation what it is?

If you live in a coastal section you must pull down your dim-out shades every evening and pull them up every morning (you wouldn't want to waste electricity in the daytime by putting the lights on), but have you thought how much shoe leather that consumes in the course of a year? Growing a Victory garden? . . . Fine, but planting, cultivating, weeding and watering's a strain on your shoes. Suppose you're an air-raid warden or a Nurse's Aid. Grand idea, but hard on shoe leather. Yep, all you folks have got a tough problem. All but me. I've been going bare-footed ever since I was six.

—Parke Cummings

SYNCHRO-FLEX-
STABILITY

Makes Action
Smooth and
Strong

Smith
SYNCHRO-FLEX

3 pairs =
2 years wear

BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U.S.A.

MORE PLEASURE MILES
LESS FOOT EFFORT

The wonderful super-flexibility of these ideal shoes is attained only by patented, Synchro-Flex construction. Experience the stability and lift of this PLUS... and you'll know you have found at last, footwear which is exactly right for you, your feet and tempo of American action.

Illustrated is the clean, trim, all-purpose style so desirable to men in civilian service. Bronzetone or Parade Black Calf.

CONSERVATIP—Be sure the tongue of your shoes is straight and smooth beneath the laces.

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY
Sangamon and Huron Sts.
CHICAGO

Short Hooray for Hollywood

Continued from page 85

around fragments of other people's lives; there are half a dozen minute episodes which could be made into other pictures, but here contribute only to the feeling of complexity and uncertainty. Sidney Greenstreet moves in and out, presumably faking passports, actually buying a café, helping the innocent or not—you can't tell, but in the end it doesn't matter because he works into the main events. There are raids and riots and songs and flashbacks to Paris in the days of the invasion—and all through it the urgency and terror of war, the precariousness of life, for the good and for the wicked, when the structure of society is destroyed.

Casablanca is one of the most exciting melodramas the screen has ever produced. And it is mature, intelligently conceived, and, within the limits of melodrama, honest. It is also witty. Bogart says to Bergman, about the day the Germans came into Paris, which was also one of the few days of their lovemaking: "I'll never forget it; the Germans wore gray; you wore blue." In a sentence, you have love and war, beautifully jammed together, made to serve one another. And that, in war time, is the essence of romance.

My admiration for the Warner Brothers is no secret—except perhaps to them. For years they have managed to set a mark on their work. James Cagney carried their standard for a while, with a certain violent honesty; Bogart has the same job now, of being a special kind of actor, appearing in special films, which are typical of the studio. In perspective, any single romantic picture has no significance; but the power to make fictions which will stand up against the tremendous smash and drive of the war itself, that power indicates something sound and solid in which the Warner Brothers are rooted. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that even before the war they were making the best propaganda shorts, propaganda for the faith of America for civil liberty, for freedom. Somehow the passion that lives in a studio is generated from those who in the end pay the salaries, and make the profits. They may make pictures because they want to make money; but they also make the kind of pictures they believe in. Maybe not often enough; but often.

The author, producer, director and principal actor of *In Which We Serve* is Noel Coward. The credits for *Air Force* are as follows: Screen play by Dudley Nichols, directed by Howard Hawks. And for *Casablanca:* Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Howard Koch, from a play by Murray Burnett and Joan Alison, directed by Michael Curtiz. Both of these were produced by Hal B. Wallis. ##

WANTED
MURDER
ARSON
LARCENY
Sargent

"But that's not the half of it, Lydia— I hear he doesn't use Mum!"

UNDERARM ODOR tops the list of social felonies—and it's a major misdemeanor in business, too! People can't forget, forgive or figure why—when a fellow offends. Because all-day or all-evening protection is only as far away as the nearest jar of Mum. Your bath, you know, only takes care of the past—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come. And Mum takes only 30 seconds to apply—a dab under each arm is plenty. Your skin and your shirts—as well as your personality—are safe with Mum. Get a jar today.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

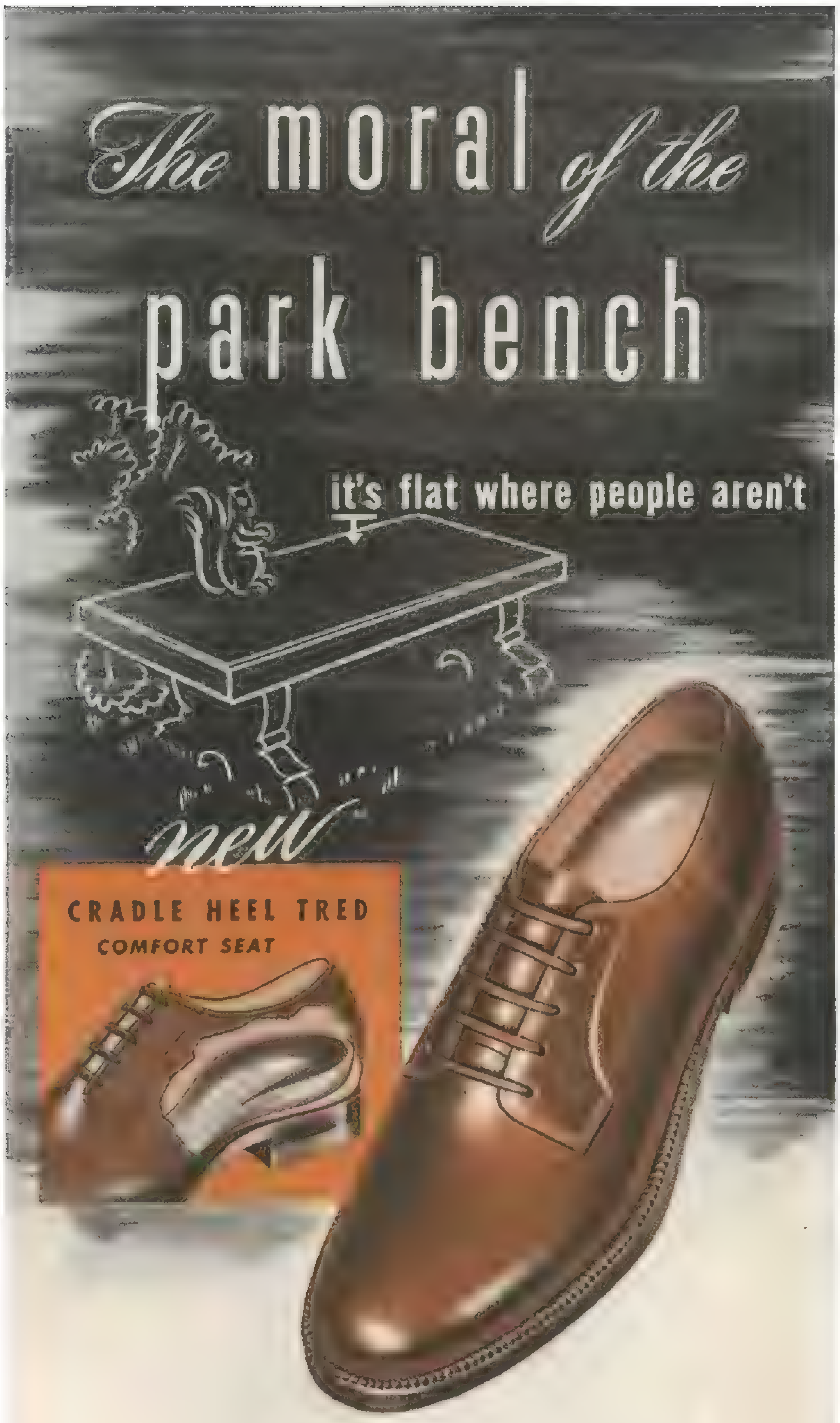
Remember Me!

I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.

GALEY & LORD'S
Fieldclub*
Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
FAST VAT COLORS • SANFORIZED
PRODUCT OF CRAMERTON MILLS

CRAMERTON MILLS, INC.

Galey & Lord, inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.


The moral of the park bench
it's flat where people aren't
new
CRADLE HEEL TRED
COMFORT SEAT

A *flat* seat gets harder, the longer you sit. It wasn't designed for *rounded* humanity. Regardless of the cushioning that nature provides, you want a seat that's *shaped to fit you.* • Your rounded *heels and arches* are cushioned, too . . . but the longer you are on your feet the harder ordinary *flat insoles* seem. That's why thousands are switching to Cradle Heel Tred, *shaped to fit* for greater foot comfort. • Designed by a noted Rochester, Minn., shoe specialist, this molded seat makes full use, *for the first time*, of the foot's own cushioning -- for easy walking, better posture, and a new lease on foot-life! • *Only Bootmaker Guild Shoes* have Cradle Heel Tred. Shoes of outstanding quality, smartly styled, they cost no more because of their patented comfort construction. . . . For your dealer's name, write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.

Most styles $11.50

Bootmaker Guild Shoes by FREEMAN
CRADLE HEEL TRED

Also Manufacturers of
FREEMAN MASTER-FITTERS, $8.75 • FREEMAN FINE SHOES, $6.95 • FOR MOST STYLES

Tunney's Hour of Travail

Continued from page 50

punish as Greb could, when the occasion demanded. The cruel punishment went on through the fifth and into the sixth when Roberts slumped to the canvas.

That happened on May 12, twelve days before the fight with Tunney. For a week Dr. Curtin, of the Bronx, refused to give Greb the go-ahead signal, for the danger of infection hadn't passed. Finally the eye cleared, but two days later, or three days before the fight with Tunney, Greb caught cold in the eye and actually entered the ring unable to see from the injured optic. Engel always said that this was the reason, if not the actual beginning, of Greb's partial blindness.

On the night of the fight, Greb peered across the ring with vengeance gleaming from his one good eye at this ballyhooed novice, Tunney. The Garden was little more than half filled, for only 9,214 people had paid $58,914.12 to watch a synthetic championship match. Public disbelief in Tunney's ability, or lack of it, was reflected by the gamblers, who made Greb a 1—3 favorite, even though Tunney had a decided weight advantage, 174½ pounds to 162½.

"I'll fool him, George," Greb laughed as he shuffled impatiently before the opening bell. "Watch me. He's book-smart, this Tunney is, but he's dumb an' I'll fool him."

At the bell, one-eyed Harry Greb rushed across the ring, made a few of his characteristic and bewildering swings. He threatened with the right, cocked at his side. Tunney countered against the threat. He countered again and again and then from nowhere an overhand left shot out of the lights above—the hand Tunney hadn't watched. Over and down it swished, gathering momentum as it sped. And it crashed full force against the center of Gene Tunney's classic profile.

Flesh, bone and cartilege twisted before that sickening wallop. The nose was broken with virtually the first punch. Tunney staggered back, bewildered, embarrassed, because he was trying to build a reputation as a defensive boxer. To be smashed like this with the first punch—

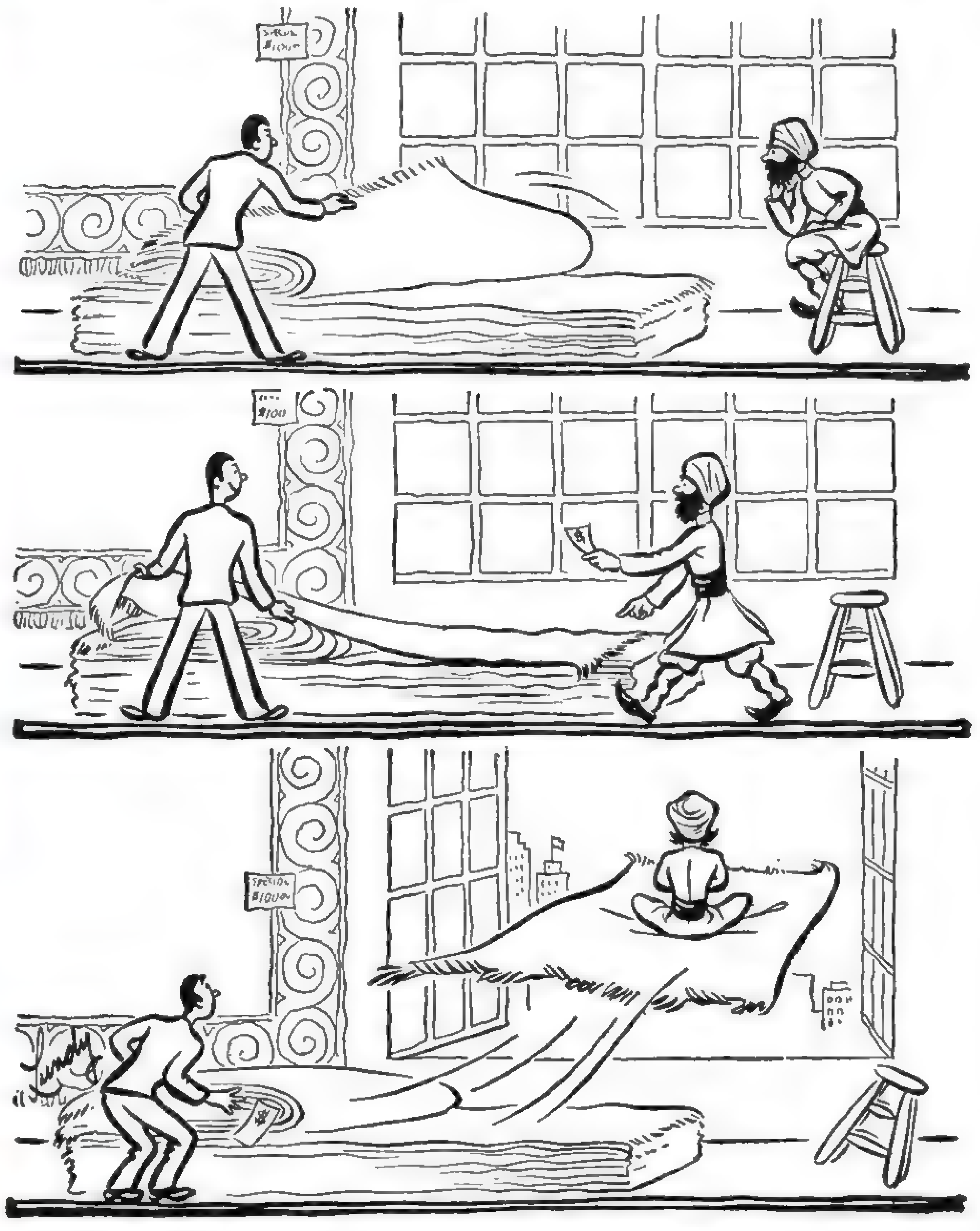
Greb opened up his bag of fistic tricks and whaled his victim into the ropes. Tunney fought back and actually hit this human buzz saw with wallops that would have stopped an ordinary fighter. But Greb was never an ordinary fighter. He converted Tunney's face into a horrible crimson mask.

Doc Bagley, the best cut-fixer in the business, was in Gene's corner, but you can't mend a broken nose between rounds. And Tunney's foolish pride urged him to conceal the extent of his injury by swallowing, instead of spitting out, the blood that trickled down the back of his throat.

Greb returned after that whirlwind opening round, his face split with a wide grin. He slapped Engel's back.

"Didn't I tell you I'd fool him?" he chuckled. "He was watchin' my right. Ha! Imagine that, George, watchin' my right . . . I kept that right steady . . . Even while we took pictures . . . I saw Tunney watchin' . . . He got worried . . . He watched too long . . ."

The bell for the second round ended Greb's incessant flow of



Oppenheim Collins
33 W. 34th St., N. Y. C.

Repeating a Success!

DIVERSION

Folly ensnared in black lace and translucence! Rhapsody for the uninhibited! Cobweb black lace above, "au naturel" midway, sheer black rayon chiffon below. By Lady Leonora. 32 to 40.... **7.98**

Sheer coat of match 8.98

Gift tribute for your midsummer night's Dream Girl

Also in our other Oppenheim Collins Stores

Please send me the "Diversion" gown.
7.98 Gown ☐ Size.... Quantity....
8.98 Coat ☐ Size.... Quantity....
Name........................
Address......................
City & State...................
Charge ☐ Paid ☐ C.O.D. ☐ or phone Miss Winstead, Wisconsin 7-8200. Delivery within 2 weeks. Add 15c shipping charges for deliveries beyond our delivery area. Add 1% City Sales Tax on prepaid orders for N.Y.C. E-6
OPPENHEIM COLLINS
33 West 34th Street
NEW YORK CITY

staccato speech. He leaped from the stool, hitched his tights with his elbows and went after the nose again. Tunney was forced into protection of his nose, and became easy to hit elsewhere. He was so easy that Greb went after a knockout. From the fury of Greb's assault and the unstoppable flow of blood, Tunney was in agony and half-choked after two minutes of each round.

There was no known method of coping with Greb's attack. It was too wild and fast for ordinary counter-punching. He fought from tireless, rubber legs. Once during the third round, Greb drove him into and through the ropes with a savage rush. Tunney grabbed Greb and Greb had to grab the ropes. The tangled combination saved Tunney from a tough predicament as the referee separated them.

But this was followed by still another assault on the broken nose, which Greb smashed with the same left hand, again bringing it out of the overhead lights and undoing all of Doc Bagley's patchwork. Tunney began painting the town red once more.

The fourth round produced one of the most ghastly three-minute periods in boxing history, for Greb reached the bleeding nose early and stimulated the flow of blood. He swung with renewed savagery. His eagerness to knock out his man was driving him with unbelievable speed. And what made it even more remarkable were Tunney's relentless body blows, driven to Greb's midsection in a life-or-death effort to slow him down. They fought toe to toe, swapping punch for punch, covered with Tunney's blood that sprayed the canvas and Kid McPartland, who received a complete blood-bath at the end of the round when he attempted to separate the battlers and send them to their corners. They couldn't hear the bell and continued to slug it out for fifteen seconds. The officials called the round even.

Once again Greb returned to his corner, laughing at Tunney for playing sucker. The champion needed the minute of rest badly. Fighting fifteen seconds after the bell gave him only forty-five seconds of rest.

Tunney paid for his mistake by taking a thorough shellacking in the fifth, which was a repetition of the second round. In the sixth he ran into more trouble when Greb ran into him. Whether he butted Tunney or not, only Greb could say, but Tunney emerged from a head-to-head mix-up with blood spurting from his left eye. The river of red ran down his face and joined the unceasing flow from his nose. Greb landed five savage wallops to Tunney's futile one. The crowd began yelling to have it stopped and continued to protest as the ghastly round ended. Yet, officials let it go on.

Greb slowed down in the seventh, which, like the third and fourth, was called even. It was here that Tunney landed his only

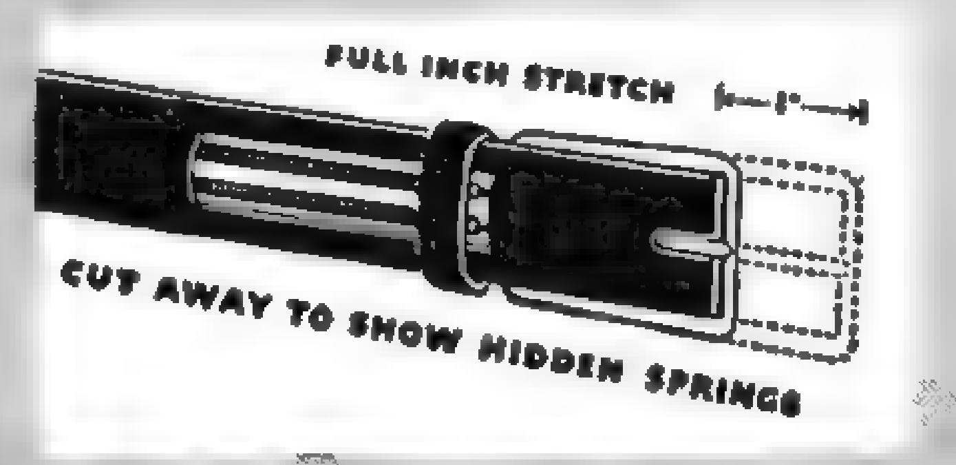
Continued on page 154

YOU'LL DISCOVER WALKING IS FUN
IF YOUR WAISTLINE IS RELAXED

EXPANSO Belts

EXPAND AND CONTRACT AS YOU BREATHE

Style Comfort



KNOTHE BROTHERS, CO., Inc., 24 West 40th St., N. Y. C.

Honor a fighting American—Your Dad—June 20th

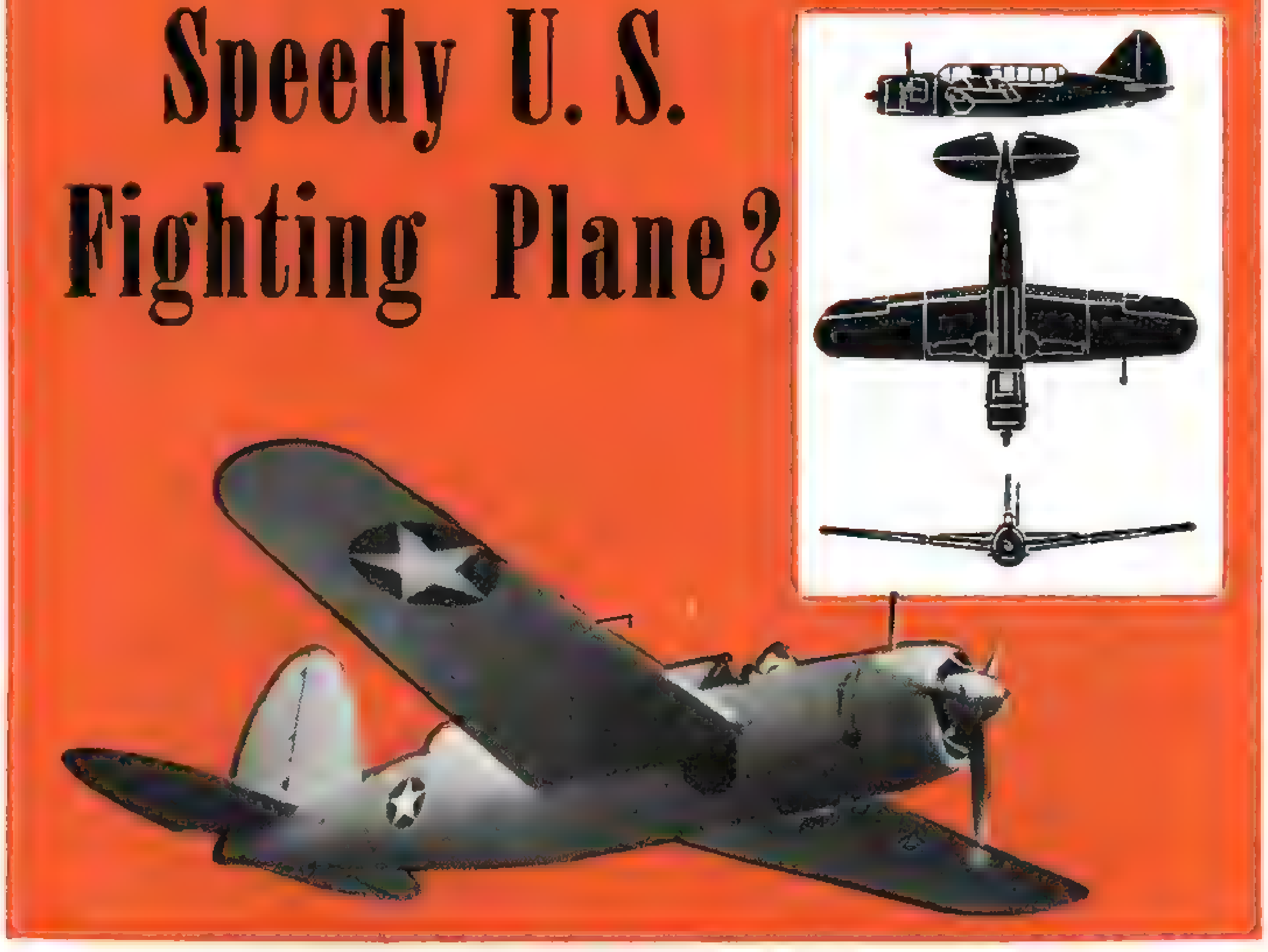
for Father's Day
a "SOCK-OUTFIT"
by Holeproof
BUY WAR BONDS
HIGHEST QUALITY YARNS
EXTRA STRENGTH AT POINTS OF WEAR
FOOT SIZES ACTUALLY KNIT TO FULL MEASUREMENTS
PACER SHORT AND REGULAR LENGTH

Look to the Holeproof Store in your city for complete pattern and color selections of Holeproof Socks to fit Dad's needs. Warm weather weights for business, or comfortable and practical types for "defense job" wear; brighter "Casualwear" styles for off hours. HOLEPROOF has been knitting quality men's socks for 71 years. Pacer, the sock with garter attached, will be back with victory! HOLEPROOF HOSIERY Co., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

TESTED *HOLEPROOF SOCKS
KNITTING 71 YEARS

FOR WOMEN — HOLEPROOF FINE STOCKINGS — LUXITE LINGERIE — *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Can You Identify This Speedy U. S. Fighting Plane?



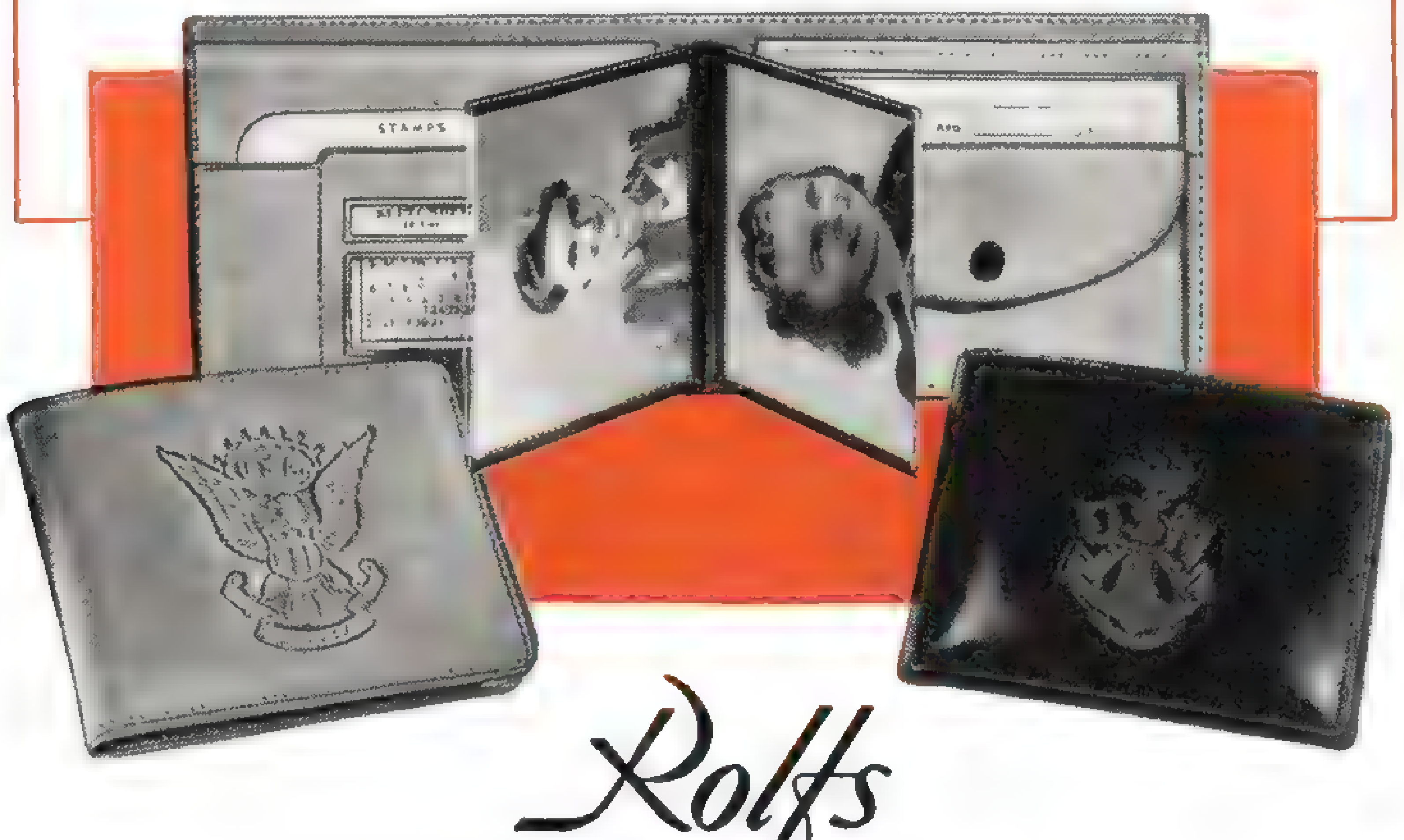
If you call this a "Buccaneer" or a Brewster SB2A you're 100% right. A carrier-based combination scout and dive bomber, this clean-lined ship has a top-speed of 285 m.p.h. and a bomb-load capacity of 1,000 lbs.

Your war bond dollars help buy guardians of the sky like this. Here's one more good reason for investing to the absolute limit of your ability in U.S. War Bonds and Stamps! Buy them regularly and systematically!

How's Your BILLFOLD I. Q.?

If you are asked to name one of America's finest, best-made billfolds, you'll score 100% when you say "Rolfs." Reason: Rolfs Billfolds represent the finest leathers plus the prideful workmanship of expert craftsmen.

Chances are excellent that your dealer can supply the Rolfs Billfold you need. But if you should be disappointed, please remember that Rolfs craftsmen are now doing a job for Uncle Sam. If you fail to find a Rolfs Billfold the first time you ask for it—it will pay you to try again later!



Rolfs
"VICTORY" Billfolds

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER ACCESSORIES BY Rolfs
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tunney's Hour of Travail

Continued from pages 50-153

hard wallop of the fight, a resounding left to the stomach that lifted Greb off his feet. But the Pittsburgh Windmill came back in the eighth with even more fury and battered Tunney to all sides of the ring, disorganizing him completely. Only the fact that Greb punched off-balance and on the move denied Tunney the succor of a knockout.

And in the ninth, Greb slashed open a cut over Tunney's other eye. He was bleeding, but profusely, from both eyebrows and from a broken nose. Nausea was developing from the blood he continued to swallow to hide the extent of his injuries.

Instead of slowing down, Greb speeded his attack through the rest of the ninth, tenth and eleventh rounds. During this last three minutes, he punched Tunney thoroughly at will.

In the thirteenth round the fight fans began to throw things. A straw hat sailed through the air and landed on the blood-stained canvas. Coins were pitched from the gallery. Greb was called a heartless butcher and Tunney a helpless meatball.

The fifteenth and final round topped the hour-long slaughter in all respects. It found Greb faster and seemingly fresher than early in the fight. It found Tunney an undefended target, and Greb landed lefts and rights anywhere without risk of a return blow. As he pummeled Tunney's unprotected carcass and cruelly battered the blood-stained face, Greb made it more one-sided than any of the previous rounds. He swung from all angles, and you couldn't follow the punches. You only knew that in those final seconds Tunney was a beaten human. His back was against the ropes and the savage Harry Greb, one of the greatest fighters ever known, was plastering the daylights out of him in as revolting a display of brutality as the history of contact sports knows.

A half-hour later Greb, without scratch or bruise, was celebrating his belated acquisition of a championship, hollow as it was, in a Broadway night club. And he celebrated with ginger ale, for throughout his kaleidoscopic life, he bought much alcohol, but never once drank it or sold it.

Hours later Gene Tunney was still at Madison Square Garden, weak from loss of blood, but stubbornly refusing to enter nearby Bellevue Hospital. His broken nose had been set in the dressing room, his lips stitched and his lacerated eyebrows mended. But the stomach nausea and retching from the swallowed blood continued so dangerously long, it was feared he had suffered a stomach hemorrhage.

When he was finally able to leave the Garden, they took him to Red Bank, New Jersey, where he spent almost two months recuperating and weighing the wisdom of continuing the art of committing suicide on the installment plan. He did continue, of course, and subsequently defeated Harry Greb four times.

And so, when you read about Commander Tunney denouncing the daylights out of contact sports, don't take it lightly. The man has an excellent memory. ⵌ

CAVIAR
CHAMPAG

Afloat or Ashore
.. the Favorites!

GANTNER
WHITMAN
POPLINS

WHITMAN . . . America's finest poplin . . in Gantner WIKIES exclusively! ZELAN water-repellent finish almost makes the ocean feel dry! Sanforized-shrunk . . . salt-water-fast colors. Whitman poplins are crisply smart . . . beautifully tailored. Belted shore-length or gathered waist and supporter for swimming, $3.50

At better stores everywhere. Write for nearest dealer

GANTNER-of-California, Dept. ES
San Francisco — Chicago — New York

Deferment for 300 Dollars

Continued from page 55

utes after the terrified children had been led out a rear door.

About 5,000 rioters marched down Broadway to attack police headquarters at Mulberry Street near Bleecker Street. One hundred policemen marched into Broadway to meet them, while two squads of fifty each circled around each side to make a flank attack.

The mob, armed with pitchforks, clubs and guns, filled the street from curb to curb. At its head marched a man carrying a board on which appeared the words "No Draft," and another bearing an American flag. The police formed a solid phalanx, charged into the mob simultaneously from three sides, clubbing right and left, and scattered the rioters.

For the next three days, mobs, reinforced by gangsters and thieves, looted and plundered almost at will.

Most of the city's militia regiments had been sent into Pennsylvania to check Lee's northern advance. The few soldiers and marines left in the city, as well as hastily recruited special police, helped the regular force, but it was impossible to restore order.

As soon as flying squads of police broke up a mob at one point, it reassembled somewhere else. All business ceased, windows were boarded up, street railroads stopped running and every outbound ferry was jammed with fleeing residents.

Order was not restored until Thursday morning, when the famed Seventh National Guard Regiment returned to the city from Pennsylvania after participating in the Battle of Gettysburg. By that time between 500 and 1,000 of the rioters had been killed and thousands more wounded; property damage amounted to about $3,000,000.

President Lincoln reduced the city's quotas, suspended the draft for a month, and agreed to let a local commission study its operation. There was no further disorder when drafting was resumed a month later.

After the riots of the Summer and Fall of 1863, federal officials were better prepared to cope with resistance and there was only sporadic violence until the war ended. No real effort was ever made, however, to enforce conscription in the mining camps of the West.

As a method of enrolling men into the army, the Civil War draft was a failure. But by committing all the blunders, it taught us these important lessons:

To administer selective service through volunteer boards of civilians rather than through hard-boiled Federal officers. To decide cases on individual merits. To call men least needed by families and industries first. And most of all, to treat rich and poor alike. ###

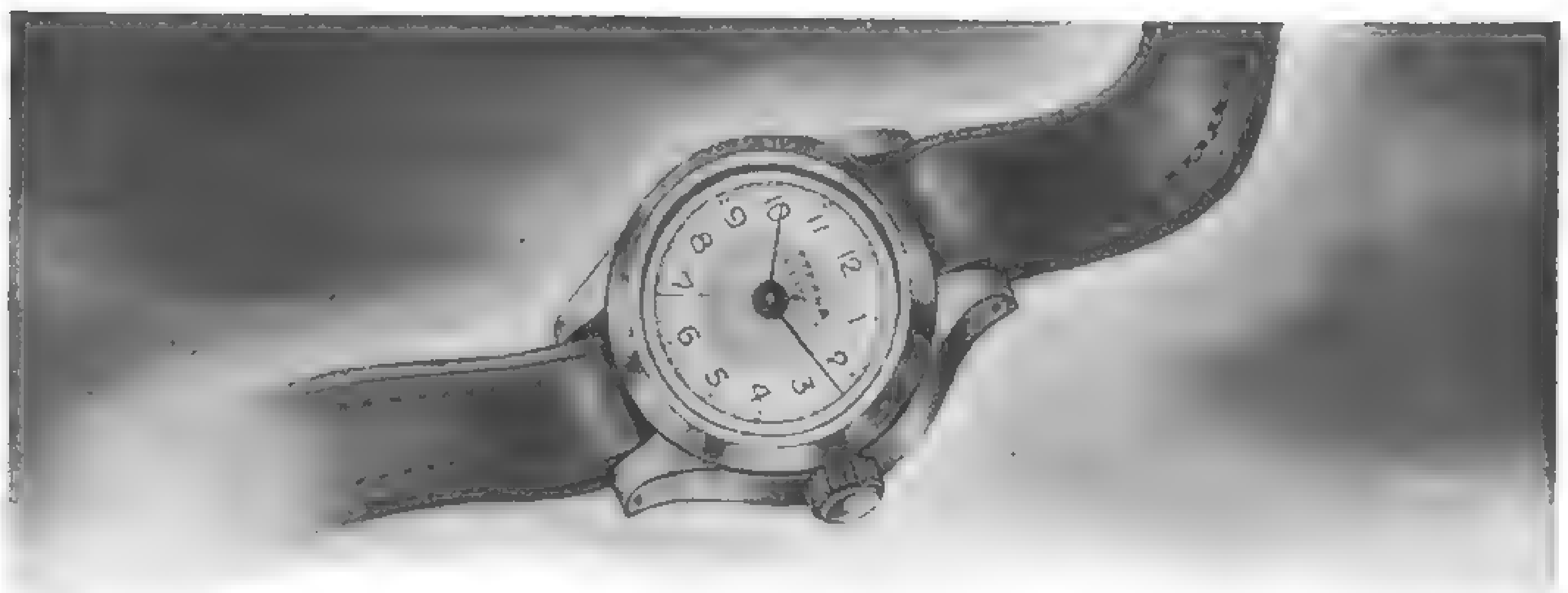
Special Pilsener Brew
Blatz Pilsener Beer

Get acquainted
with
GOOD TASTE

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

FOR GOOD TASTE
Blatz

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS. • IN OUR 92nd YEAR



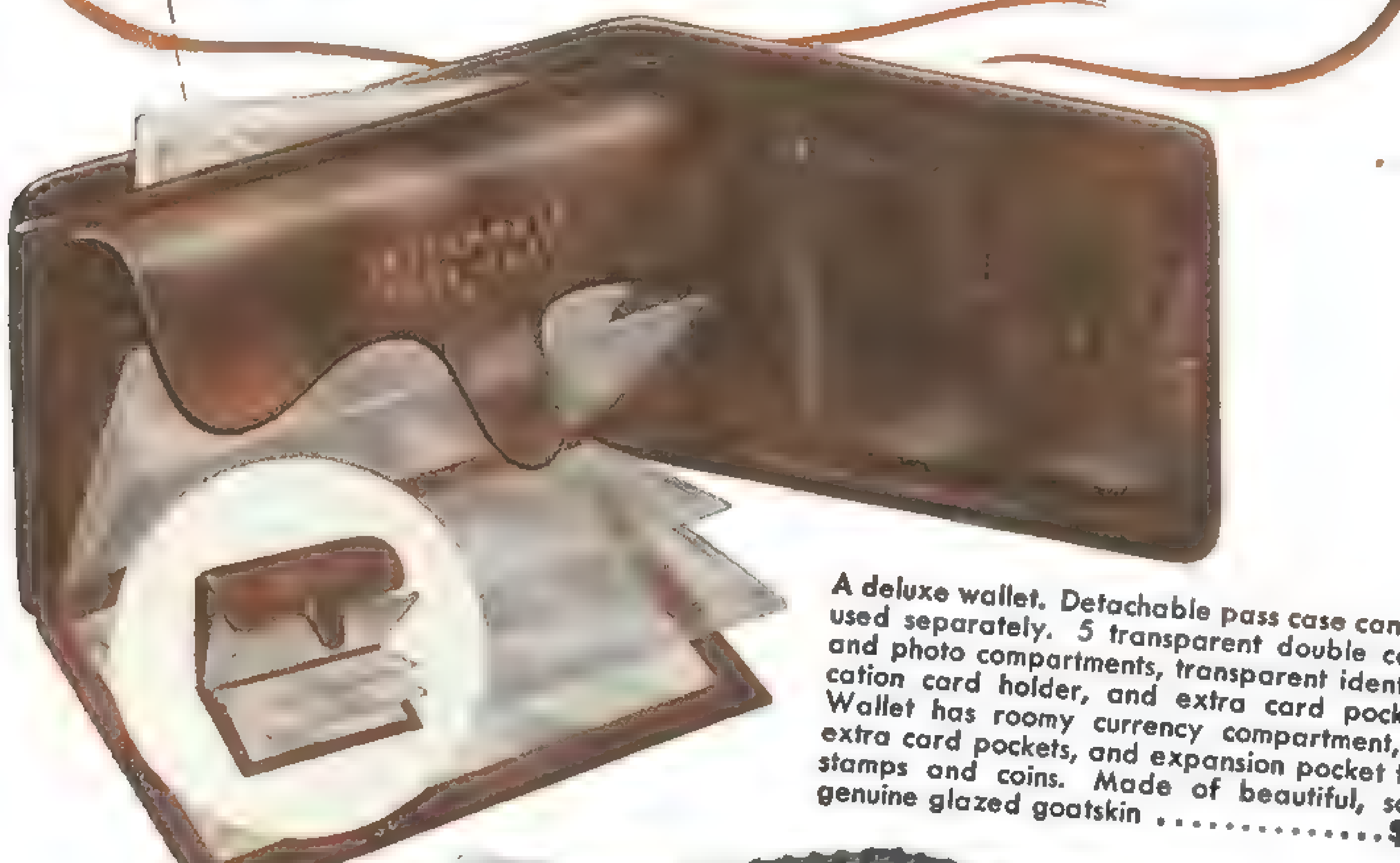
It's here! . . . the first
Self-Winding Waterproof Ladies' Wrist Watch in America!

By all odds the year's greatest Watch news! This precision-built 17-jewelled Ladies' Wrist Watch with Automatic Self-Winding movement! Waterproof . . . non-magnetic . . . shock-protected . . . dustproof! With or without sweep second hand. ETERNA—destined to become the unchallenged Watchword of American women in uniform . . . a true campaigner in all types of weather . . . wherever duty calls . . . on land, sea, or air. Sold and serviced by leading jewelers throughout the world.

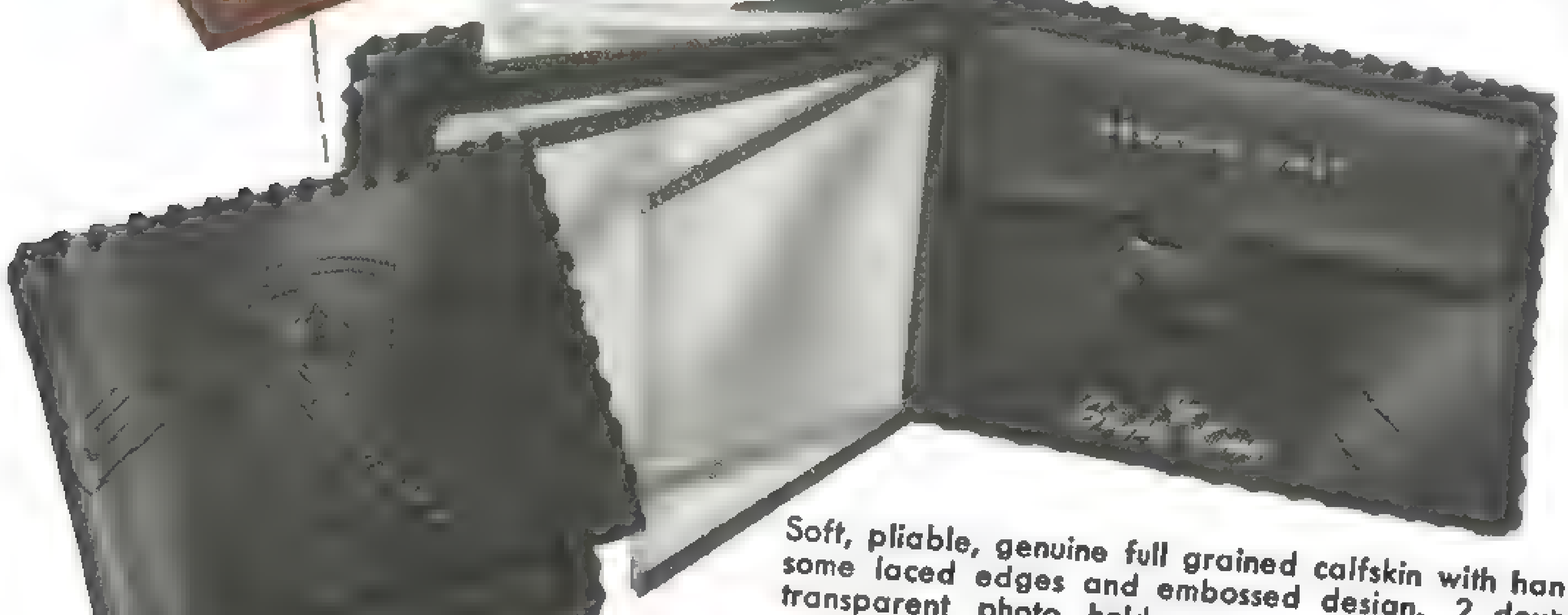
ETERNA
The watch of PROTECTED Accuracy . . . Famous since 1856

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL IN
Style King
Wallets
Trade Mark Reg.



A deluxe wallet. Detachable pass case can be used separately. 5 transparent double card and photo compartments, transparent identification card holder, and extra card pocket. Wallet has roomy currency compartment, 2 extra card pockets, and expansion pocket for stamps and coins. Made of beautiful, soft genuine glazed goatskin $5



Soft, pliable, genuine full grained calfskin with handsome laced edges and embossed design. 2 double transparent photo holder, roomy currency pocket, identification card holder and extra pocket for cards, stamps, coins..............................$2

Service Insignia Wallet—choice of Army, Navy, Marine, Coast Guard or Air Corps insignia heavily embossed on outside—genuine leather in smooth glazed finish. Double currency compartment for checks and bills. 2 double transparent photo holders, identification card holder and 2 extra pockets for cards, coins, stamps......$1.50

Genuine goatskin in steerhide finish. Soft, pliable, durable. Special double currency compartment with dividers for bills, checks and notes. 4 transparent double photo and card compartments and 4 extra pockets for cards, coins and stamps..............................$3

Ask today for these unusual values in Style King wallets. At leading dealers everywhere!

S. Buchsbaum & Co.
MANUFACTURERS SINCE 1888 CHICAGO

DEALER'S NOTICE: Stocks immediately available at our New York, Chicago and Los Angeles offices.

The Temper of Savage Love

Continued from page 53

village roofs, late in the day. Like an Eskimo, because his emotions were too much for him, E-tuk-shu cared for the dogs and brought the things we needed from the sledge into the room that was found for us before he mentioned Ah-paht-ki. "I might look for one that was left here," he said when everything was done. I could see him trembling with eagerness.

I had to see the Soviet authority and it took some time. When I came back E-tuk-shu was sitting waiting for me. His hands hung down to the floor. His face was blank and his eyes were dead. I thought he was sick. He swayed as he sat. I went to him and put my hand on his shoulder but he would not look up. At last he told me.

Ah-paht-ki had taken another mate, a Siberian Eskimo.

I had become so close to E-tuk-shu that it was almost as much of a shock to me. She was young. A year and half of silence. It must have seemed to Ah-paht-ki that E-tuk-shu had deserted her for a high-power rifle. I recalled their casual parting eighteen months ago when E-tuk-shu was so confident she would wait. A telescope rifle such as no Eskimo had—was it not worth the parting?

We had come back with two sledges. The crossing to Nome over new ice of early winter might be risky. I told E-tuk-shu we would wait a few days.

I hoped the situation might adjust by Ah-paht-ki coming with us now. Eskimos are practical about such things. But E-tuk-shu had retired into himself out of my reach. I could not help him. It was long before he would speak and when he did it was with only part of himself that did not reveal his thought—as if he were comforting me.

"I have dogs, sledges and traps," he said. "In Nome you will give me one hundred pounds of tea, two hundred pounds of tobacco, ammunition, dollars. And I have earned my rifle. I am rich with my rifle that will kill a mile away or will kill near to me."

"Have you talked to Ah-paht-ki, Tuk-shu?"

"It is possible that one may have seen a person in a poor wooden house through which the wind can blow."

"She has made a terrible mistake." I tried to say how sorry I was for him.

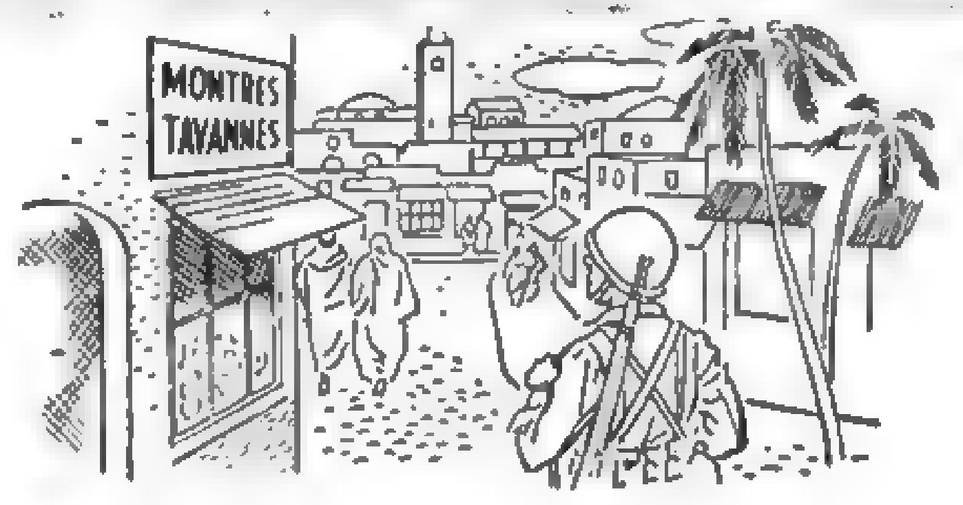
"For me?" he said. "That man has nothing. No dogs, no gear, no traps, no rifle, nothing. How can he get food for her? How can he get furs, tea, tobacco? The winter is coming. Feel sorry for them, not for me."

If Ah-paht-ki had left him and was starving with a no-account Eskimo there was nothing I could say. He was talking to himself now. "I am a hunter. No dogs

TAVANNES
a Timepiece you can Trust

For more than half a century Tavannes Watches have maintained the highest standards of timekeeping excellence. They have been sold in every civilized country in the world. Therefore Tavannes owners are assured of expert servicing wherever they may be – at home – or overseas.

In Casablanca . . .

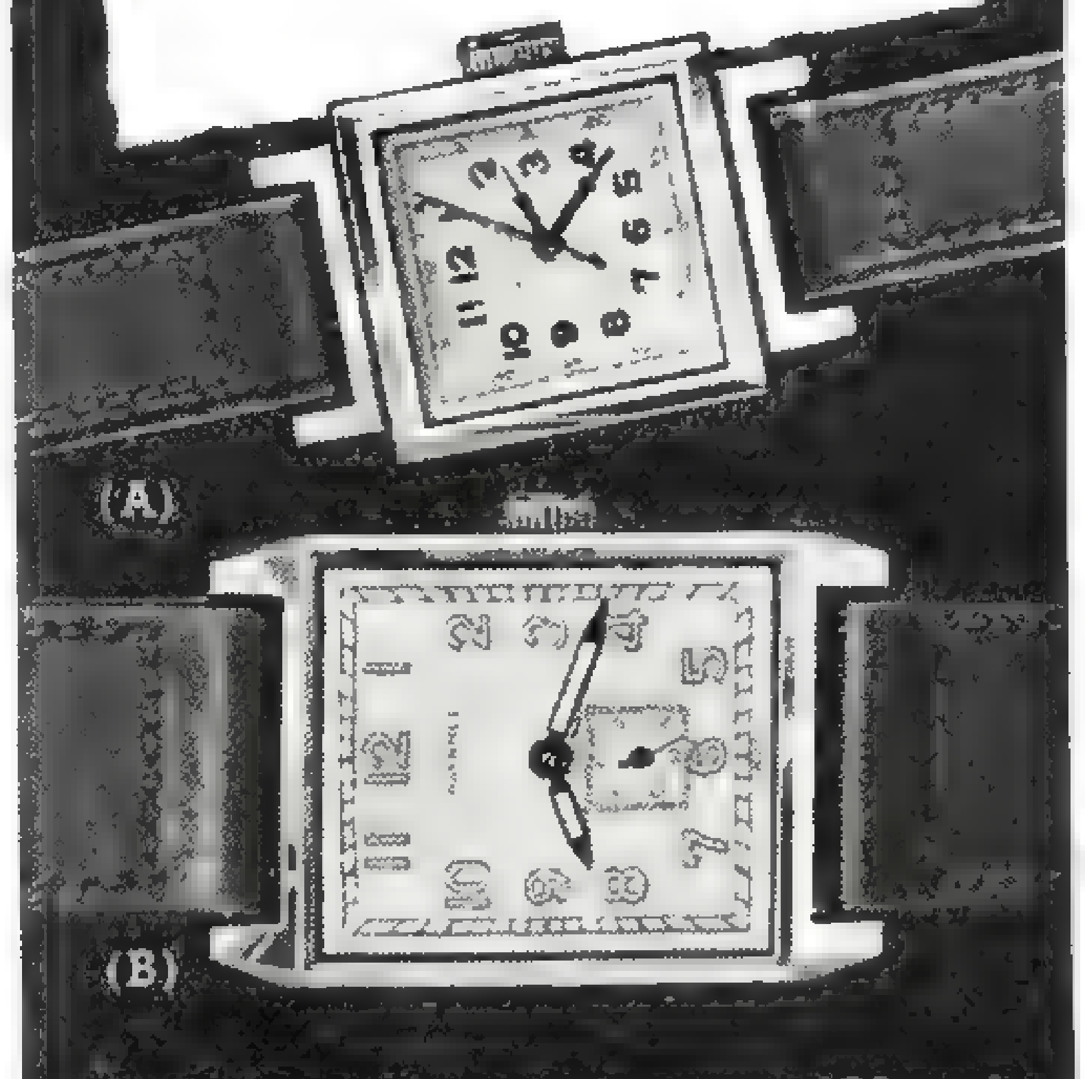


Or in Calcutta . . .

Or in Chungking . . .

Tavannes Watches are priced from $37.50 to $450. Due to prevailing conditions your dealer may be without them for brief intervals. Tavannes quality is worth waiting for.

TAVANNES
TIMES THE WORLD
SINCE 1891



(A)—Ladies' Service Tavannes; 17 Jewels; Waterproof; Shockproof; Sweep-second.
(B)—Men's Service Tavannes; 17 Jewels; Waterproof; Shockproof.

TAVANNES WATCH CO., INC.
608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

are better than mine for the long trail over the great ice. I kill the bear and seal. I have my long-shot rifle, better than any man has. I am a man. I am E-tuk-shu."

He slept on the floor. The next day I saw Ah-paht-ki. She still was pretty but she would not speak. She was wearing the furs E-tuk-shu had given her the year before and they were bald in spots and had holes in them. I learned that the money left for her care had been spent foolishly by the man who had taken her. Him I did not see. He was said to be keeping out of the way in deadly fear of the vengeance of E-tuk-shu. I took the opportunity of using the steam bath in which one suffocates and gets clean by splashing water on hot stones. At the bath I was told that E-tuk-shu had seen Ah-paht-ki several times. The commissar warned me to keep watch on him.

"It takes an Eskimo a little time to make up his mind what he is going to do," the commissar said. "But when he makes up his mind, he does it. You never can tell which side of a savage will come up. We want no killing here."

I decided to leave at daybreak. I was getting our pack together when E-tuk-shu came in, knocking the frost from the squirrel fur around his expressionless face. He sat down where he could look at the beautiful telescope rifle standing in the corner.

"Have you fed the dogs?" I said. "We go in the morning."

"The dogs are fed."

"The ice is thick enough now."

"The ice will bear."

"There is nothing to stay here for, Tuk-shu."

"We go in the morning," he said in his dead, sing-song tone.

I had my back to him. His mukluks made no sound on the slab floor. When I turned he was standing by the door, the rifle in his hand.

"Put that gun down, Tuk-shu."

"We go in the morning."

"Tuk-shu, stand that gun back in the corner."

He pulled the door open and ran out. I ran after him but he must have gone around the house. In a minute I realized I must get my parka and fur mittens. By the time I started again I remembered that I did not know where Ah-paht-ki was living with her new husband. Should I go to the commissar's house? It would be too late then. I ran down the frozen rutted track listening for a shot although I knew that if it were fired inside a snow banked hut I would not hear it, even if I were running in the right direction. I went to the room and sat down in the light of the dim oil lamp.

It may have been an hour later, it probably was less, when E-tuk-shu came back.

"Where is the rifle? What did you do with it?" I shouted at him. "My God, what have you done?"

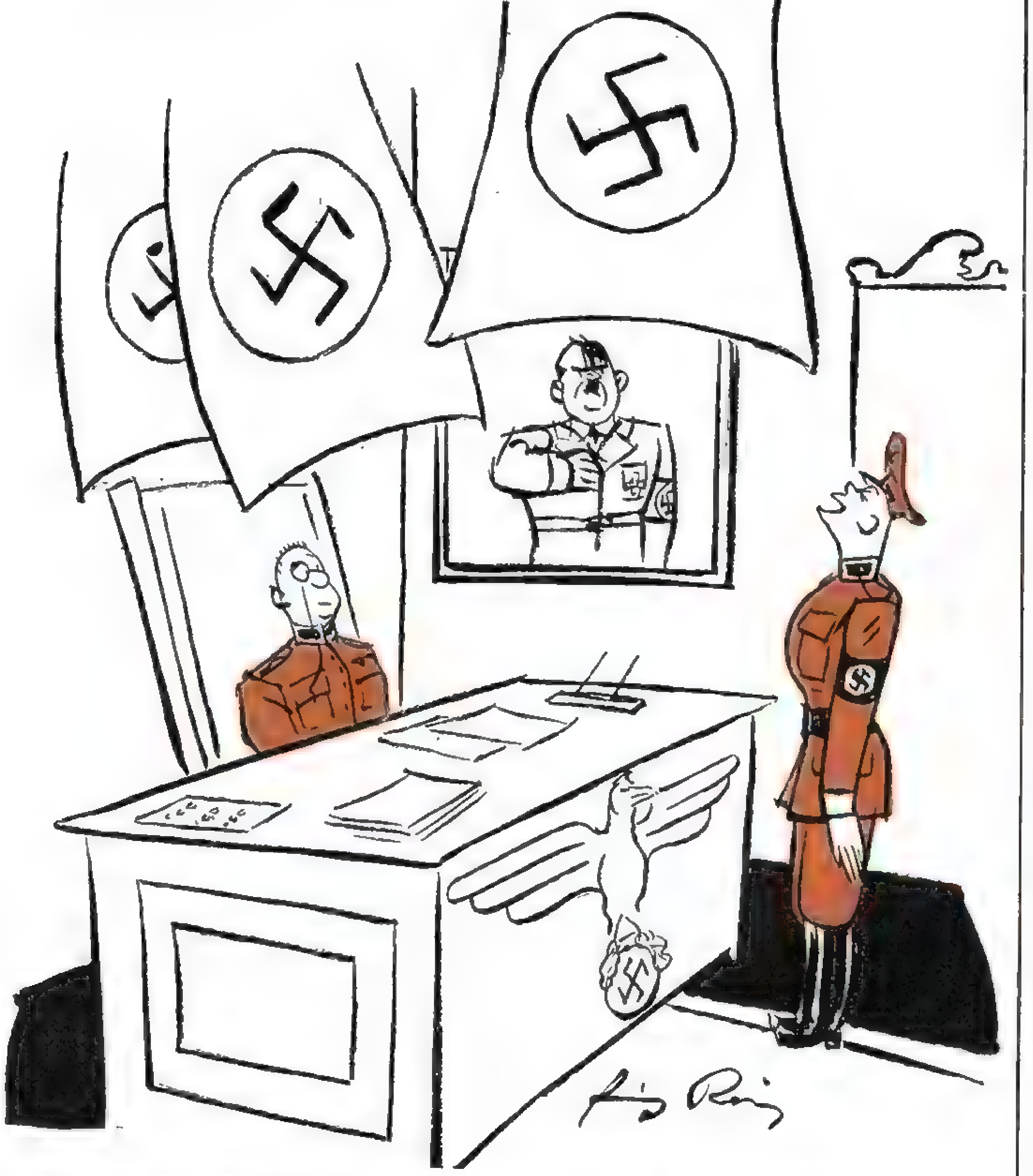
"I may have seen two persons."

"Is Ah-paht-ki coming with us?"

"No. She is married. They both stay here."

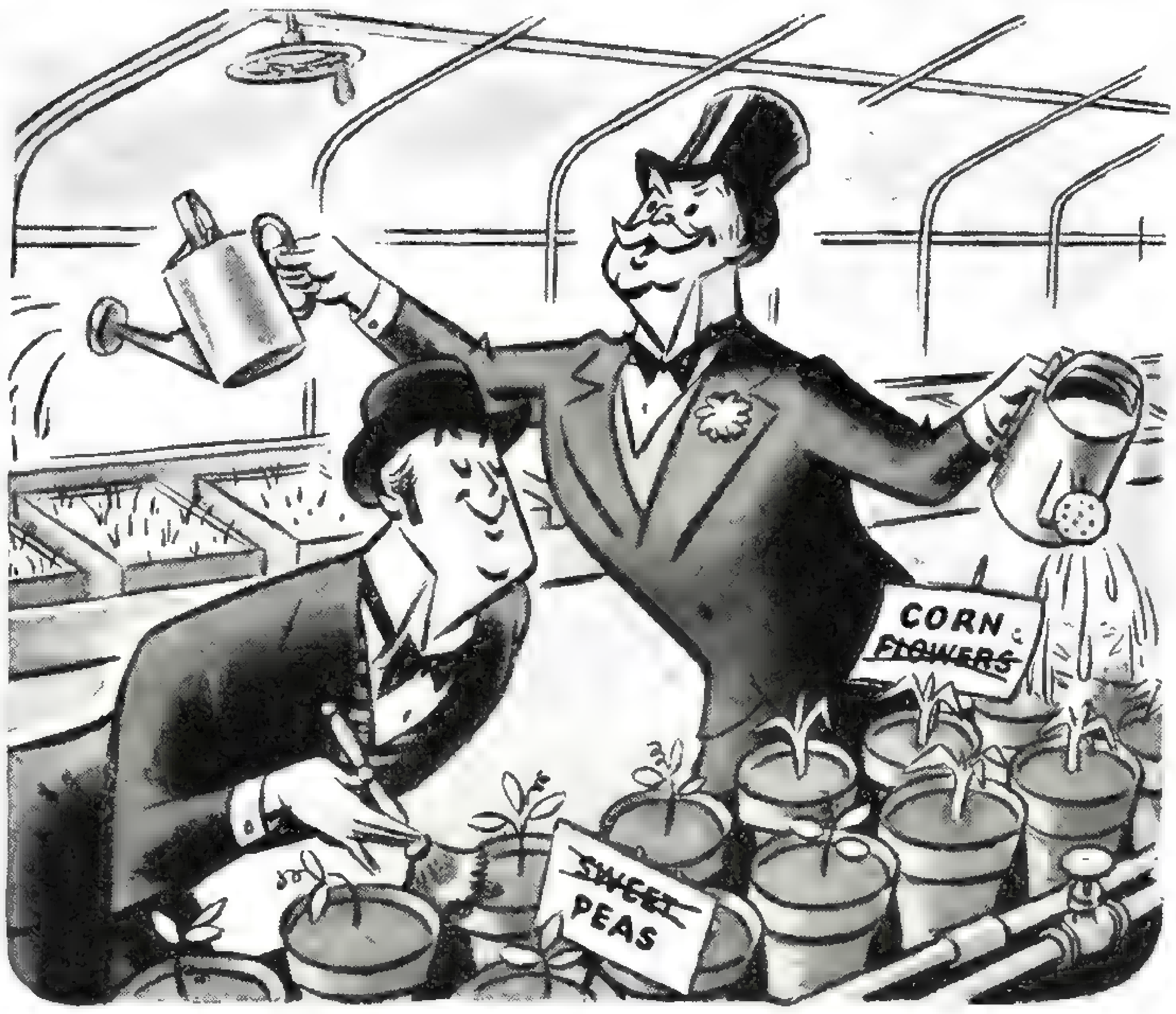
"You saw him—Ah-paht-ki's husband?"

"Yes. We can cross with one team. I shall leave him the other. And I shall leave him my traps and gear—and my new rifle—my long shot rifle. No Eskimo has ever had such a rifle. Ah-paht-ki will be cared for now. He can take fine care of her. We start in the morning." ⧺



"I am watching Karuntz who is watching Schmidt who is watching Schultz. I was wondering if I might ask, sir—who is watching me?"

Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Wisdom

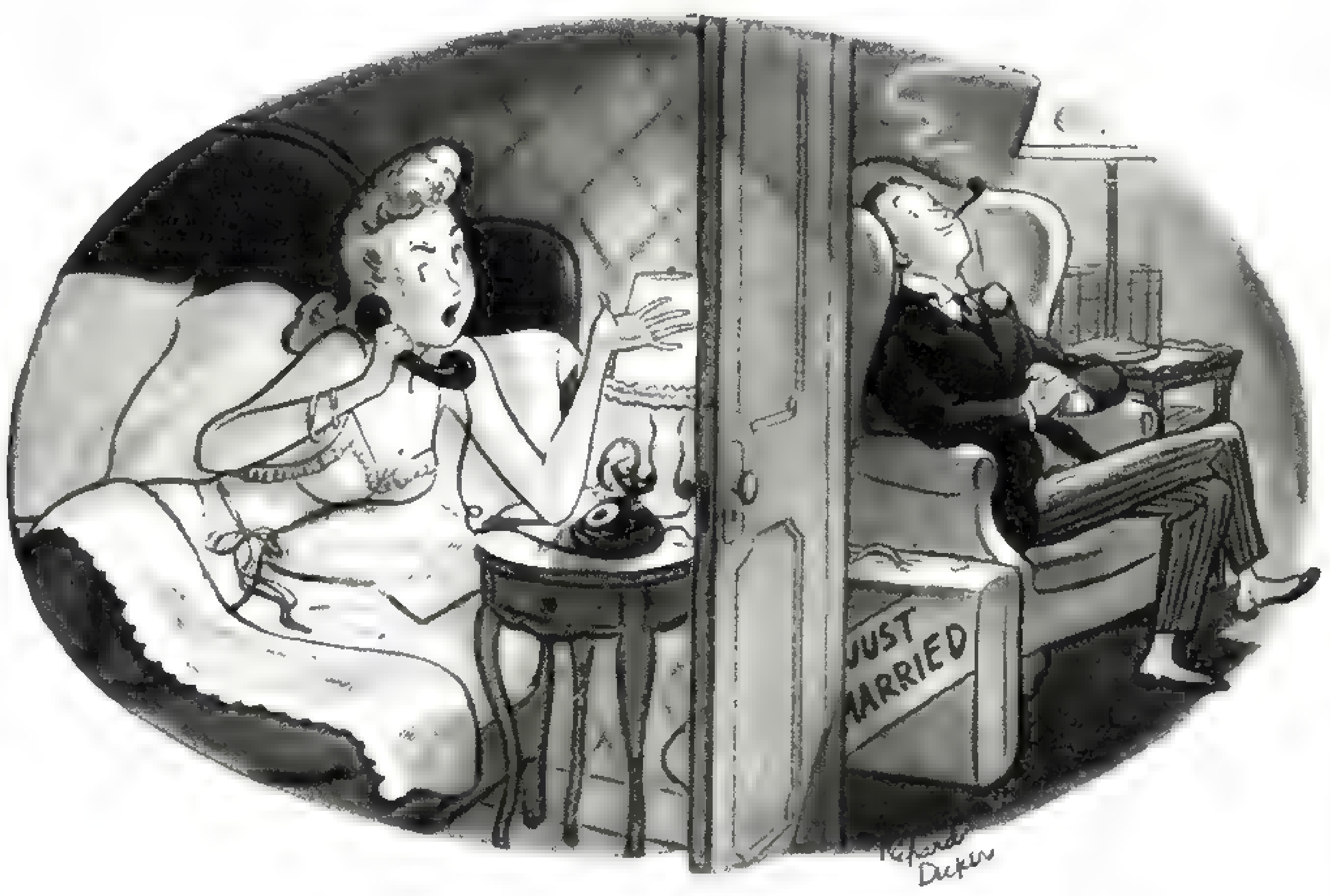

CORN
~~FLOWERS~~
~~SWEET~~
PEAS

"We've Turned Our Backs on Raising Flowers, Now Peas and Beans Get Our Spare Hours"

Producing for victory is a full-time job for all of us. That's why, at Calvert, we are not distilling whiskey—only high-proof alcohol for war. But fortunately in our warehouses substantial reserves of rare, selected stocks have been laid away, the very *cream* of them reserved for Calvert Reserve. So you may continue to enjoy, in cocktail or in highball, that mellowness, that extra goodness that makes Calvert Reserve the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation ... **Calvert Reserve** ... *will last for the duration*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



"—but mother—all he does is sit there and smoke his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

YOU CAN'T SATISFY a pipe smoker till he's found a tobacco that *tastes* good and *smells* good. That's why *the* quality pipe tobacco of America is Sir Walter Raleigh. It burns cool—and has a delightful aroma everyone likes. Try this choice blend of *mild* Kentucky burleys.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

A Harmony of Great American Whiskies has made it America's Luxury Whiskey
WHEREVER FINE WHISKIES ARE SOLD
PARK & TILFORD Private Stock
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FOUNDED 1840
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
New York, N.Y.

Just as a stirring symphony is a masterful blend of musical notes to produce an agreeable harmony of sound . . . so Park & Tilford *Private Stock* is a skilful blend of fine American whiskies to create an harmonious luxury of flavor. In Park & Tilford *Private Stock*, the ancient and difficult art of whiskey blending reaches a new peak of modern perfection—superbly rich, exceptionally agreeable in taste! The additional cost to you is trifling—the additional enjoyment is surprising.

PARK & TILFORD Private Stock

—backed by 100 years of Knowing How!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

The Captain's Bill of Goods

Continued from page 29

a big story from the UP man in Rio claiming the *Essex* is waiting off the Plata to go down the *Ritter's* throat. Hell, the *Essex* is in Pearl Harbor."

"The Germans don't know that," said Napier.

"But what are you trying to do?"

"Make them scuttle her," said Napier. "Germans are land-lubbers. They've scuttled every warship and every merchantman we ever caught away from home base, and if they think they're licked before they start, they'll scuttle that baby rather than risk capture."

"It sounds good, but you're crazy. What about the *Resolution?* She's in the Falklands."

"The Germans don't know that, either."

"Well, I suppose they won't cashier you for it," said Scott.

"Never mind that," said Napier. "What battlewagon is at sea some place where the Jerries don't know?"

"Listen, Nape . . ."

"Name one quick."

"All right. The *Massachusetts*, repaired in Norfolk after the African show, is en route to the Canal and thence to Pearl. She's been at sea four days. Take her."

"Thanks, Howie. Don't spill anything and let the newspapers play it up. If you can get OWI to beam it across . . ."

"Nuts," said Admiral Scott in unnaval-like fashion.

Through the early evening, Napier sweated. He paced the office as if it were a deck. He listened to the radio. Grabes did a wonderful job on the evening news roundup for the broadcast stations at home. He delivered the "scoop" with pride, as if it were as real as truth. The *Progresivo* story looked good and black. But was it getting out?

Before midnight, Hamman telephoned. "I'm in Buenos Aires," he said cheerfully. "This looks like a good spot to feed the *USS Essex* to the press. *La Prensa* is read by Axis agents and ministers whose facilities allow them to communicate directly with Berlin. I gave Joe Thomas—he's a radio reporter on the spot—the *Essex* story, too, and he's going to use it in the morning. But I think you ought to feed a new angle tomorrow. These Heinies don't like heavy stuff. That's what they're afraid of."

"The *Massachusetts*," said Napier. "All of her, will be off the River Plata tomorrow at noon."

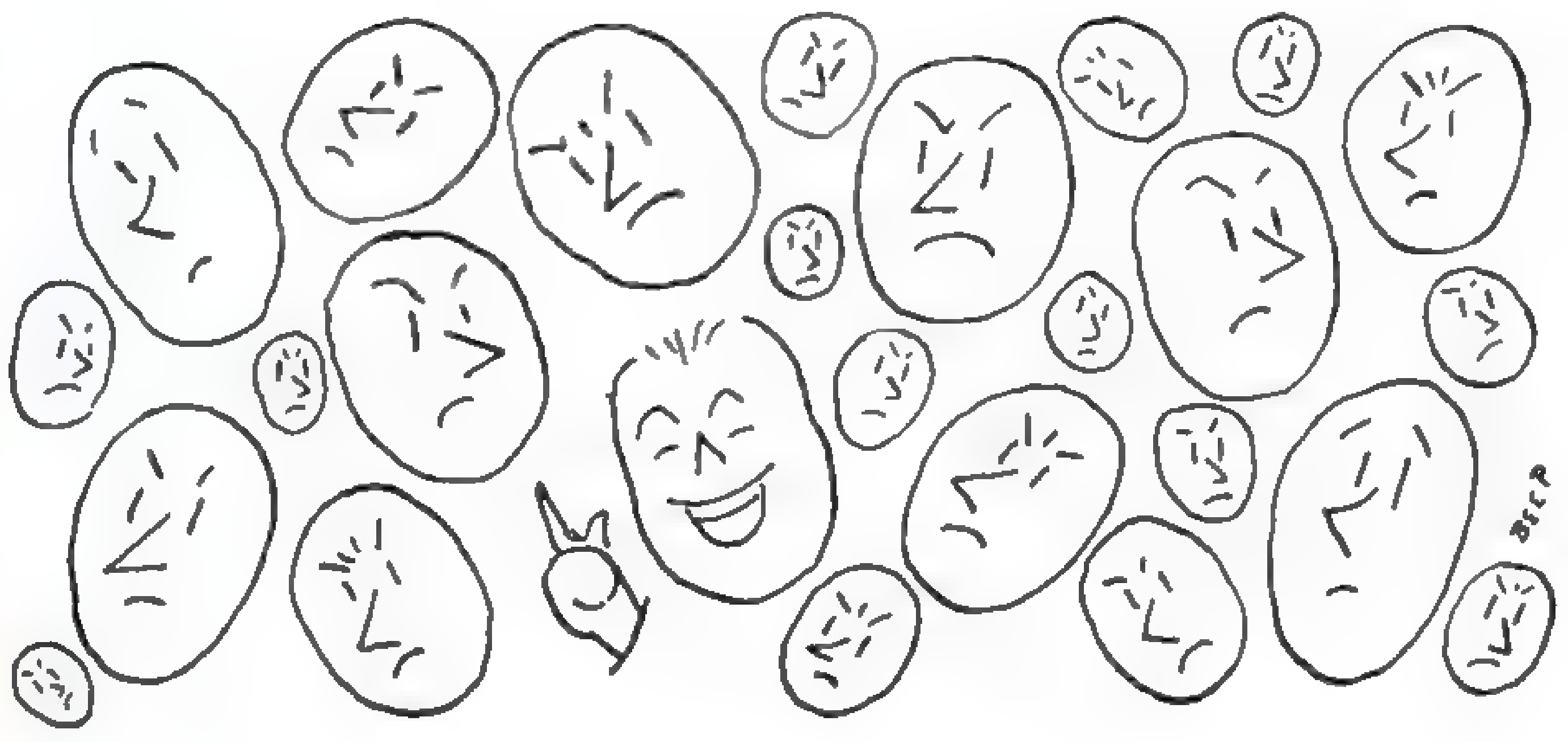
"Fine," said Hamman. He paused. "Really?"

"Really," Napier lied. That would put Ted's heart in it.

"Straight from Operations in Washington."

* * *

When Lieutenant McCandler arrived at the mission office next morning he found Napier Reynolds haggard, harassed and bleary-eyed. There was no conver-



Quit Crabbing

Hey, you! Wipe that discontented expression off your face, and stop that grumbling. Sure, I know you'd like a nice thick juicy T-bone steak smothered in butter. Well, so would I. And all the coffee I could drink—and plenty of sugar—and my fill of lamb chops and roast beef and all that sort of thing. But complaining about it isn't going to get us anywhere.

Yeah, and stop groaning because you couldn't go South this winter. Pulling a long face because you're not in Florida. Don't you think *I'd* like to be in Miami Beach too—staying in one of those swanky hotels—looking out on the ocean—with that golden moon up above—and the soft Southern breezes. Well, buddy, wishing for it isn't going to get us anywhere. We've got to take what they give us and like it.

And stop complaining because you aren't being entertained all the time! It won't kill you to stay at home and read a good book. Sure, of *course* I know you wish you were watching Bob Hope perform—or Betty Grable—or Rita Hayworth—or Bing Crosby—or listening to Glenn Miller—or Tommy Dorsey—or Gene Krupa. Don't you suppose I feel the same way about it? Well, of course I do, and many others like me. But I'm telling you we've got to exhibit discipline and self-control and take what we're given without grumbling. Many of us have simply got to make up our minds that we'll renounce these things for the duration, and renounce them cheerfully. After all we can't *all* be in the Army.

—Parke Cummings

1·WASHING
2·SUN
3. PERSPIRATION

Shirts with the Pacific Factag tested for all 3

by don herold

A shirt is no better than its tail. That's my way of saying a shirt starts with a good fabric.

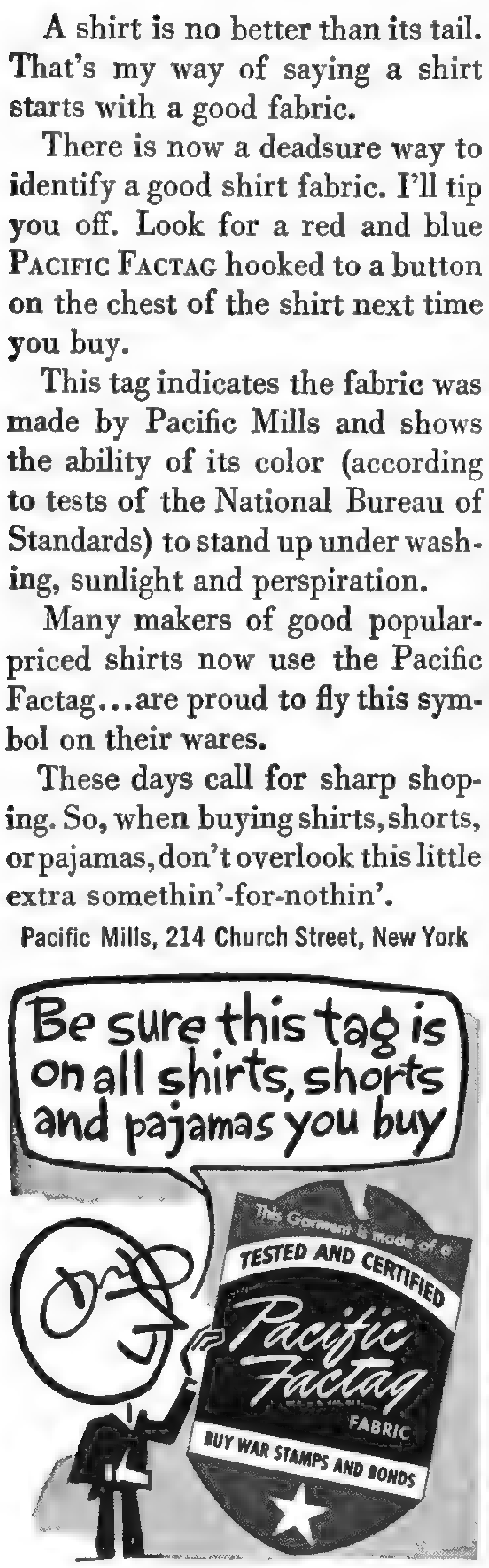
There is now a deadsure way to identify a good shirt fabric. I'll tip you off. Look for a red and blue PACIFIC FACTAG hooked to a button on the chest of the shirt next time you buy.

This tag indicates the fabric was made by Pacific Mills and shows the ability of its color (according to tests of the National Bureau of Standards) to stand up under washing, sunlight and perspiration.

Many makers of good popular-priced shirts now use the Pacific Factag...are proud to fly this symbol on their wares.

These days call for sharp shopping. So, when buying shirts, shorts, or pajamas, don't overlook this little extra somethin'-for-nothin'.

Pacific Mills, 214 Church Street, New York


Be sure this tag is on all shirts, shorts and pajamas you buy
This Garment is made of a
TESTED AND CERTIFIED
Pacific Factag
FABRIC
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

sation, no orders. Only tense, fearful waiting.

At noon the radio commentator, Joe Thomas, broadcast from Laguna. "The *Prinz Ritter* has sought sanctuary here, ladies and gentlemen, and as I speak, I can see the German sailors hastily repairing her damage. There are shell fragment holes in her tower bridge but the damage is relatively minor . . .

"An informed U.S. naval source reports the carrier *Essex* off-shore, her dive bombers waiting for the *Ritter* to put to sea again. This reporter can verify the fact, for a scouting squadron of Douglas Dauntlesses wheeled over the Plata early this morning, and the white star was plainly visible on their fuselages. I saw them myself. This is Joe Thomas in Laguna, returning you now to New York . . ."

Why, Napier thought, you dirty magnificent liar. You *saw* the planes!

* * *

Washington was calling again. "Napier," said Admiral Scott slowly, "you've begun to hoodwink me. I know for a fact that the *Essex* is at Pearl Harbor. What planes did that Thomas commentator see? And he isn't the only one. We have a report from Commander Charlie Blake in Laguna that at least a hundred people on shore have spotted two big battleships off-shore, patroling back and forth, along with the *Jacksonville.*"

"It's nonsense," said Napier. "But for God's sake, don't correct it. It helps, it all helps."

But when night came, he began to feel let down. Everybody was waiting for something to happen, and nothing did. The *Prinz Ritter* had used up thirty-six of her hours. The game seemed done.

Near midnight, Hamman called. "I'm in Montevideo," he said. "I managed to wangle a ride out in a government launch. She has quite a hole in her beam, Nape. But they had steel mats over it, and they were working hard on her. From the looks she's going to run out and fight it. Between us, she's going to get away with it."

"Hell," Napier said.

"Had you thought," asked Hamman, "what an ass you're going to be if she gets away?"

* * *

The night was deadly. Napier was covering the radio spectrum himself, from low to high frequency, checking down each time he heard one of his own lies repeated. Just before dawn, a voice came out of DNJ Berlin: "The Admiralty announced tonight it was rushing wolf packs of submarines to reinforce the *Prinz Ritter* against heavy Allied strength which is lying offshore, waiting to trap her." Napier felt cautious elation. Were they kidding him along, too?

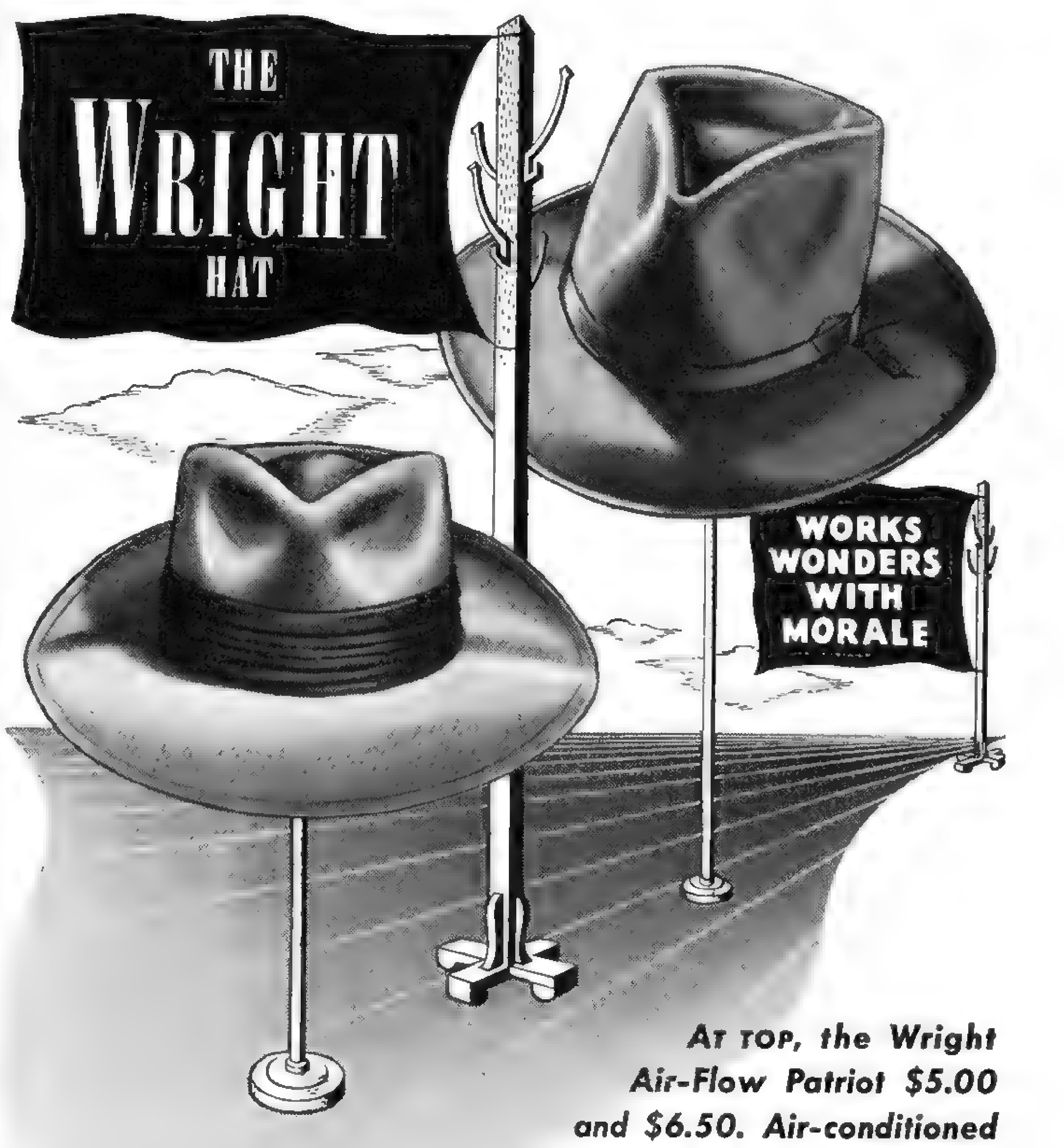
By the clock, *Prinz Ritter* had dropped her anchor in Laguna at nine a.m., two days before. By the clock, she would be under way before nine a.m. this day, or suffer the penalty of internment. Later,

Continued on page 169

PATEK PHILIPPE

630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
ESTABLISHED 1839
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

COPR. 1943, P. P. CO. INC., N. Y.



AT TOP, the Wright Air-Flow Patriot $5.00 and $6.50. Air-conditioned with famous Wright Air-Flow construction . . . 100% waterproofed.*

*AT BOTTOM, the Wright Air-Flow Cali-Reed $2.00 to $3.50. Wright Air-Flow air-conditioned construction.**

**U.S. Patent Number 2,218,590*

ROTHSCHILD BROTHERS HAT COMPANY · *Manufacturers*
ST. LOUIS · CHICAGO

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods

Here's the New PASS-MASTER Billfold...
A Complete, Compact Companion for Busy Men!

Complete! This newest MEEKER masterpiece combines a Billfold and Removable Pass Case — with a place for everything and everything at your finger tips! In Morocco, Hand-Colored Steerhide, or Calf. Black or Brown. **$5.00** and up.

Compact! Remove Pass Case and you have a sleek, wafer-thin Billfold to wear for dress. Has dual bill compartment, identification window, card and stamp pockets.

Companion! The attractive Pass Case may be carried as a "companion" to your Billfold — or separately. Holds eight cards—registration, identification, credit, membership, passes, licenses, etc.

SHE'LL Love This Smart, Handy MEEKER MAID!
A colorful, cleverly-fashioned Billfold of rich Ecrasse Leather; in stunning combinations of Brown, Blue, Red and Black. The removable coin purse may be carried separately. **$2.50**

At Dealers Everywhere

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC. • Joplin, Missouri

WHICH SHOE is for the shorter leg?

"ELEVATORS"

Style 901—Black
Style 902—Brown

relieve the effects of disproportionate legs

get both shoes Look alike

Even if one leg is as much as an inch and a half longer than the other, a pair of "ELEVATORS" Shoes with the CONCEALED inner ramp in one shoe only, will overcome the uneveness in your gait . . . "confidentially". These special "ELEVATORS" Shoes are matched, look like any other fine quality shoes, and are made to order to your specifications. Even if the difference is in the size of your FEET, you can get a pair of "ELEVATORS" to fit each foot. This service is available only on styles 901, Black and 902, Brown (illustrated). $20.00

Today, many thousands of men are wearing regular "ELEVATORS" Shoes to increase their height and improve their posture. When you buy your next pair of shoes, go to a store that sells "ELEVATORS" and try on a pair. See how much better you look and feel in shoes that make you so much TALLER . . . "confidentially". These regular "ELEVATORS" are carried in stock by retailers from coast to coast. $12.95 Slightly Higher West

STONE TARLOW Co., Inc., Dept. E6-43, Brockton, Mass.
Kindly send me your FREE BOOKLET and name of nearest "ELEVATORS" Dealer.
NAME ....
ADDRESS.. CITY. ....

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF "ELEVATORS"

The Captain's Bill of Goods

Continued from pages 29-159

at seven-thirty, McCandler came in. "Couldn't sleep, sir. Too worried. Do you think she'll make a fight for it?"

"Sit down," Napier said wearily. "We've got eighty minutes."

He smoked and waited. The hour hand made a sweep, and it was eight-thirty. No word from Hamman.

Radio Montevideo had Joe Thomas on, watching from across the river with binocs. "Her flags are flying . . . she's getting ready to sail . . . she's going out to fight . . ."

The telephone rang. Quarter to nine.

"Nape?"

"My God, Ted. What's happening?"

"Don't know. I've got an excellent view of her from the Naval ministry building. She's cast off, and she's heading downriver going out—wait a second. She's crossing the river to the Uraguayan side."

"She can't hole up in there!"

"No, no, they've refused her sanctuary. She's gathering speed, heading out the mouth north northeast . . . She's going to fight, Nape. Decks are cleared. All hands below. It's fight."

Napier's breath whispered out sadly. I did what I could, he thought. She's all yours now, *Jacksonville*.

"Wait a second," Hamman said on the phone. "Commander Seros, the Uraguayan Naval Minister is with me here. He says she's changed course for the northeast shallows at the Plata's mouth . . . Nape, *she's lost weigh!* Men are going over the side—taking to the boats—wow!"

Napier could not speak.

"Did you hear it?" Hamman screamed. "Did you hear it? She's blown up. She's broken her back! Her tower's fallen forward into her forepeak, and the sea is across her beam! Nape, *she's scuttled!*"

"Call me later," Nape said and hung up. His head fell forward on his arms.

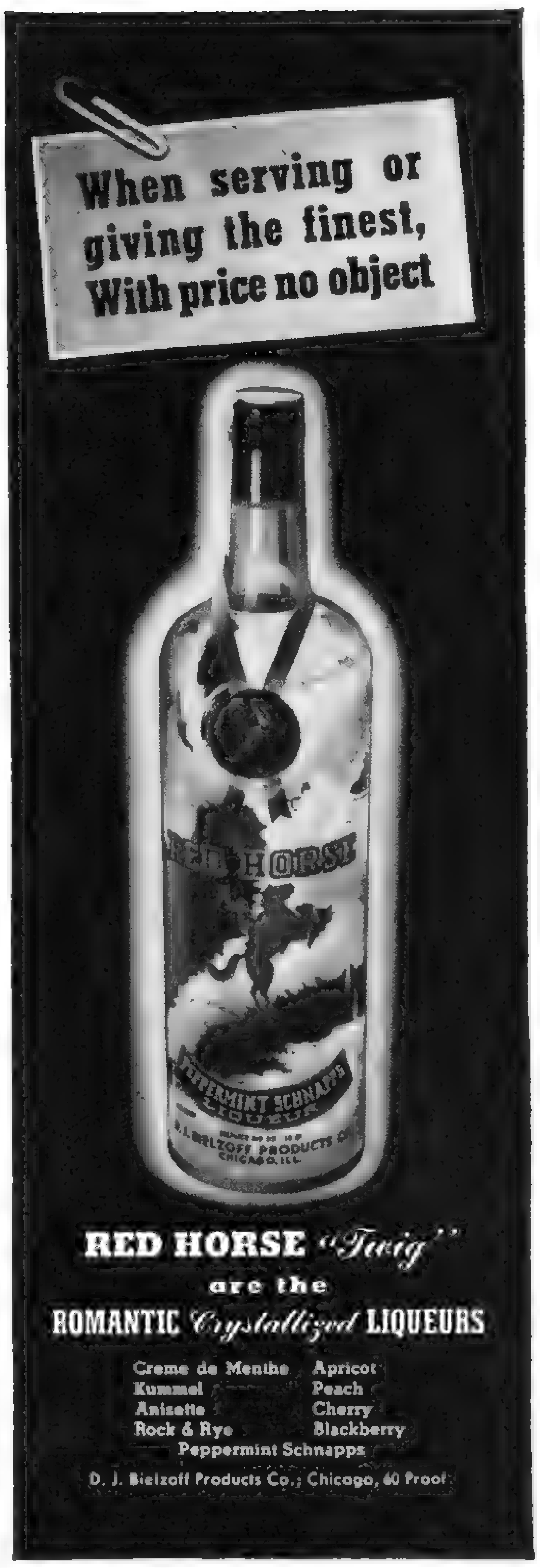
* * *

The clock was striking ten when McCandler touched Napier's shoulder and told him Washington was on the wire.

It wasn't Admiral Scott. It was Secnav. Secnav was very pleased. He remarked about the miracle of fighting a battle from a desk 900 miles away. He went on to say that Wilson was injured, and the *Jacksonville* was awaiting her old master.

"I hear you're a fighting man, Captain," said the voice in Washington. "Could you take her over in Montevideo?"

That was all—or all of the conversation Captain Napier could remember later. But he does remember taking one last look out of the broad window. The morning sunlight danced on the blue water offshore as brightly as the sparkle in his red-rimmed eyes. ##

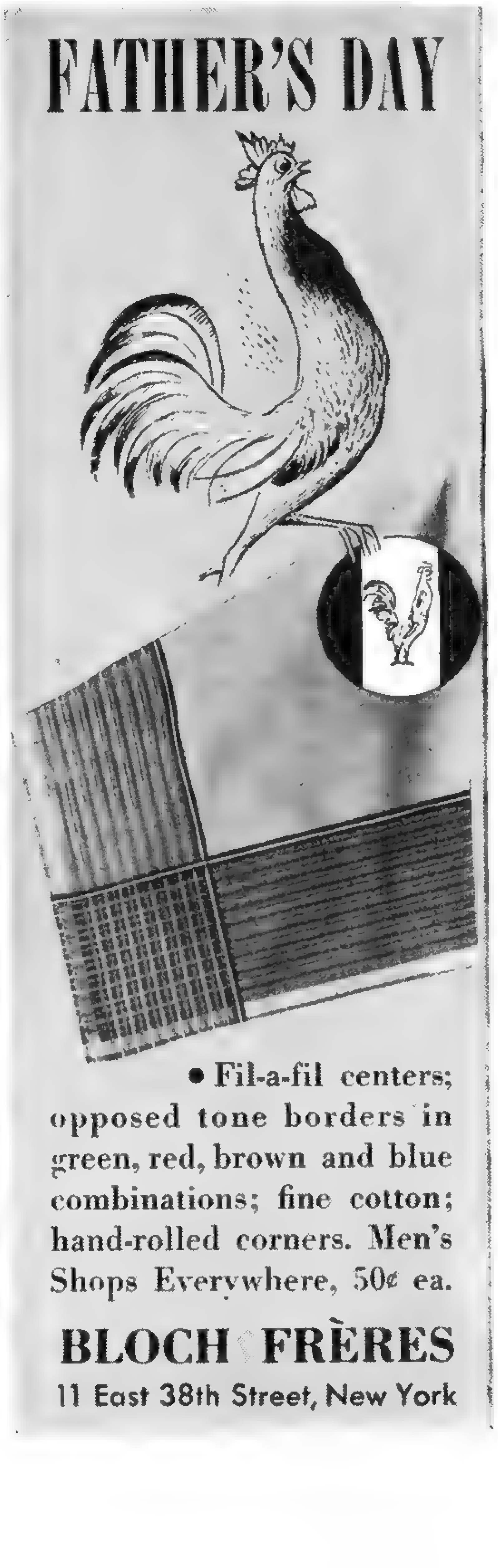


When serving or giving the finest, With price no object

RED HORSE "Twig" are the ROMANTIC Crystallized LIQUEURS

Creme de Menthe
Kummel
Anisette
Rock & Rye
Apricot
Peach
Cherry
Blackberry
Peppermint Schnapps

D. J. Bielzoff Products Co.; Chicago, 60 Proof



FATHER'S DAY

• Fil-a-fil centers; opposed tone borders in green, red, brown and blue combinations; fine cotton; hand-rolled corners. Men's Shops Everywhere, 50¢ ea.

BLOCH FRÈRES
11 East 38th Street, New York

Sergeant Smoot Loses a Bet

Continued from page 37

destroying government property. Those dummies cost money."

"I can't help it, Corporal," said Private Randolph. "I guess I am a little mad."

"What makes you mad all of a sudden?" asked Hyler.

"I don't know," said Randolph. "I guess I am mostly mad at myself."

At smoke-up time Randolph went from soldier to soldier. "How about a little wrestling match?" Mostly everybody was too tired to wrestle, but someone finally had to oblige by pinning Randolph down in the dirt.

"I just need a little more practice," he told Hyler.

"There's more to soldiering than being able to wrestle."

"I know," said Randolph. "I'll show these guys. Before I'm finished here I'll be the best soldier in this company."

"I'm sure of it," said Hyler, grinning. "But I still don't understand what made you change your mind about soldiering."

"It was that hairy-chested guy," said Randolph. "He made me sore at myself for not being able to pin his ears back."

Some time later Sergeant Smoot came to Corporal Hyler. "Now wait a minute," said Smoot. "As far as I am concerned, this here joke is gone far enough."

"What joke?" said Hyler, puzzled.

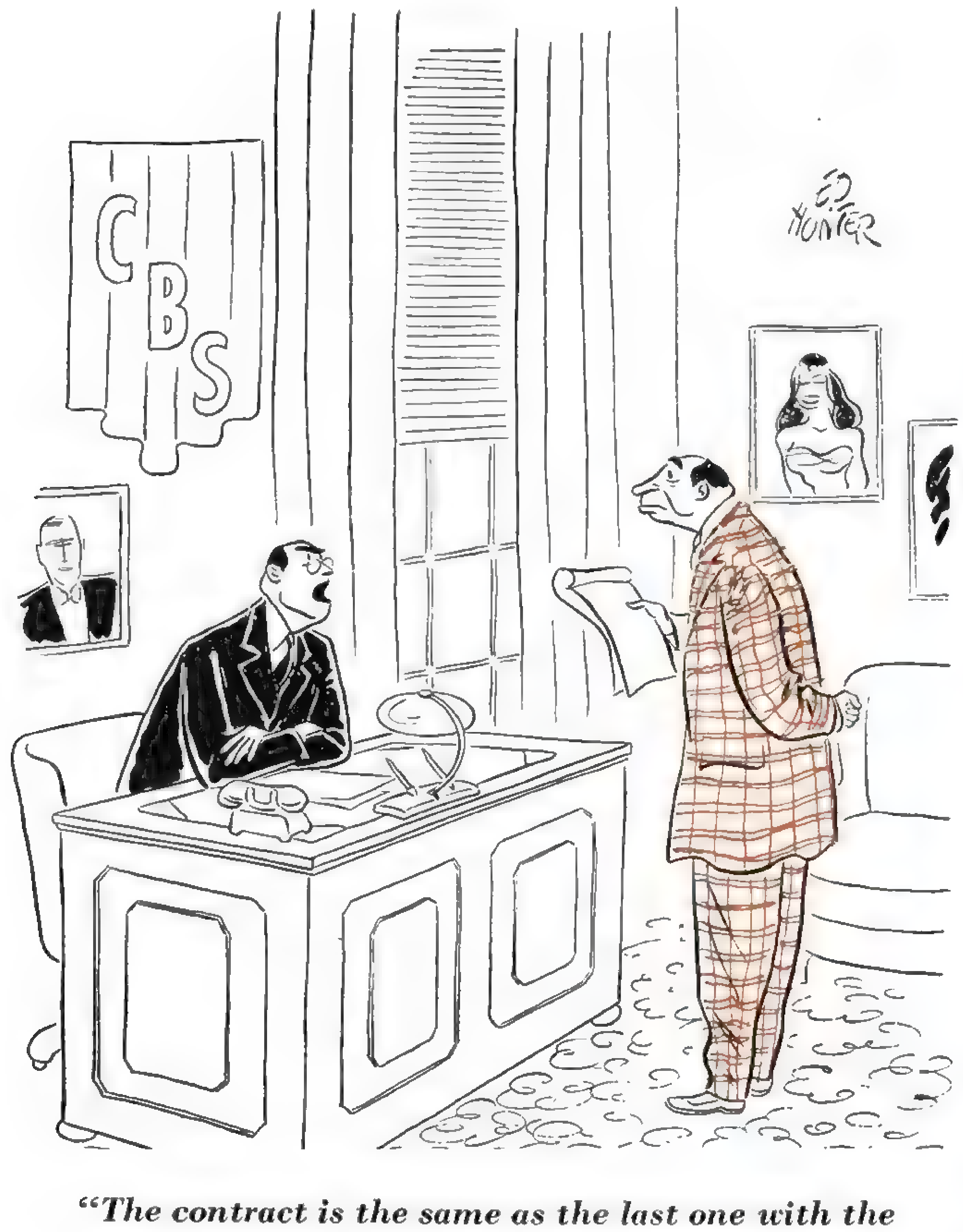
"This monster which you have went ahead and created, this Randolph. I am got enough troublemakers in my patoon by nature, without you addin' any more to it."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You know what I'm talkin' about, all right. A couple o' weeks ago this kid started off to weep every time somebody looked crooked at him. Now if you won't rassle him he insults you and makes you fight him. He can't find time enough to drill all day—he drills himself all night outside the barracks. He goes around astin' guys if they think he is a coward, and if they don't say 'no' quick enough he jumps all over them. What some people won't do to win a ten-buck bet!"

"Don't blame it on me," said Hyler. "He's slashed the sawdust out of three good dummies of mine in the last week."

"Well, he is your monster," said Smoot. "Yesterday he ast the compny commander how soon he figgered it would be before he could go overseas and hunt down some Japs." With a good deal of reluctance Smoot pushed a ten dollar bill at Hyler. "It ain't losin' a bet that makes me sore," he added. "It is havin' troublemakers in my patoon. Yesterday Private Fowler, this dark hairy-chested guy, comes pleadin' to me to have him transferred to some other regiment. He says he is all wore out with bein' rassled by this Randolph guy." Smoot shook his head. "No matter which way you figger it, a sergeant is got three strikes on him before he ever comes up to the plate." ###



"The contract is the same as the last one with the provision that if television comes in, you go out"

Ah-h-h!... that wonderful BRIGGS!

BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
VICTORY PACKAGE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

Bait your hook for a blissful experience—and load your pipe with Briggs! You'll reap the glorious harvest of richness that comes of Briggs' choice tobaccos being cask-mellowed for *years*—longer than many expensive blends. When Briggs' tender, full-bodied smoke wafts past your lips, every wisp delivers a treasure of flavor. Fall in love with your pipe in earnest—fill it with Briggs *today!*

BRIGGS The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

AQUAMEDICO (A)—Rugged waterproof, shockproof, non-magnetic 17-jewel watch. Sweep hand tells time to the second. Waterproof strap, luminous dial, unbreakable glass. None better at any price . . . $33.50

Send for FREE folder illustrating Aquamedico and other CROTON waterproof watches.

SERVING FAITHFULLY
ON *Every* FRONT

Croton watches are worn and praised by active men everywhere for the built-in quality that insures unfailing performance . . . Croton Watch Company, 48 West 48th Street, New York.

Croton
WATCHES
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

WILLARD — Sturdy, dependable, 17-jewel gold-filled strap watch for active men on the home front . . . $27.50

At Better Jewelers

Stars in the Service

Princeton's heroic athletes carry on tradition of the immortal Hobey Baker

One of the great legendary heroes of Princeton was Hobey Baker, the athlete and hockey star of the Tigers, who was killed in France in the other war. He was celebrated in the late F. Scott Fitzgerald's brilliant novel *This Side of Paradise.* The first man to reach Hobey after his plane crashed was Donald Grant Herring, class of '07, who himself was one of Princeton's all-time football and track greats—an All-American tackle, a star weight man and a Rhodes scholar. Herring returned to duty this year as a major in the Air Forces, stationed at Fresno, California.

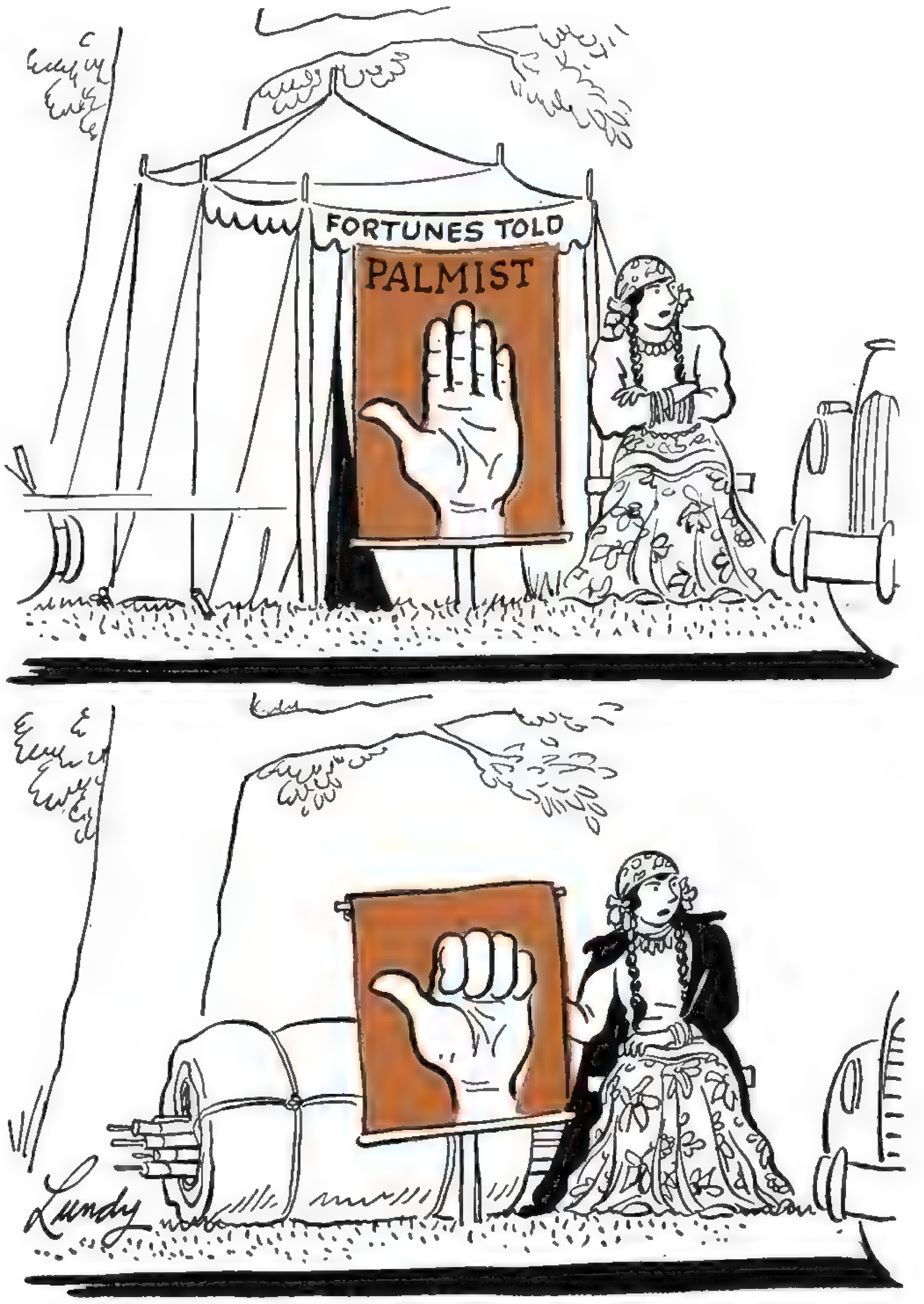
A recent casualty list carried the name of Lieutenant Peter M. Page, Marine flier who was killed in action in February in the Southwest Pacific. Lieutenant Page was captain of the Princeton 1940 and '41 golf teams, playing on the team all three of his years and serving also as President of the National Collegiate Golf Association. His father is president of the Autocar Company of Ardmore, Pennsylvania.

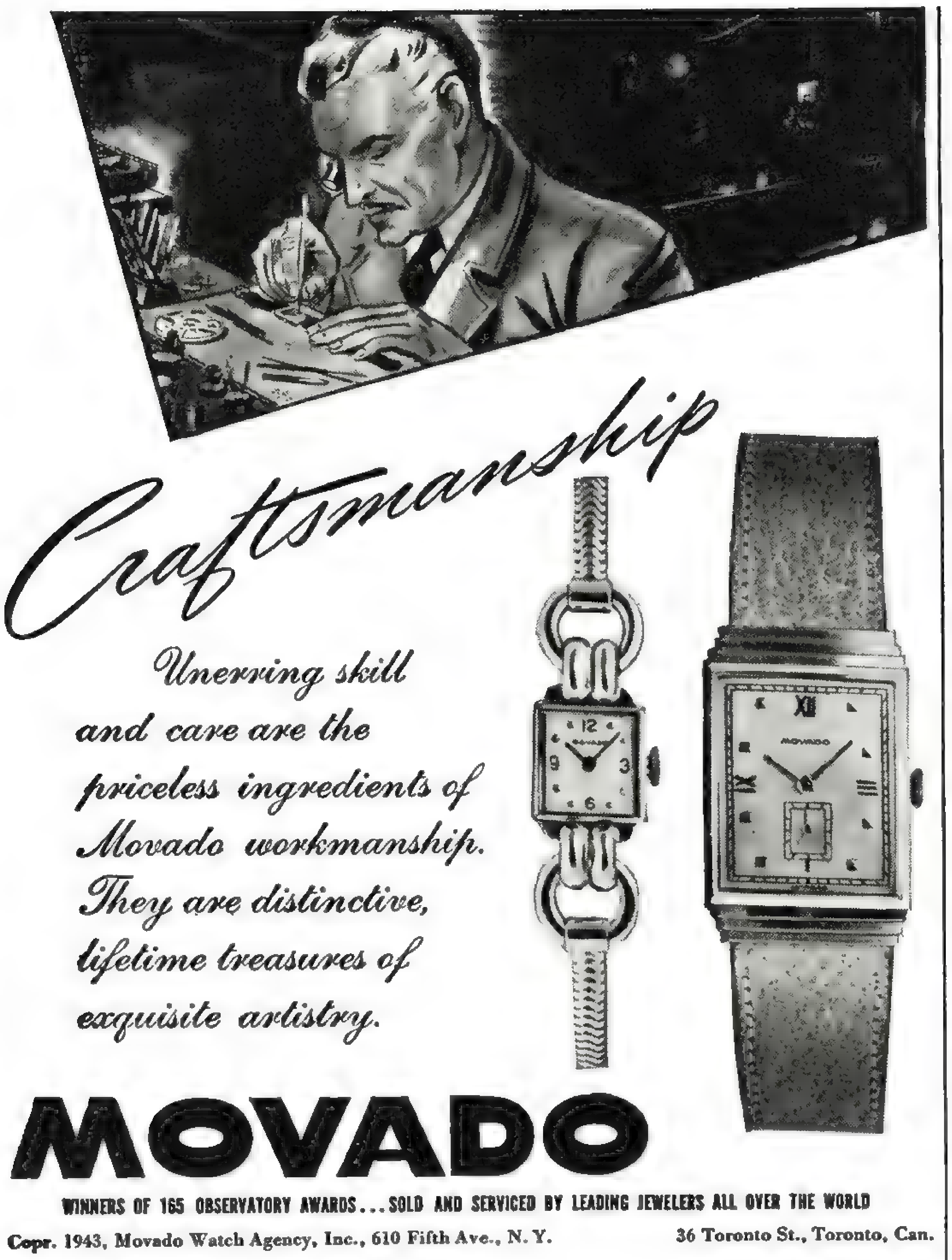
Rogers S. Lamont, who captained the Princeton crew in 1920, gave up a successful New York law practice to enlist in the British army early in the war. He was killed at Dunkerque. R. Fuller Patterson, pole vaulter on the 1938 championship track team who tied that year with Bill Harding of Yale, and Loring Day and Ken Dill of Southern California, in the I.C.A.A.A.A.A. outdoor championships, joined the Royal Canadian Air Force soon after the outbreak of war and was killed in air combat over France in December, 1941.

Dave Allerdice, star quarterback on the 1938, '39 and '40 Tiger elevens, is a lieutenant in the Army Air Force. Robert L. Peters, '42, captain of the eleven his senior year, scoring all three touchdowns in the Tigers' fourth straight victory over Yale, is a lieutenant in the Field Artillery. He also was a basketball and baseball star, hitting two consecutive home runs in the Yale game of 1942, his final appearance on the Princeton diamond.

* * *

The score stood 6 to 6 and the game was almost over. Notre Dame had the ball on their own 22-yard line, when suddenly on a reverse play Mario Tonelli broke through the Southern California right tackle, cut back and ran 70 yards down the sideline before he was finally stopped. A few moments later on the same reverse play he went over from the 8-yard




Craftsmanship

Unerring skill and care are the priceless ingredients of Movado workmanship. They are distinctive, lifetime treasures of exquisite artistry.

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 OBSERVATORY AWARDS . . . SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1943, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 36 Toronto St., Toronto, Can.

FORWARD AMERICA

Pointing Ahead!

The work you do, the miles you walk, must point the same direction . . . *ahead!* Ahead is easier in easy shoes, the best that can be made . . . HANAN HURDLERS. Precisely right in line and design, their patented, super-flexible, sole-construction assures greater foot-freedom and comfort than you've ever known before. *Make a test!*

*SHOE OF THE DAY! Very white, very right, this Hurdler in White Buck with natural sole.

*For Sea and Civilian Forces

3 pairs a year are *MORE* than enough if they're

HANAN

Quality . . . Like Character . . . Endures

HANAN & SON, INC. • 671 No. Sangamon St., CHICAGO

WEAREVER
Zenith
FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT
WEAREVER
$1.95
14K
MADE IN USA

"Dear Mom:

. . . I am writing you with the Wearever Pen you gave me. It's a real friend to me in the service and like every real friend, it's wearing mighty well."

* * *

NOW...Wearever introduces a still finer pen—the Wearever Zenith, pride of America's largest fountain pen manufacturer. Ask your dealer for the Wearever Zenith, identified by the ruby top. If he cannot supply you, please be patient, for service men's demands come first today—of course! David Kahn, Inc. (established 1896).

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil set in rich gift box $2.75

line for the touchdown that gave Notre Dame the game, 13 to 6. That was the Notre Dame-Southern California game played at South Bend on November 27, 1937, and it was the high tide of Mario Tonelli's athletic career. But he has been in the news again. Sergeant Mario (Motts) Tonelli was with the Coast Artillery in Northern Luzon, and is now a prisoner of the Japs in the Philippines.

* * *

Harry Groth, former University of Detroit football star, found that it didn't take long to get under fire on Guadalcanal. "We flew from a base six hours away," he related when he returned home after 75 days of fighting. "When seven hours passed and we didn't sight the island we became a little worried. The navigator finally found the island and we landed. The first man off the plane was a mess cook, and he took about 50 steps when he was cut down by a Jap sniper.

"I was a radio operator," Groth explained, "and they kept us busy every day. I remember one day I received a message at 11:27 and relayed it to General Woods in less than half a minute.

"In a matter of moments our planes were out blasting a concentration of Jap ships and by nightfall had destroyed most of them. That night the General walked past, gave me a tap on the back and said, 'That's the way to do it.' Generals like that were what helped the boys on Guadalcanal do so well."

* * *

At Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pennsylvania, whenever the team was behind, the coach used to put "Raymie" Frey in and things looked up. He was one of these naturals, a top scorer for years in Pennsylvania high school and college basketball. After his graduation from Lebanon in 1939, he coached at the Marietta, Pennsylvania high school until he was inducted into the Army on November 24, 1941. He took his basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, and went on to the Officers Training School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. After that, as second lieutenant, he went to work with the Engineers at Camp Carson, Colorado, training recruits and working on his specialty—explosives, booby traps in particular.

After the explosion on Thursday morning, February 18, 1943, they got him into the hospital and posted his name on the "critical" list. Both eyes. Face torn. A stone the size of an orange in his arm. Legs smashed. Knee, shattered.

When he came out of it, he sent a wire home to his father. "Hello," it ran. "Coming along fine. Don't worry. Chin up." He is expected to live. He may save the partial sight of one eye. Perhaps he may walk some day.

In another telegram, he said: "Behind now. Game not over. I'll end up on top. Raymie." ##

★

MAGNIFICENT WOOLENS
plus *Simpson Tailoring*

A man *looks* just about as young *as the shape he's in;* and *that,* gentlemen, is a problem quickly solved by Simpson individually made-to-measure clothes. The things you *are* look better, handsomely underscored by skillfully cut clothes, and the things you *aren't* will never be known for the same reason. Summer weight woolens and handsome sports patterns are superb in the Simpson offering.

TAILORED TO MEASURE
for Ladies and Gentlemen

It is neither extravagant nor self-indulgent to wear Simpson clothes. It is good hard war-sense. *They last longer, look better, cost less.* A Simpson representative will call at home or office with fabrics and fashions.

★ *Free Style Guide—Write Dept. E-6*

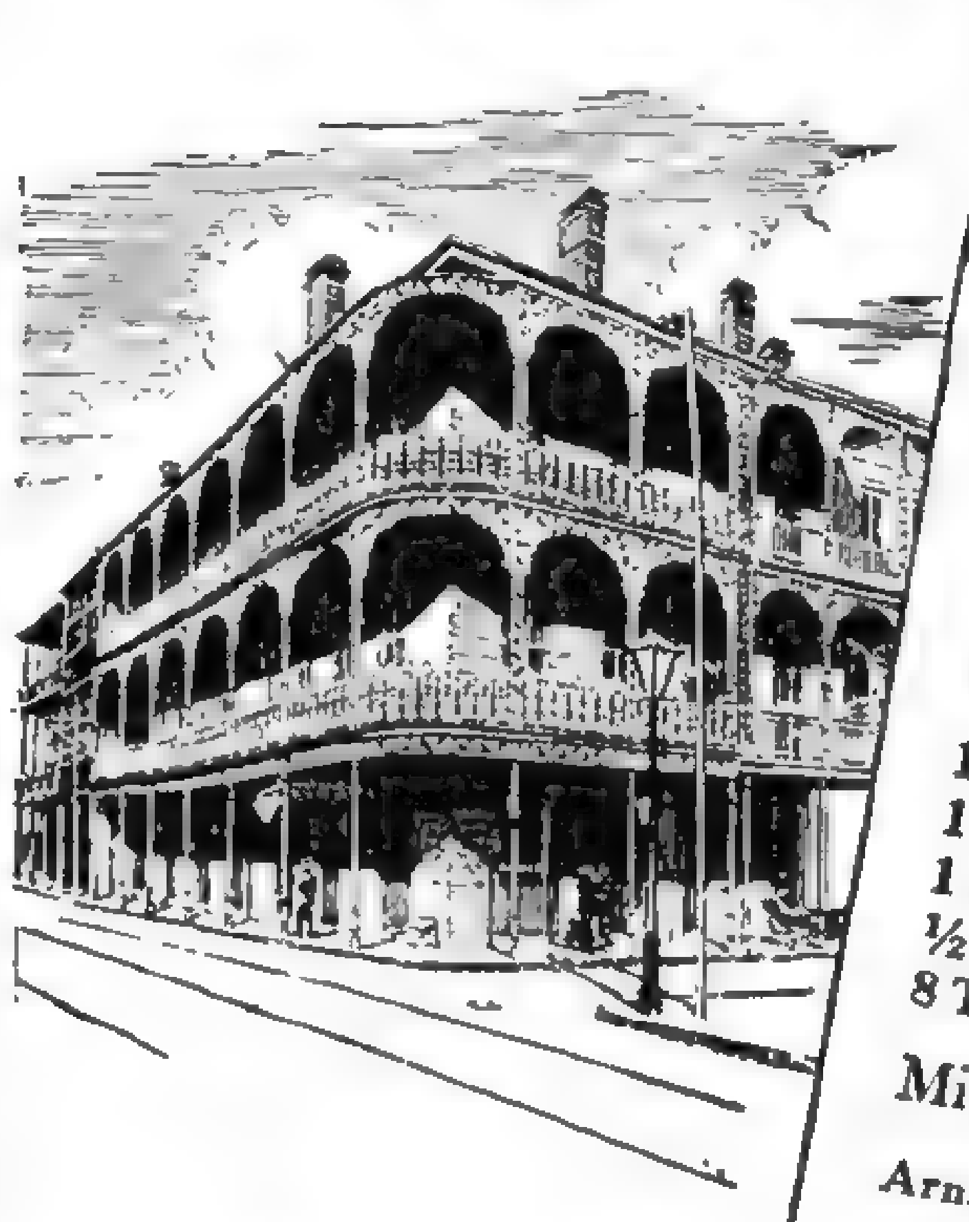
J. B. SIMPSON, INC., Simpson Bldg., Chicago

Branches in many cities
Consult your phone directory

Nash Custom Clothes now tailored by Simpson

★ SIMPSON CLOTHES

Way down yonder in New Orleans



ARNAUD'S
RECIPE FOR
SHRIMP ARNAUD
COCKTAIL FOR SIX

Boil shrimp in salted water for 20 minutes. Cool in water in which they were boiled, remove shells. Chill and serve in cocktail glasses. In separate bowl add:

1 t. finely chopped celery
1 t. finely chopped green onion
1 t. finely chopped parsley
½ t. creole mustard
8 T. tomato catsup
1 t. horse-radish
½ t. olive oil
2 T. vinegar
1 t. salt
¼ t. pepper

Mix well and pour sauce over shrimp.

Arnaud's is at 811 Bienville St., New Orleans

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

GOEBEL
BEER

Right from the Cypress Casks of Goebel

New Orleans glamour is always in evidence at Arnaud's. Here, with the talented handling of great chefs, fine foods become rare delicacies. And with Goebel, too, choice ingredients become fine beer when the men of our brewery have finished applying their skills. Wouldn't you like to become acquainted with Goebel today? Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

GOEBEL *Bantam* BEER

Be cool—comfortable—handsome—Wear California Mesh—lightweight—open-weave—Fabric Hat. Goes With Everything. "Natural"—and Summer-Tone Sun-Fast Shades. Bright—or conservative air-conditioned Bands. • 3 Long-Lasting Shapes. $3.50 and $5 at Your Favorite Store. For 5 years—The All-American Favorite—Made The American Way.

You'll Be COOL-SMART in Airy-weave

California MESH
Patent Pending
by Bailey of Hollywood

Spurn imitations. None genuine without "California Mesh" in the leather.

GEORGE S. BAILEY HAT CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

California Made
California Styled

only Wilshire* sportshirts HAVE THIS NEW EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

PATENTED BUILT-IN underarm sweatguards

Keep that smart look through every busy minute of these hectic days. Invisible, built-in sweatguards help prevent underarm stain...keep your shirt cleaner, neater looking. The hand-molded collar, the precision tailoring, easily laundered fabrics, plus the California styling, make Wilshire sportshirts your first for sportswear...your first for workwear, too.

Mr. Wilshire of California

Sold at better stores from coast to coast; in New York at B. Altman & Co.

Wilshire Shirts 525 East Twelfth Street Los Angeles, Calif.
*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Indefatigable Frederick Haucke

Continued from page 79

lines, and his paintings, no matter how "spiritual" their intent and message, show an almost painful precision in draftsmanship and a weakness in color harmony.

Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen (1922-26) he attended the Oberrealschule in Ehrfurt, Germany, where he specialized in physics and chemistry and where he manifested an amazing capacity with tools. He entered New York University upon his arrival in this country in 1926, and there and then his inclinations took a violent turn toward literature, including poetry, and the less exact sciences of philosophy and psychology. He ate up books and courses like a knowledge-hungry Gargantua. He read in English and in German practically everything that may be called literature. In his first year he took all the philosophy courses. He dived into Hegel, Fichte and Nietzsche. In his second year he took psychology with the same large appetite, particularly abnormal psychology, partly in the effort to arrive at an understanding and conquest of his own difficulties. He would chew up as many as thirty-five books incidental to a minor course.

He could not, however, be constantly absorbing; he had also to create, whatever the quality of the creation. He wrote reams of poetry and short stories, preferably in German. He persuaded the University to sponsor a German language magazine and was its editor and chief contributor for three years of his college life. He solicited the advertising, set the type and wrote the prose and poetry—which was all about Frederick Haucke. The magazine helped build him up to an instructorship in German during 1929-32, after having received his B.S.

He says that he was a bad teacher but in the second year of his teaching he met the young woman who later became his wife and his chief disciple. He had written a paper on the origins of speech. His Master's thesis, in German, was on the subject of the psychologist-poet, Gustav Meyrink, author of *The Golen.* This research attracted the attention of Dr. Edouard Prokosch, father of the novelist, who was so impressed by Haucke's contributions to the psychology of language that he persuaded Yale to invite Haucke to teach. Later Yale gave Haucke a research fellowship. But he had begun to paint, for better or for worse, and with the prospect of starvation facing him, he returned the unused portion of his fellowship fund.

All the time Haucke was trying to tell something but he hadn't found the means. His poetry, essays and stories were confused and involved. Apart from his writings in German, his expressions were incoherent, largely as a result

CORDUROYAL
ARISTOCRAT
TRADE MARK
OF CORDUROYS

YOU'LL ENJOY A Priority on COOL COMFORT

WITH A FASHIONABLE NEW SUMMERWEIGHT OAKLEIGH CASUAL CORDUROY JACKET

It's really a whole summer wardrobe in just one coat. For you may mix and match the Oakleigh with different slacks to make any number of smart practical outfits. At work, at the ball game, at the club dance—everywhere, all summer long, Oakleigh will see to it you're comfortably well-dressed. Made of CORDUROYAL*—an extra-fine, narrow-wale, lightweight corduroy that will wear so well it'll become a life-long pal! Full-lined with Earl-Glo, plenty of big pockets, impeccably tailored. It's a handsome coat whether your color is the new Flannel Grey, Rio-Tan, Saddle Brown, or African Sand.
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ASK FOR OAKLEIGH BY NAME $14.95 ASK FOR OAKLEIGH BY NAME

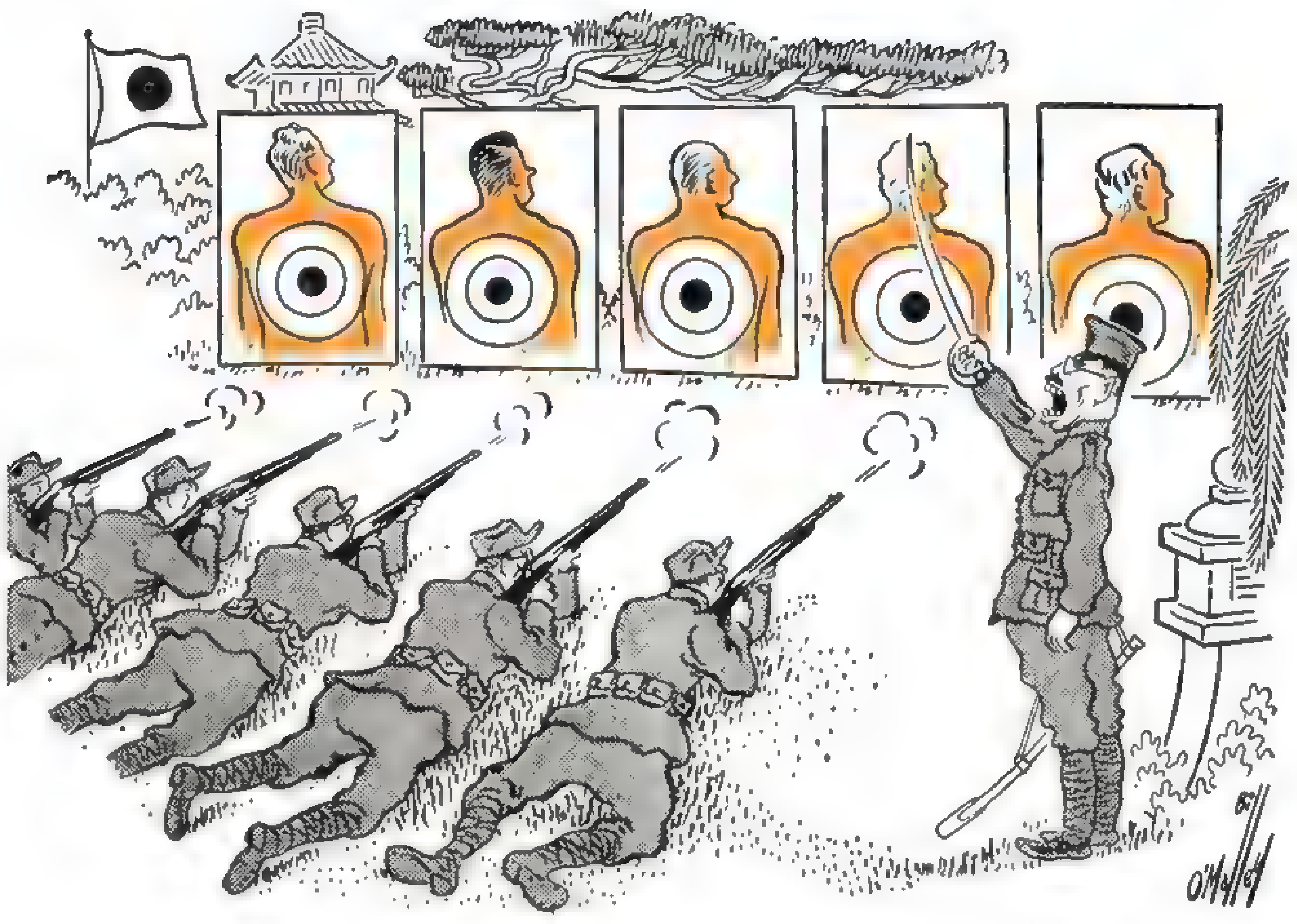
At Better Stores
If Your Dealer Doesn't Have One
Mail Coupon Below

Arrow Importing Co.
2101 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send (postage prepaid) ... Oakleigh Jackets at $14.95 each, with the understanding that my money will be returned if I am not completely satisfied (providing jacket has not been worn).
☐ Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.
Add 17c postal charge for C.O.D. Shipment
SIZE: (34-35-36-37-38-39-40-42-44-46) ....
COLOR: ☐ Sand ☐ Saddle Brown
☐ Rio-Tan ☐ Flannel Grey
MODEL: ☐ Regular ☐ Long ☐ Short

Name..

Address..

City......................State.............



of the effort to load his forms with messages concerning God and Man and the relation of all men to God and of men to each other. One day he started writing a novel concerning the chasm between the sexes. He began drawing illustrations of the "action," and then it occurred to him that what he was trying to say in words was getting itself better communicated in the drawings. One evening, March 29, 1931, he bought paints and cardboard. That night, without benefit of any instruction, Haucke painted his first picture, which was only technically poorer than those he does now.

He was painting his way through techniques and into communication, refusing to be in debt to any teacher. He went to Yale to teach and to study, painting on the side. At New Haven he married Miss Vivien Ingraham, singer. To make it impossible for him ever to teach again, he threw up his Yale fellowship and moved out to a little farm nearby, at Clintonville, where he raised vegetables, chopped his firewood and painted the rest of the time. His wife's weekly stipend of five dollars for choir singing helped keep the wolf at bay. A small exhibition fed the artist's vanity. The diet otherwise was rice and beans, varied only by the contents of a Christmas box left at the door by a local art critic.

After a year and a half of this, the Hauckes came to New York. He earned small sums repairing refrigerators and mechanisms more and less complex. He lectured on sex at the Y.M.C.A. and in a hospital for speech defectives on the psychological aspects of their trouble. He worked for the C.W.A. and the P.W.A. and the W.P.A. Subsequently he went back to the land, renting a house on Staten Island with an acre of soil on which he grew practically all the food they needed. Until the war industries boom came to Staten Island and found work for Haucke's capable hands, his dream of economic security was to fill the cellar with bags of soy beans. Today he owns the house on which, previously, he could not pay the rent and has a late model car, a sailboat of his own design and the expectation of a diet more varied than soy beans.

Thus far, as an artist, Haucke is a voice crying in the wilderness, principally because he uses paints for sermonizing, and the message is neither clear nor obvious, except to the artist. "I am trying to get at the central core. The motivation of my painting is religious. My paintings have nothing to do with psychology, nothing to do with surrealism. They have to do with Man's place in the universe. I am painting something that is actually there. I am getting at the block, not at the chips that fall from the block." He is persuaded that his pictures frighten people because they are too petty to see the whole of life as it is, as he sees it. "My painting is recognition—the thing is there, and I have the faculty of being able to see it. Putting it down is the smallest part of the matter. It is damned easy to paint. There is no technique in painting." The real difficulty lies in having a complete view of life, such as Frederick Haucke's, and in persuading the public to accept such a view.

There is another interpretation of Haucke's paintings, which may possibly serve as a chart to those who look at them for the first time. It is this: Despite the destructiveness of human nature and of Nature generally, Life must go on. There is no use in being afraid of reality, even if it is Death, because in Death there are the seeds of Life renewed. The complementary idea is that Life carries within it the seeds of Death. Death and Sex are also closely related ideas in the paintings. The struggle of Sex is the struggle toward Death and, at the same time, toward Life.

"Too many people," said Haucke, "try to live as if they could leave out the horror and the violence of life." And one of his ambitions is to cross the ocean in a boat of his own design and to face death with the knowledge that only upon his own efforts can that inevitable settlement be put off a little longer. There is a lot of smoke in Frederick Haucke, perhaps also a little fire. ⧺

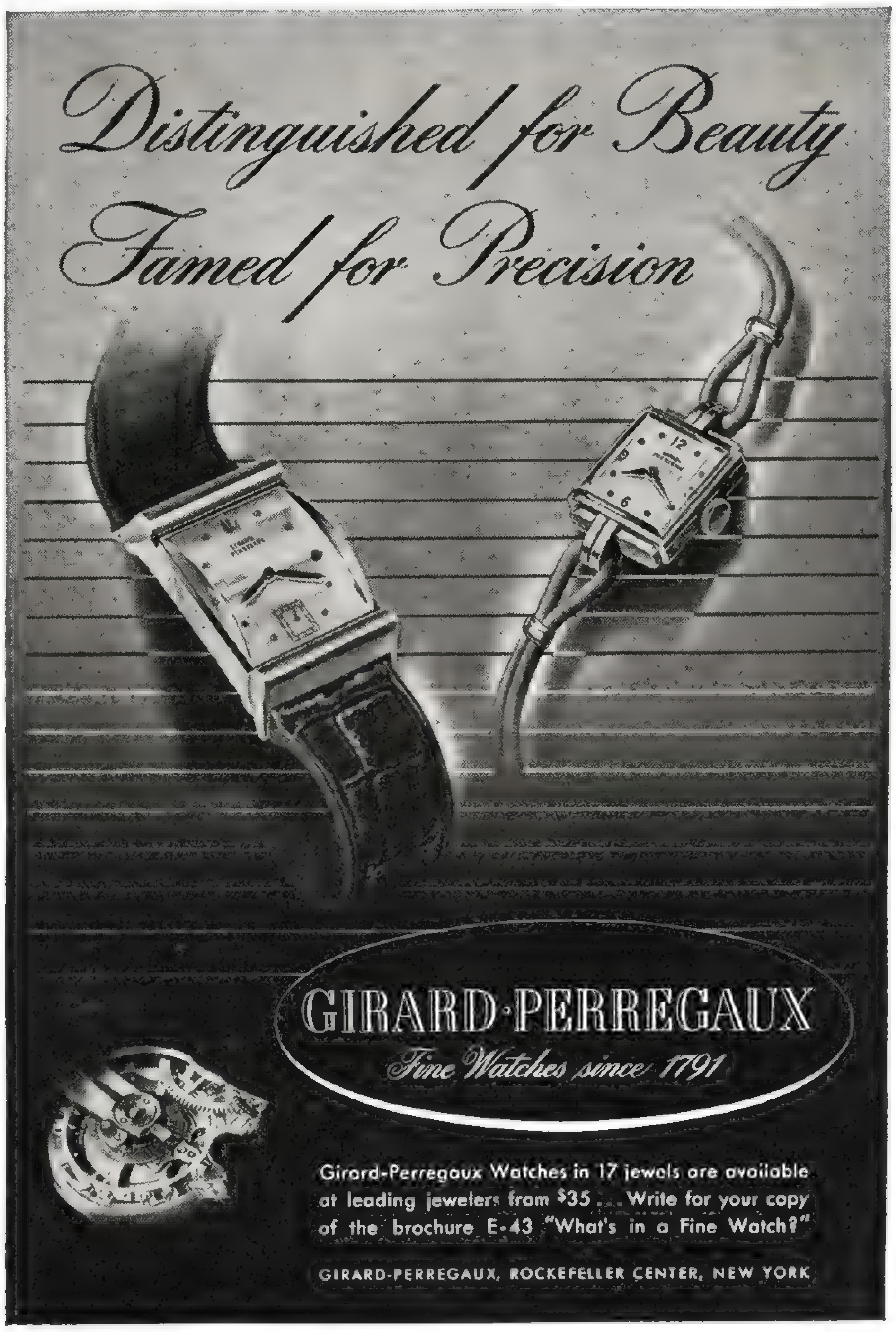
Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Wisdom

"We Won't Take Meat Rationing Hard,
We'll Raise Chickens In Our Back Yard"

To help "roast" those Axis birds, Calvert's distilleries are now devoted 100% to the production of war alcohol. But you can *still* enjoy a cocktail made with mellow Calvert Reserve . . . for laid away in our warehouses are precious reserves of rare, selected stocks, with the very *cream* of these set aside for Calvert Reserve . . . the *"finest whiskey you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation... **Calvert Reserve**... *will last for the duration*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



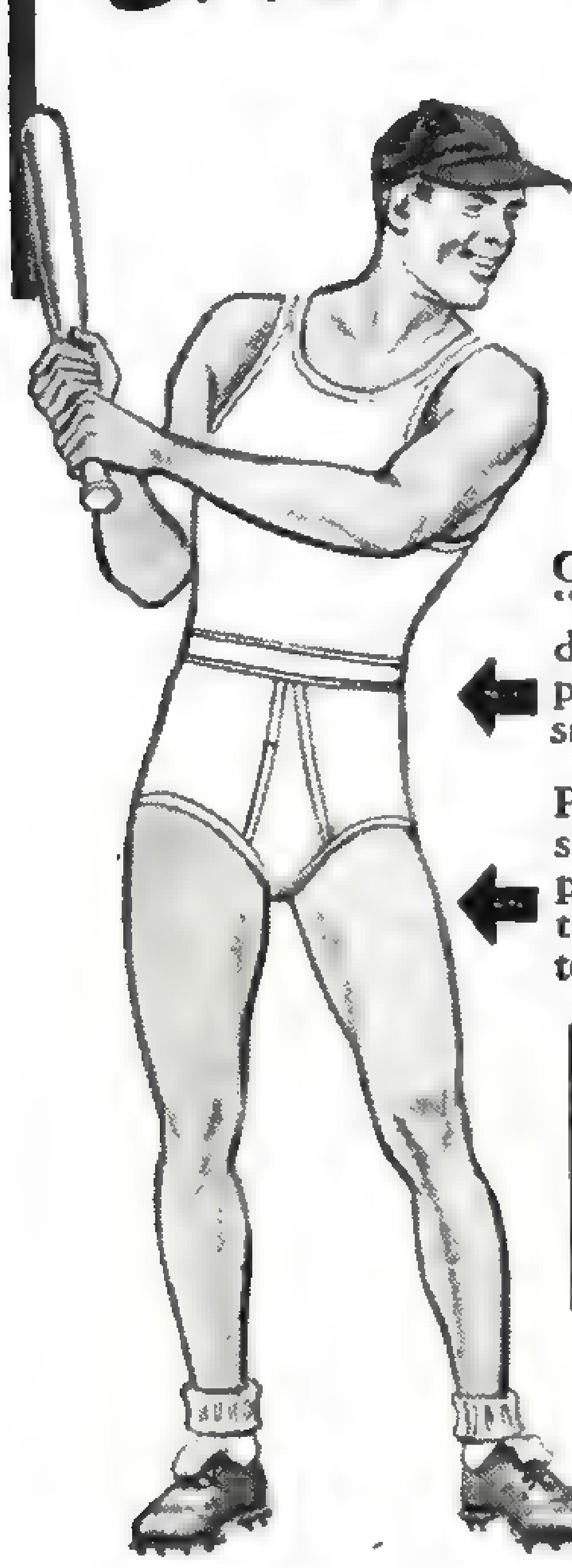
Girard-Perregaux Watches in 17 jewels are available at leading jewelers from $35 . . . Write for your copy of the brochure E-43 "What's in a Fine Watch?"

GIRARD-PERREGAUX, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

NO SAG! NO PINCH! NO BIND!

NEW CROTCH COMFORT WITH

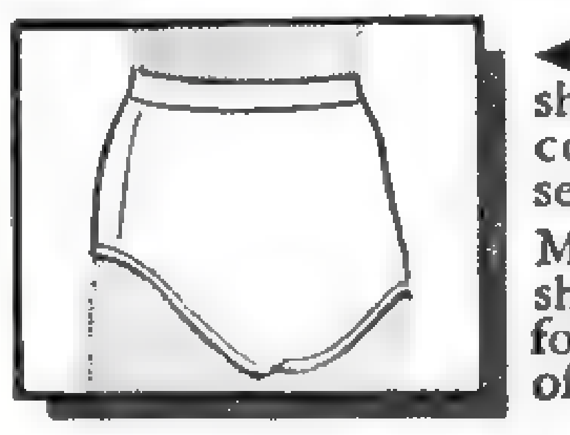
REIS Scandals



• Enjoy the freedom, comfort, *extra support* found *only* in REIS Scandals! Only Reis gives you the exclusive, patented *Dart*-stitched, non-sag pouch which conforms to crotch contour. "Hi-Waist" design to insure snug support and prevent shorts from sliding down. Extra seat coverage—to end creeping and crawling—no seams to sit on. Concealed no-gap fly. At better retailers everywhere.

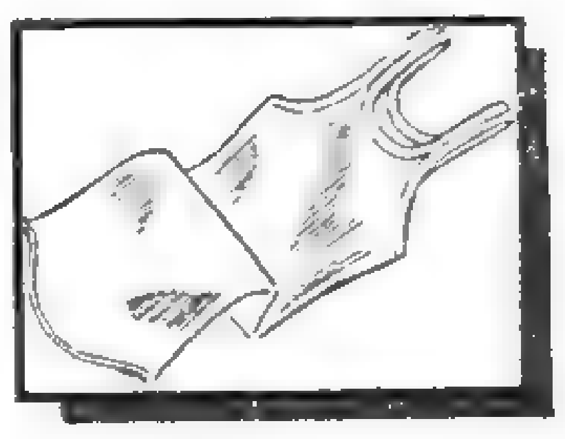
Our exclusive "HI-WAIST" design insures proper fit and snug support.

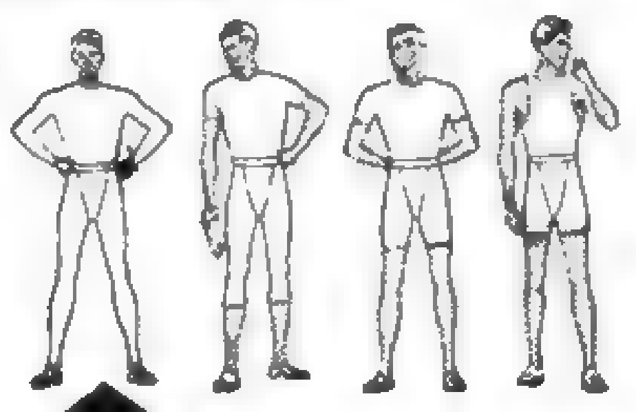
Patented *Dart*-stitched non-sag pouch conforms to crotch contour.



← Rear view shows extra seat coverage — no seams to sit on.

Matching → shirt shaped to follow "legline" of shorts.





★

Five styles — year 'round weights

★

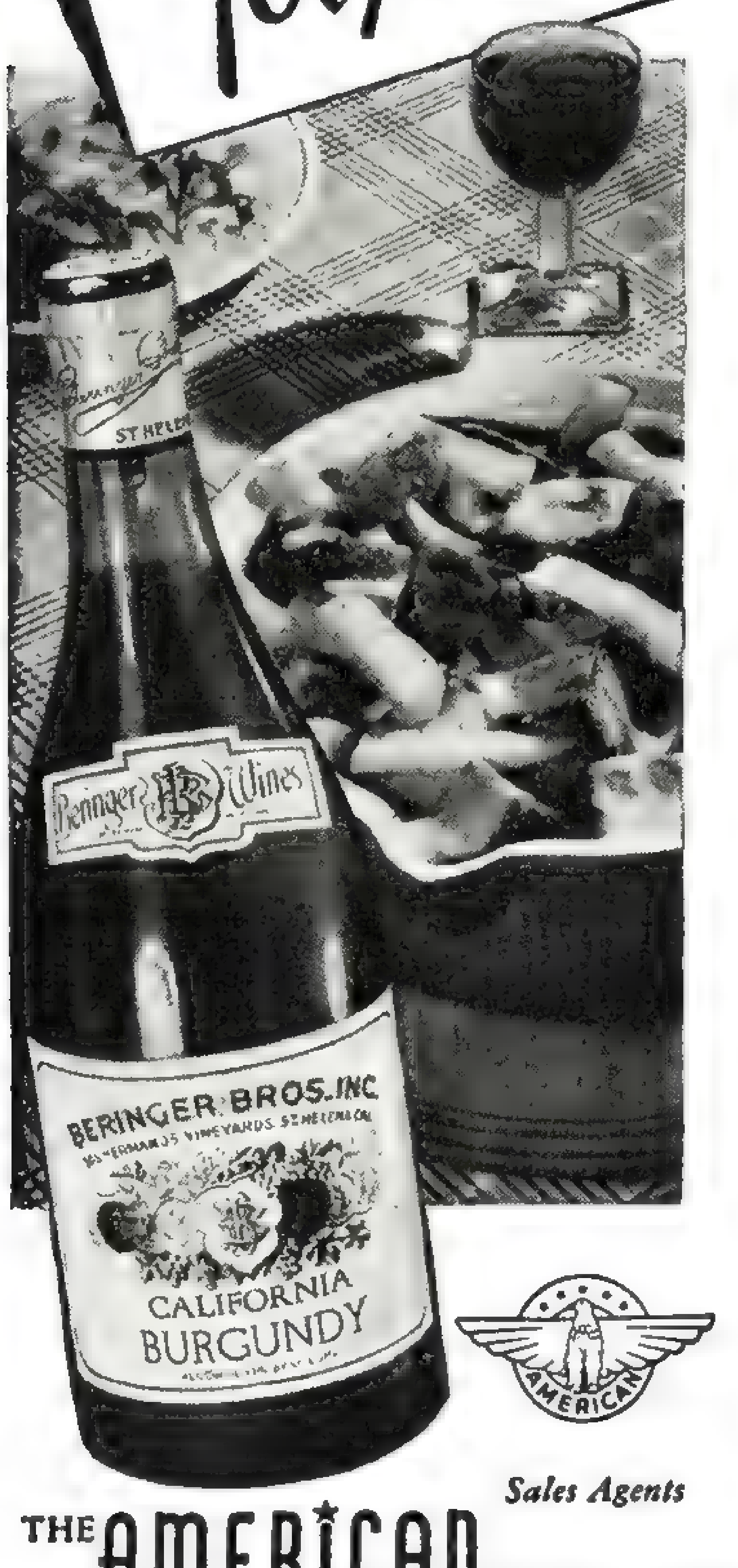
CHANGE TO REIS FOR GREATER COMFORT

REG U S PAT OFF

ROBERT REIS & COMPANY 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

For Men Only

Win praise by preparing this delicious treat for your family and friends . . .



A TESTED RATION-RECIPE *Beef a la mode*

1½ pounds lean beef (round, rump, chuck or flank), cut in 1-inch cubes
3 tablespoons vegetable oil
4 medium-sized onions, sliced
1 bay leaf
4 carrots, sliced or julienne
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups Beringer Bros. Burgundy
1 teaspoon flour

Brown beef slowly in oil in heavy skillet. Add onion slices and cook until tender. Remove to casserole, add other ingredients, simmer slowly for 3 hours until beef is very tender. (A little water may be added during cooking if necessary.) Use flour to thicken sauce just before serving. (Serves 4.) Put remainder of wine on the table and hear your family say: "Delicious".

★

Beringer Bros. Burgundy

A prize-winning rich, smooth, ruby red wine. Like all Beringer wines, it has been aged at least 4 years before being bottled at the winery.

★

FREE *Get Your Copy of* CUES FOR BARBECUES- illustrated outdoor cooking recipes, menus and suggestions. Write Dept. JB, The American Distilling Company, Inc., 135 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Sales Agents

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC.

PEKIN, ILL. SAUSALITO, CAL.

Tried and True Since '92

The New Class at Ryden

Continued from page 47

the youth of the Netherlands will see to it their country takes its place in the new order of Europe. This proud duty falls to you."

At this moment two German military inspectors entered the classroom. Doctor Klottman clicked his heels and greeted them. The inspectors were merely checking up. They had come by car and were losing no time. They marked down the fact that thirty out of forty were present. They spoke in German, rather rapidly, and saluting again, were off.

"Repeat after me," said the teacher. "All Europe will be a beautiful park."

The class in a high-pitched voice repeated these words.

"And we are proud to have part in this new garden of life."

They said the words after the teacher. Then they heard the inspectors' car depart. And the inspectors must have heard the boys repeating their teacher's beautiful words. In their notebooks marking the schoolhouse of the village of Ryden and after the name of Doctor Klottman they wrote the word "Yes." Education was not a question of good or bad, it was to them "yes" or "no."

The new teacher, pleased with the effect he was making, praised the spirit of Holland's people. He referred to the "unfortunate misunderstanding" with the royal house and pleaded for an understanding which would hold together such far-flung lands as Java, Sumatra and Dutch Guiana. The great wealth of the Dutch Indies he compared to the diamond cutters of Amsterdam. Without the Indies the wealth could not flow into the new Europe and without the African diamond mines the whole noble guild of Amsterdam would suffer. This was one good reason why the New Order was so necessary. "To this, all agree—all except England. England is the enemy of all Europe." Doctor Klottman concluded lesson "One" issued by the ministry of education. The faces of the boys before him were grave. The words sounded fine and logic seemed on the side of the new teacher; but for some reason they felt sad and were almost in tears.

At ten minutes of eleven, Mossel Veere closed the door of his little greenhouse and with a small potted plant in his hand started down the street to the home of his old friend, Schoonhoven. He climbed the stairs and knocked on the door.

"Here," he said, entering the room, "I bring you a little plant."

"What is it, Mossel?" asked his friend.

"It is a Sumatra tobacco rose. It is like the tobacco flower, but it is a rose. Do not try to smoke the leaves. They will never become tobacco." He smiled and added: "Never in God's world."

"Sit down, Mossel."

"Let me sit by the window. You have a good view of the schoolyard."

"You want to see your boys?"

"Yes. They should have recess at eleven o'clock."

"Only one day and you miss them."

"It is more than that. . . . Call it the first day of the New Order."

The two men watched the boys file out of the schoolhouse door.

"See," said Mossel Veere. "They used to run, jump, shout and chase each other. And now. . . . Look, Willie Keppel has the football in his hands but nobody takes it from him. They just stand around in small groups."

"They are frightened."

"Yes. The poison is already working upon them."

"Do they think they can make goose-steppers out of our boys?"

"They will try. The spirit is already being crushed in them. Oh, it is bitter for me to see this with my own eyes!"

"What can you do?"

"I am thinking hard. That is why I came here this morning. Just to see them and also. . . . I must take the roll. It is a new class but the same old boys."

He had made a list of names after his class-book had been taken from him and from this list he now

Introducing
THE NEW
Improved
ELASTI-GLASS*
ALL AMERICAN
TIES
ONLY ONE DOLLAR

They look, feel and wear like more expensive ties.

100% American fabric can be ironed and perfectly dry cleaned.

*Contains organic glass and fine rayon. All rayon fabric guaranteed to contain no fibres of silica glass.

An Exclusive
Cutter Crossette Cravat
Fine Neckwear Since 1874
529 S. FRANKLIN, CHICAGO

** Reg. Trade Name—S. Buchsbaum & Co. Licensee—Cutter Crossette Co.*

something for the boys in the back room . . .

Here's your chance to permanently capture the Varga Girl on two knockout decks of Playing Cards. She's long, she's lithe—she's set to stir your pulse strings . . . and at the same time bring luck to your card game in barrack, club, or back room. For a glimpse of this lissome, lucksome lass and news of how to summon her, see the ad . . .

on page 18.

checked them off, one by one.

"Ten are absent," he said finally. "Jean Leyden has a funeral today. But the other nine I should visit to tell them that they should go to school because. . . . Many reasons. It would make trouble for their parents and also. . . . . Ah, yes. There are good reasons."

About a year later, Mossel Veere received notice to appear before the military authorities. He came to the hall. A young Prussian colonel sat before a table. Beside him was a captain. There were papers and notebooks before them.

"Mossel Veere?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir. But if you will excuse me, I am Doctor Veere."

"It is not so indicated in your papers."

"It is a mistake."

"What university did you attend?"

"Amsterdam."

"And your special field of learning?"

"Horticulture."

"Why did you not call yourself by your proper title?"

"We are a small intimate village. It did not seem necessary."

"Then why insist on it now?"

"Because times have changed and the custom is now a little different."

"Very well, Doctor Veere. Sit down," interrupted the colonel. "Let us get on with our business. Do you know why we have sent for you?"

He sat on the edge of the empty chair before the table. "No. I have no idea."

"It is about the boys."

He wanted to say: "My boys." But he caught himself and said: "The boys. I know the boys are good boys. All are good boys."

"Yes. That is just the trouble. There is a little suspicion that they are too good."

"Too good?" asked the schoolteacher in amazement.

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"We are here to ask the questions, not you, Doctor Veere."

"Yes, sir."

"Last May when the new teacher arrived you were observed going about urging the boys to attend the school."

"Yes, it is true."

"What reason did you have?"

"They are young. They do not understand that attendance is compulsory. I want them to obey the law and not get into trouble."

"Due to your efforts their attendance has been excellent. And last summer when the school was closed, did you have occasion to see the boys?"

"Yes, I saw some of them."

"This we know. But why?"

"They came to my greenhouse and took plants which they sold. They kept half the money and gave me half. My school salary was cut off."

"So they sold plants for you?"

"Yes. They sold them and delivered orders and sent some by express. Some even went to high

Continued on page 168

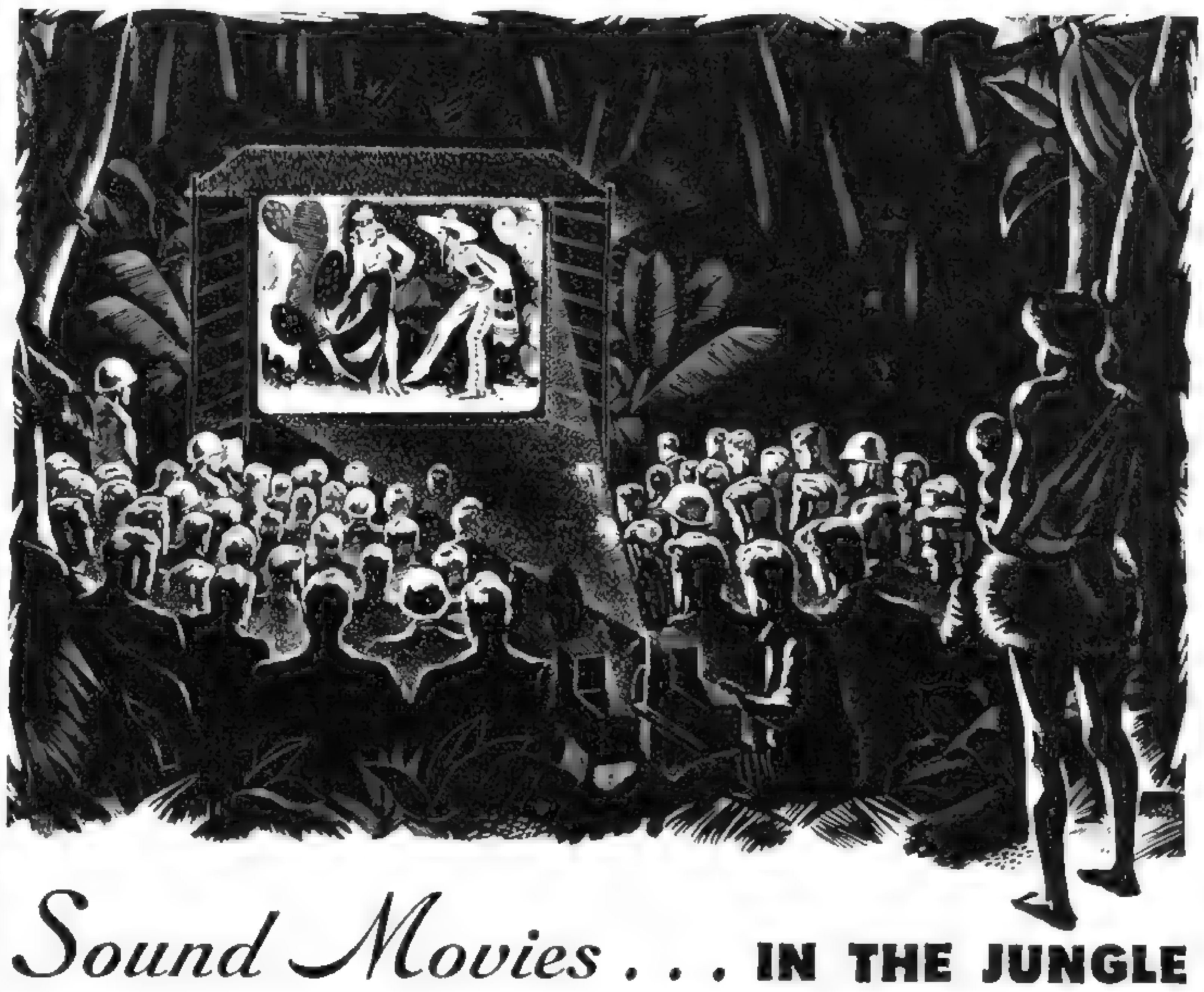
Better Buy
Better Quality

SEE THE NEW ROBERT BRUCE
SWEATERS AND SWIMWEAR
AT ALL LEADING DEPARTMENT
STORES AND MEN'S SHOPS . . .

Robert Bruce
SWEATERS AND
SWIMWEAR
For men and boys

● ROBERT BRUCE KNITWEAR COMPANY . . . PHILADELPHIA, PA. ●

FOR AMERICAN FIGHTERS



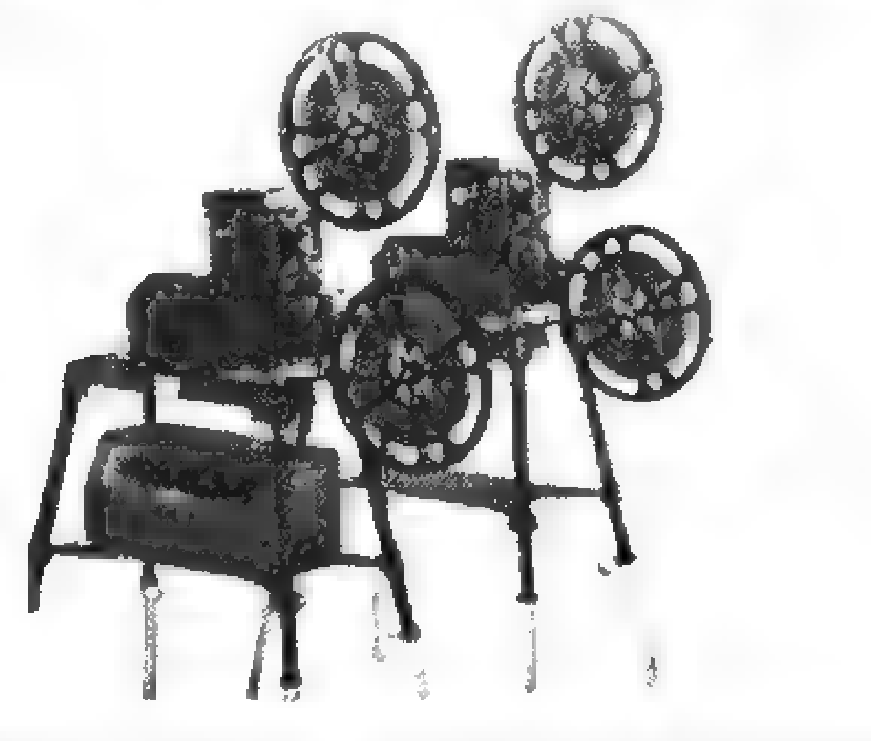
Sound Movies . . . **IN THE JUNGLE**

The above illustration is based on an actual set-up in New Guinea, one of a chain of theatres in which Red Cross Field Director James Stewart projects the latest sound films to American and Australian front line fighters.

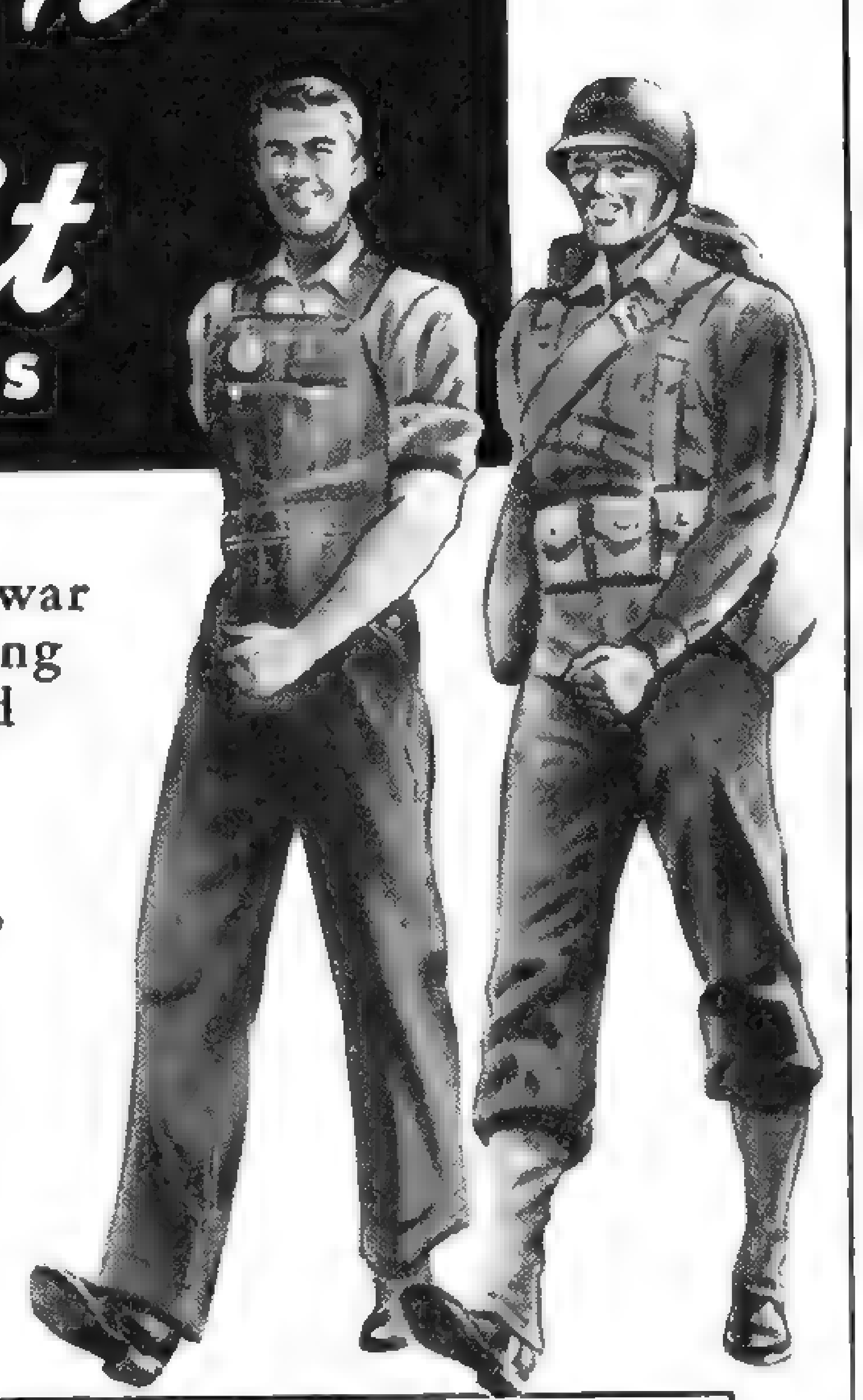
Today, the Special Service units provide each overseas division of the U. S. Army with several complete portable 16 mm. sound projector outfits. Films are rushed to the various fronts via transport planes. In this way, U. S. fighters who consider movies as important as food, are thrilled with the cream of America's best and latest motion pictures.

The Ampro Dual Unit here illustrated known as the "J Kit" is standard equipment for Special Service Units. In addition, thousands of Ampro 16 mm. projectors are being used in training men in the Army, Navy and Air Corps. Ampro facilities are engaged 100% in producing projectors and other precision equipment for the U. S. War effort. Ampro engineering is going ahead at full speed. To keep in touch with the latest developments in 16 mm. projection, make certain your name is on the Ampro mailing list. Write today!

AMPRO CORPORATION, 2851 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.



PRECISION CINE EQUIPMENT AMPRO



First on every front

Klikit

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FASTENERS

On the home front—on the war front—*Klikit* fasteners are doing a "man-sized" job . . . the kind of job that calls for a rugged, long-wearing fastener! On Grenade Carriers, Cartridge Belts, Gas Masks . . . Welders' Protective Garments, Asbestos Leggings, Eye Shields and other vital equipment—*Klikit* precision-made snap fasteners are doing their part.

Because of war production, you may not be able to obtain *Klikits* so readily as before on shirts, shorts, pajamas, trousers, play togs and removable coat linings. The makers of *Klikit* fasteners ask that you be patient until Victory, when once again you will enjoy *Klikit* fastened garments.

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

In Snap Fasteners it's **KLIKIT**

RAU FASTENER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y. MONTREAL TORONTO
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "GRIPZIT" BUCKLE

FURNITURE

Designed for Beauty, and built to endure.

You are welcome to visit our showrooms in the following listed cities

NORTHERN FURNITURE CO.
MAKERS OF BEDROOM AND DINING ROOM FURNITURE

Boston Cleveland Chicago Cincinnati Detroit Kansas City Milwaukee
Minneapolis New York Philadelphia Pittsburgh Sheboygan St. Louis

FOR LOCAL ADDRESS CONSULT TELEPHONE BOOK AND PLEASE NOTE THAT PURCHASES MAY ONLY BE MADE THROUGH AUTHORIZED DEALERS.

MOST SMILES PER DOLLAR SINCE 1898

Roberts, Johnson & Rand

Uptown FREEMATICS

One look reveals the *value* built into Freematics. *One step* tells their miracle story of built-in flexible comfort. Step into a pair . . . they'll help you stay foot-fresh the whole day through!

MOST STYLES $4.50 TO $8.85 A FEW STYLES HIGHER

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • Since 1898 • Div. of International Shoe Co. • St. Louis, Mo.

The New Class at Ryden

Continued from pages 47-167

places in Berlin and elsewhere."

"We know this."

The Prussian colonel continued with his questions. "The boys take notes in school."

"I do not know what they do in school."

"They fill their notebooks full. What is the reason for this?"

"I do not know."

"They also make other records. What for?"

"I do not know. Perhaps their new teacher has requested it."

"Not at all. Who told them to make lists of German officers and men now in Holland?"

"I have no idea."

"You know nothing about it?"

"No."

"Other things have been brought to our attention. In the morning when they enter the school they throw their hats from the door to the rack of hooks."

"That I can explain. It is an old custom of our school that dates back a hundred years. It is part of the old school spirit."

"Yes, the spirit. In other towns about the boys are more serious and do not go in for all these. . . . The boys of Ryden have too much spirit."

"Ah, sir, that has always been so. We are not a factory town. And in Ryden our children were always happy."

"Yes, happy. There is no objection to it, only they are indifferent to the more serious things."

"That was always the nature of our boys. One cannot change nature by regulations. In plants for instance . . ."

"I do not care about your plants, Doctor Veere. I am here to inform you that you are under suspicion of influencing the boys of Ryden against the occupation authorities. Go home and let this be a warning to you."

"Yes, sir."

He rose, bowed politely and walked calmly out of the room.

That evening at seven a small boy named Vincent Bott came to the apartment of Schoonhoven, the old friend of the teacher.

"The boys got the message?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"They understand that under no circumstances must they be seen talking to Veere?"

"Yes. They understand."

"And list every one. His full name and everything about him they can learn. His home address, family, names of friends, everything."

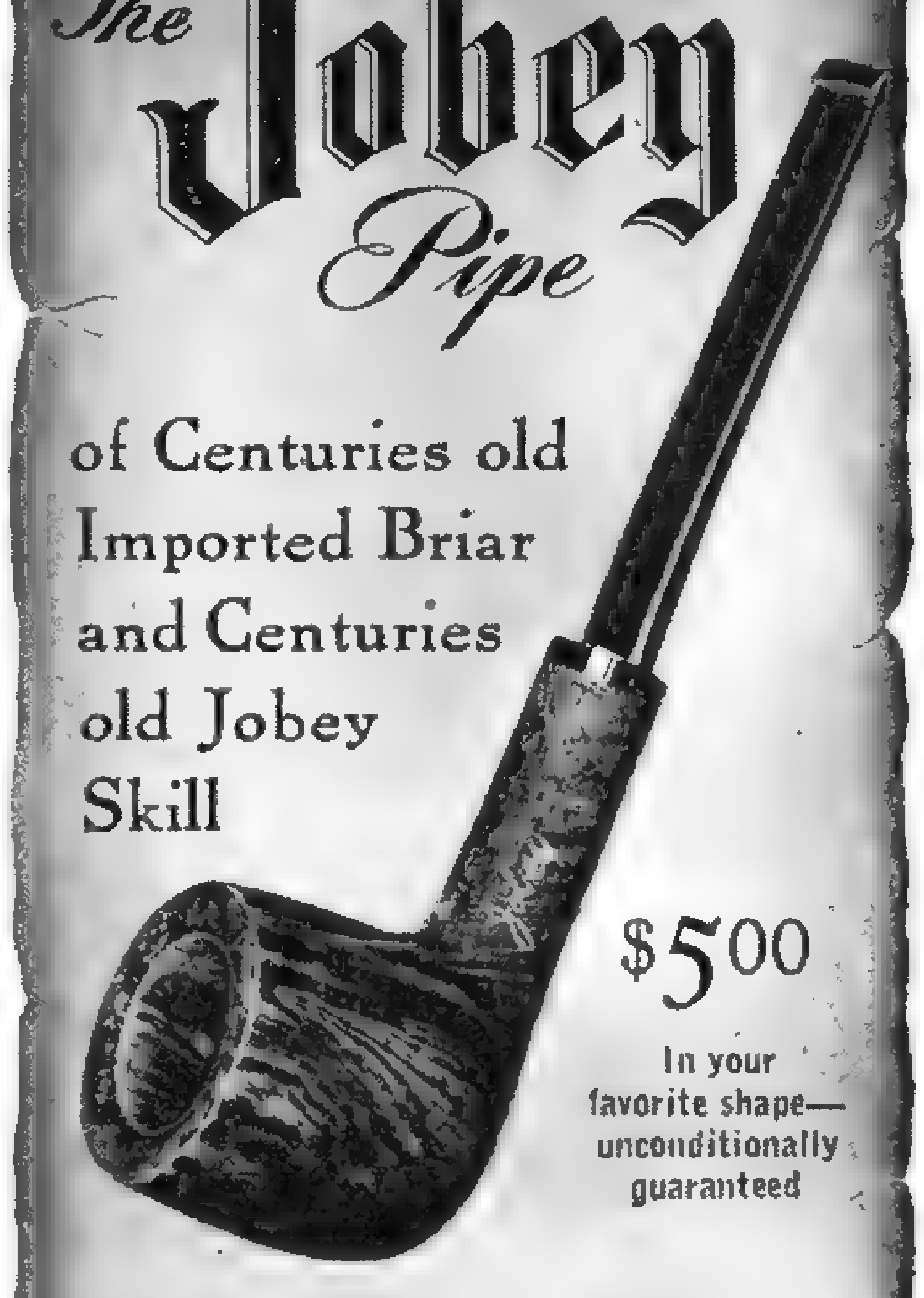
"Yes."

"And you will bring these lists to me. And also go on with the classroom notes."

"We do. Some day our old teacher will read these in class and we will all laugh. We work for the day."

"It is a new kind of education for you boys."

"Yes. We are the new class." ⌗



The Jobey Pipe

of Centuries old Imported Briar and Centuries old Jobey Skill

$5.00 In your favorite shape—unconditionally guaranteed

PEER of pipes, flawlessly crafted. Distinguished for the perfect grain of its matchless briar, the glowing depth of its superb plum finish, the unique comfort of its hand-cut Jobey bit. Exclusively processed to give you—with no break-in—your most satisfying smoke.

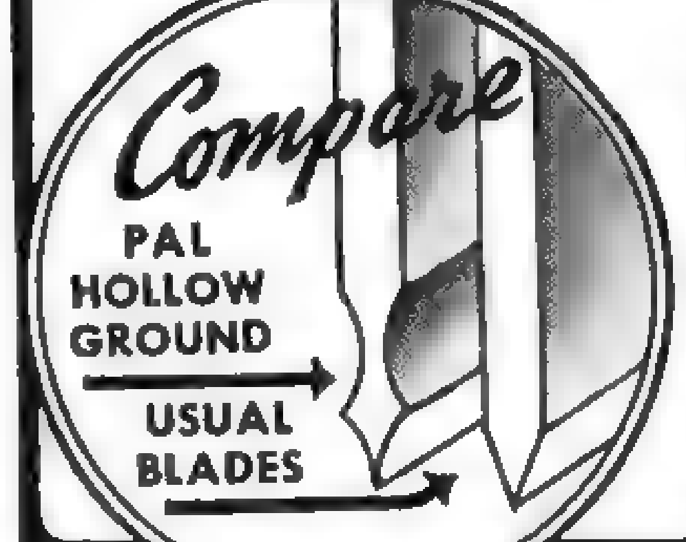
Ask to see the JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR $7.50
and the JOBEY NUT BRUYERE $6.00

At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet C
Norwalk Pipe Corp. 218 E. 26th St. N. Y. C.

HERE'S WHAT A
STEEL MAN
SAYS ABOUT RAZOR BLADES,
and a steel man should know

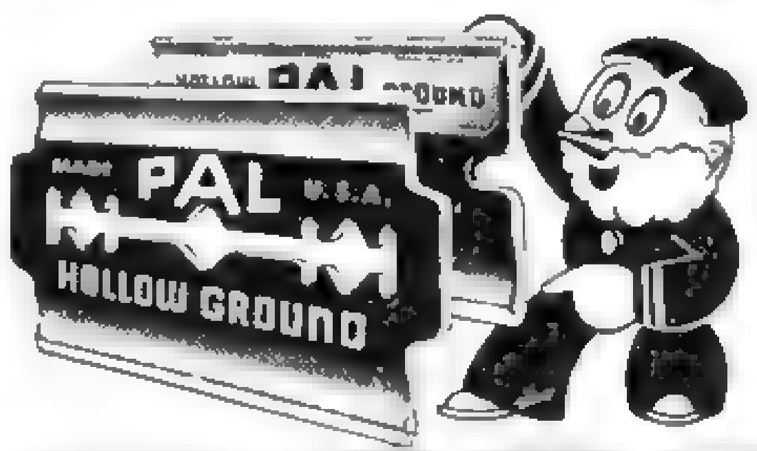
"I have analyzed the steel you use for Pal Blades. Little wonder, with the added advantage of hollow-grinding, your product is so excellent".

J. F. Conners
Bridgeport, Conn.



PAL BLADES are HOLLOW GROUND for flexibility in the razor. No "bearing down"—shave with just a "Feather Touch."

PAL
"hollow-ground"
RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single Edge
Pal Blade Co., N. Y

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

Pearl Harbor Won't Happen Twice

Continued from page 68

Army Fighter Command.

High trouble is now in the wind. A red flag immediately takes its place on the board, signifying an unidentified object. The Federal Communications man reaches for his telephone as he gazes unbelievingly down from his perch. "All radio stations off the air."

The Army Fighter Command representative burns up his line; and — miles away, a group of interceptor pilots race for their planes. Meanwhile, a civil air raid warning officer sounds an alert, and through the critical area Air Raid Wardens hot-foot it to their posts.

In an adjoining room, anti-aircraft hastens to its appointed rounds. Observers on a special board again plot the suspect plane, charting its movements with respect to known stationary and motile batteries. Now ack-ack and flak is set to join hands with attack.

Ten minutes later—unless late identification comes in—the "hostile" plane is hemmed in on all sides. Nothing is left for it but high hara-kiri.

* * *

So much, for the moment, about procedure. So much for the volunteer army of men like yourself, and women, who are helping build and maintain their own observation posts in all parts of the country. More work is to be done, more every hour, day, week, and month. If you are not yet in a more vital war post, your job is there—somewhere along the line—to help ensure that there will never be a Pearl Harbor . . . here.

But concurrent with and adjunctive to this activity are amazing details of technical resourcefulness which are part of the Army's methodical process for air protection. Most of these can't be discussed here, because of military secrecy. The nature of some of them can be implied.

Dotting the coast are long-range detectors. No plane can approach, undetected. Its presence is automatically indicated. Triangulation marks the spot.

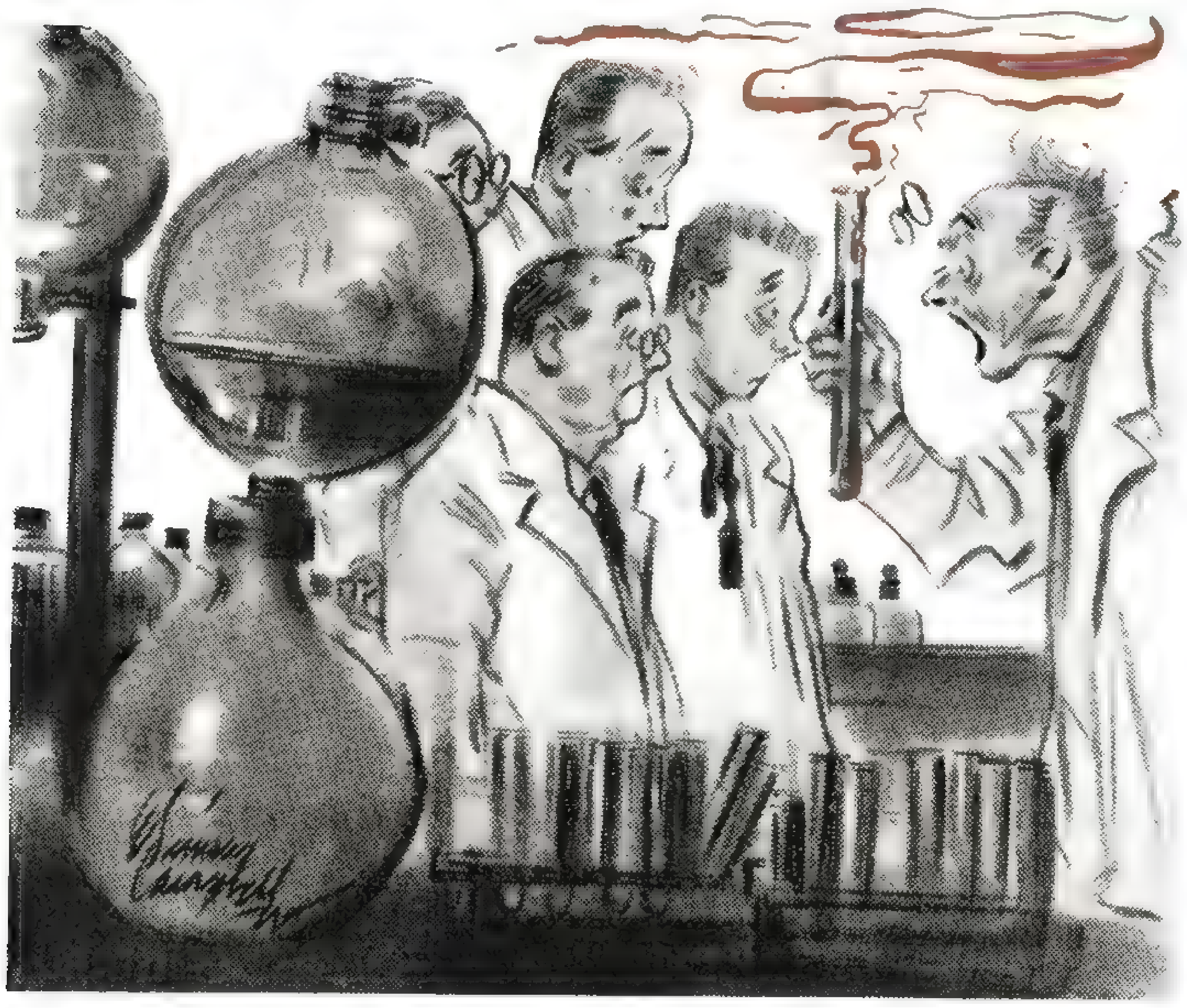
In room No. 2 of the nerve center is a map of coastal waters. This is in the room where military and naval craft are indexed, as they hum through their mission.

Assume that enemy planes come in from the sea. Our automatic devices sound the first alarm. Details are rapidly supplied by those of this country's thousands of air watchers who happen to be stationed near the attack area. Alerts and sirens sound. "Army Flash . . . William 3"; "Army Flash . . . Beatrice 7"; ". . . Ronny 10." Interceptors take off. Suddenly, huge searchlights, electrically controlled, pick up and follow the incoming craft.

Reports are duly filtered; anti-aircraft is notified, information being transmitted in such a way that fire will be concentrated on enemy craft, not our own interceptors. Automatic devices track the lead plane in the oncoming enemy squadron. Speed, angle, altitude are calculated mechanically, as well as wind direction and speed, barometric pressure, and upper-air temperature.

Anyone seeking more hush-hush information about our secret defense can doubtless obtain full details by writing Internationales Luftfahrtarchiv, Hauptstrasse 30, Berlin-Schoenberg, and enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope . . . for our enemies *think* they know the answers.

In the meantime, there's plenty for us to do in the candid atmosphere of simple plane-spotting, where the Fighter Commands say we're badly needed. For instructions on how to join the Ground Observer Corps, go to your local OCD or American Legion Post. The chances are, you'll be saying "Army Flash!" before you know it—and it may be your voice that will stop a Heinkel. ⌗



"Jeffers is expecting big things from us—can't you at least make it smell like rubber?"

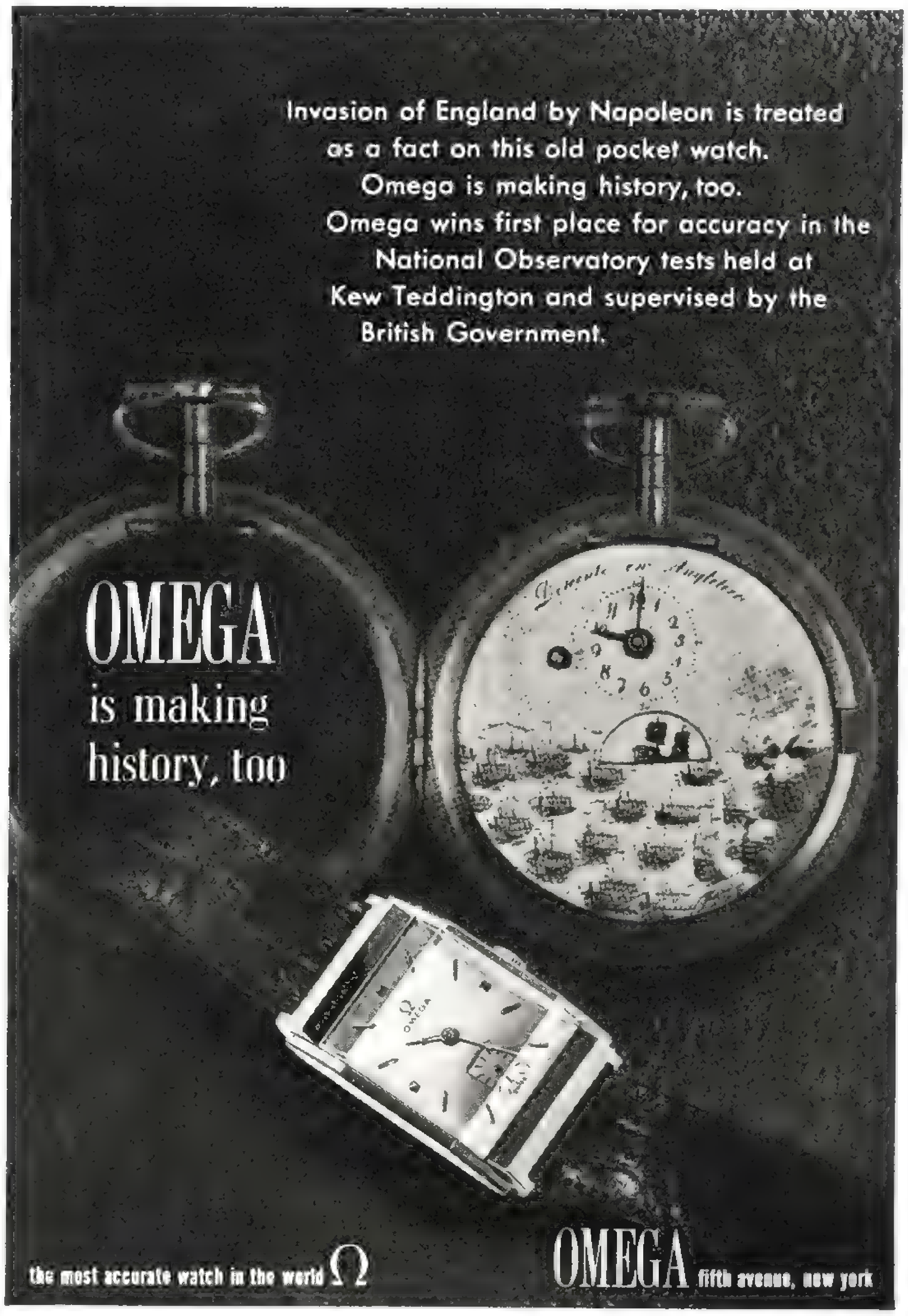
Metropolitan Moments . . . . . . by Wisdom

"Our Farmers Need Each Jack and Bill
Their Cows to Milk and Fields to Till"

And high-proof alcohol is needed, too, to make essential war products. That's why Calvert distilleries are now converted 100% to war production. But laid away in Calvert's air-conditioned warehouses are substantial reserves of rare, selected stocks. Now irreplaceable, the very *cream* of these stocks is refined to a magnificent mellowness and labeled Calvert Reserve, the *"finest you can drink or serve."*

Used in moderation. . . **Calvert Reserve** . . . *will last for the duration*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Invasion of England by Napoleon is treated as a fact on this old pocket watch.
Omega is making history, too.
Omega wins first place for accuracy in the National Observatory tests held at Kew Teddington and supervised by the British Government.

OMEGA is making history, too

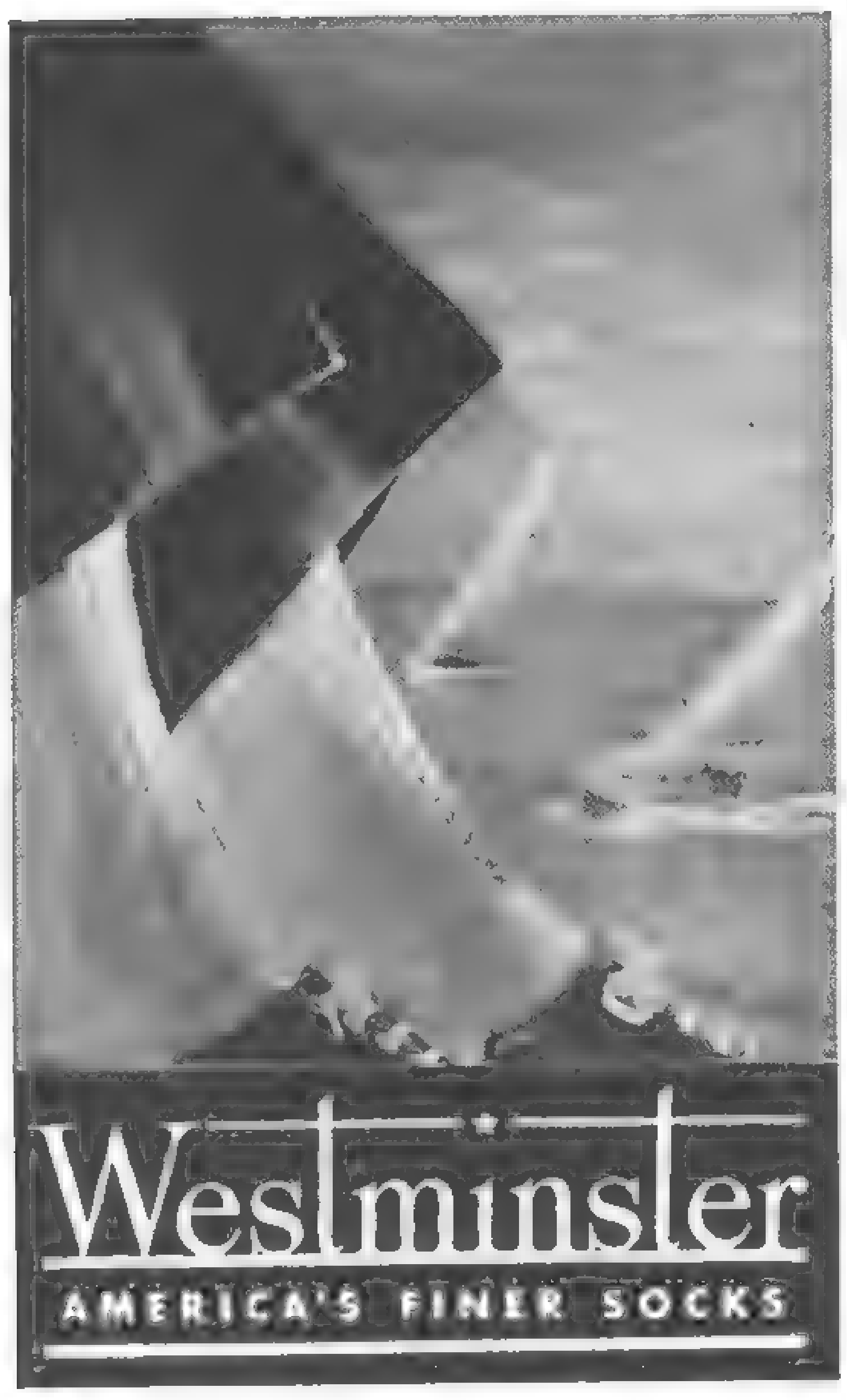
the most accurate watch in the world Ω

OMEGA fifth avenue, new york

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

On sand dunes or pavements
Here's something men love
Form-fitted and snug
Like a hand in a glove—
Long wearing—not daring
In checks, ribs or clocks
They're "America's Finer
(by Westminster) Socks."

If it's comfort from summertime
Heat that you seek
Then why not appoint this
"Be kind to your feet" week
And stock up on Westminsters
Comfortable, *cool*...
For service men... home-fronters
Young men in school.



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
JUNE 1943

- Abels, Robert 22
- Adler Shoes for Men 23
- Allen Edmonds 171
- Alligator Co., The 93
- American Distilling Co. 166
- American Wine Co. (Cook's) 15
- Ampro Corp. 167
- Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. 15
- Arch Preserver Shoes (E. T. Wright & Co., Inc.) 105
- Arlington Mills 145
- Arrid 108
- Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 77
- Arrow Importing Co. (Oakleigh) 164
- Bailey Hat Co., Geo. S. 164
- Bancroft (Worcester Cap Co.) 121
- Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 116
- Bell Watch Co. 24
- Bielzoff Prods. Co., D. J. (Red Horse Peppermint Schnapps) 160
- Biltmore Pipe Co. 24
- Blatz Brewing Co. 155
- Bloch Freres 160
- Briggs (P. Lorillard Co.) 161
- Bristol-Myers Co. (Mum) 151
- Broom & Newman (Sandy MacDonald) 150
- Brown-Forman Distillery Co., Inc. (Old Forester) 92
- Bruce Knitwear Co., Robert 167
- Buchsbaum & Co., S. 120, 156
- Burger, Joseph 16
- Calvert Distillers Corp. 157, 165, 169
- Camel (R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.) IV Cover
- Canada Dry Water 106
- Cheney Bros. 128
- Chicago Rubber Clothing Co. (Rainfair) 99
- Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) 77
- CohnGoldwaterMfg.Co. (Wilshire) 164
- Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. 23
- Coopers, Inc. (Jockey) 97
- Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 116
- Coronet Brandy (Schenley Dist.) 101
- Cresta Blanca Wine Co., Inc. (Schenley Import Corp.) 170
- Croton Watch Co. 161
- Cutter Crossette Co. 167
- Delapenha & Co., Inc., R.U. (Myers's Rum) 14
- Demuth & Co., Inc., Wm. 171
- Dewar's (Schenley Import Corp.) 122
- Divan Parisien 23
- Dobbs Hats 96
- Doniger & Co., Inc., D. (McGregor) 91
- Doppelt & Co., Chas. (Dopp-Kit) 171
- Dubonnet (Schenley Imp. Corp.) 129
- Dumont Brandy (McKesson & Robbins, Inc.) 149
- Duotone Lifetone Needle 22
- Electric Auto-Lite Co., The 115
- Enger-Kress Co. 147
- Eterna Watch Co. of America 155
- Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 153
- Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) 151
- Florsheim Shoe Co., The 4
- Ford Motor Co. 6, 7
- Fortune (Richland Shoe Co.) 119
- Frank & Meyer Neckwear Co. 149
- Frankfort Distilleries, Inc:
  - Four Roses 11
  - Paul Jones 107
- Freeman Shoe Corp. 152
- Frenchee Chemical Co. 22
- Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldclub) 151
- Gantner & Mattern 155
- General Briar Pipe Co 16
- General Motors Corp. (Oldsmobile) 111
- General Shoe Corp. (Fortune) 119
- Gilbey's Gin (Natl. Dist.) 26
- Girard-Perregaux 165
- Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc: (Kentucky Tavern) 104
- Glover Co., H. B. 127
- Glover's 24
- Goebel Brewing Co. 163
- Goodall (Palm Beach Suits) 12
- Greif & Bro., L. 109
- Haig & Haig (Somerset Imp. Ltd.) 95
- Hanan & Son, Inc. 162
- Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 171
- Harper, I. W. (Stagg-Finch Dist.) 83
- Hart Schaffner & Marx 134
- Hickok 124
- Holeproof Hosiery Co. 153
- House of Gifts 23
- Hull Mfg. Co. 23
- International Shoe Co. (Roberts, Johnson & Rand) 168
- Interwoven Stocking Co. III Cover
- Jantzen Knitting Mills 25
- Jockey (Coopers, Inc.) 97
- Johnston & Murphy 144
- Jones, Paul (Frankfort Dist., Inc.) 107
- Kahn, Inc., David 163
- Kelly's, Jimmy 14
- KentuckyTavern (GlenmoreDist.) 104
- Kinsey Distilling Corp. 125
- Klein's Sporting Goods, Inc. 24
- Klikit (Rau Fastener Co.) 168
- Knickerbocker Pub. Co. 22
- Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 153
- Lamb Knit Goods Co., The 23
- Leon & Eddie's 23
- Leroux & Co., Inc. 172
- Lexol 16
- Lorillard Co., P. (Briggs) 161
- MacDonald, Sandy (Broom & Newman) 150
- Manhattan Shirts II Cover
- Marlboro Cigarettes (Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc.) 94
- McGregor (David D. Doniger & Co., Inc.) 91
- McKelvy Co., A. D. (Seaforth) 123
- McKesson & Robbins, Inc. (Dumont Brandy) 149
- Meeker Co., The 160
- Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip:
  - Country Doctor 16
  - Marlboro Cigarettes 94
  - Philip Morris 118
- Mothersill's 24
- Movado Watch Agency, Inc. 162
- Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas Slacks) 22
- Mum (Bristol-Myers Co.) 151
- National Distillers Prods. Corp:
  - Gilbey's Gin 26
  - Mount Vernon, Old Crow, Old Grand-Dad, Old Overholt, Old Taylor 89
  - Old Angus 147
- National Magic Co. 16
- National Premium Beer 14
- Nettleton Co., A. E. 130
- New Era Shirt Co. 148
- New Ocean House 14
- New Yorker, Hotel 15
- Northern Furniture Co. 168
- Norwalk Pipe Corp. 168
- Nunn-Bush Shoe Co. 142
- Oakleigh (Arrow Importing Co.) 164
- Old Angus (Natl. Dist.) 147
- Old Forester (Brown-Forman) 92
- Old Spice (Shulton, Inc.) 131
- Oldsmobile (General Motors) 111
- Omega 169
- Oppenheim Collins 153
- Owens Yacht Co. 131
- Pacific Mills 159
- Pal Blades 168
- Palm Beach Suits (Goodall) 12
- Paris Belts (A. Stein & Co.) 100
- Park & Tilford Distillers, Inc:
  - Booth's House of Lords 15
  - Private Stock 158
  - Reserve 98
  - Vat 69 132
- Parker Pen Co., The (Quink) 3
- Patek, Philippe & Co. 159
- Peper Tobacco Co., Christian (London Dock) 14
- Personna Blade Co. 23
- Plaza, The 15
- Prince Matchabelli 117
- Private Stock (Park & Tilford) 158
- Quink (The Parker Pen Co.) 3
- Rabsons 16, 22
- Rainfair (Chicago Rubber Clothing Co.) 99
- Raleigh, Sir Walter 157
- Rau Fastener Co. (Klikit) 168
- Reis & Co., Robert (Scandals) 166
- Reynolds Tob. Co., R. J. (Camel) IV Cover
- Roberts, Johnson & Rand (Intl. Shoe Co.) 168
- Rolex Watch Co. 133
- Rolfs Leather Accessories 154
- Rothschild Bros. Hat Co. (Wright) 159
- Saylor's Chocolates, Inc., Miss 16
- Scandals (Robt. Reis & Co.) 166
- Schenley Royal Reserve (Schenley Dist. Corp.) 17
- Schieffelin & Co. (Teacher's) 141
- Schlitz Brewing Co., Jos. 113
- Seaforth (A. D. McKelvy Co.) 123
- Seagram-Distillers Corp. (7 Crown) 20
- Shulton, Inc. (Old Spice) 131
- Silvermasters Co. 16
- Simpson, Inc., J. B. 163
- Skinner & Sons, Wm. 143
- Smith Shoe Co., J. P. 151
- Somerset Imp. Ltd. (Haig & Haig) 95
- Sports Center, Inc. 22
- Stein & Co., A. (Paris Belts) 100
- Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The 149
- Stone Tarlow Co., Inc. 24, 160
- Swank 112
- Tavannes Watch Co., Inc. 156
- Teacher's (Schieffelin & Co.) 141
- Technifinish Laboratory 16
- TWA 9
- U. S. Rubber Co. 13
- Uris Sales Corp. 135
- Vat 69 (Park & Tilford) 132
- Vermouth by Dubonnet 136
- Vitamins Plus 110
- Waterman Co., L. E. 19
- Wembley, Inc. 146
- Westminster Socks 170
- Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. 172
- Wildroot Co. 143
- Wilshire (Cohn, Goldwater Mfg. Co.) 164
- Worcester Cap Co. (Bancroft) 121
- Wright (Rothschild Bros. Hat Co.) 159
- Wright & Co., Inc. E. T. (Arch Preserver Shoes) 105

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

CRESTA
the crest of quality
since 1890
BLANCA
California red,
white, and sweet...
WINES

"bottle ripe"
CRESTA BLANCA
CRESTA BLANCA

You will delight in the "bottle-ripe" flavor of these wines. Since 1890 they have been hailed as the "crest of quality". Ask for them by name.

Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System, starring Morton Gould's orchestra and guest stars.

A Schenley PRODUCT

Cresta Blanca Wine Co. Inc. Livermore, Cal.

★ *buy war bonds and stamps*

Hodes: He's Your Lawyer

Continued from page 82

have been outlawed through a Hodes opinion, but the curvaceous "26" game girls are said by Chicago's official lawyer to be sanctioned by law. Arguing on the theory that a race-horse bookie was a broker, Hodes once approved a city law to license the gamblers, but the state supreme court held the city had no power to do so, a decision that Hodes is still convinced is based on too narrow an interpretation of the city charter.

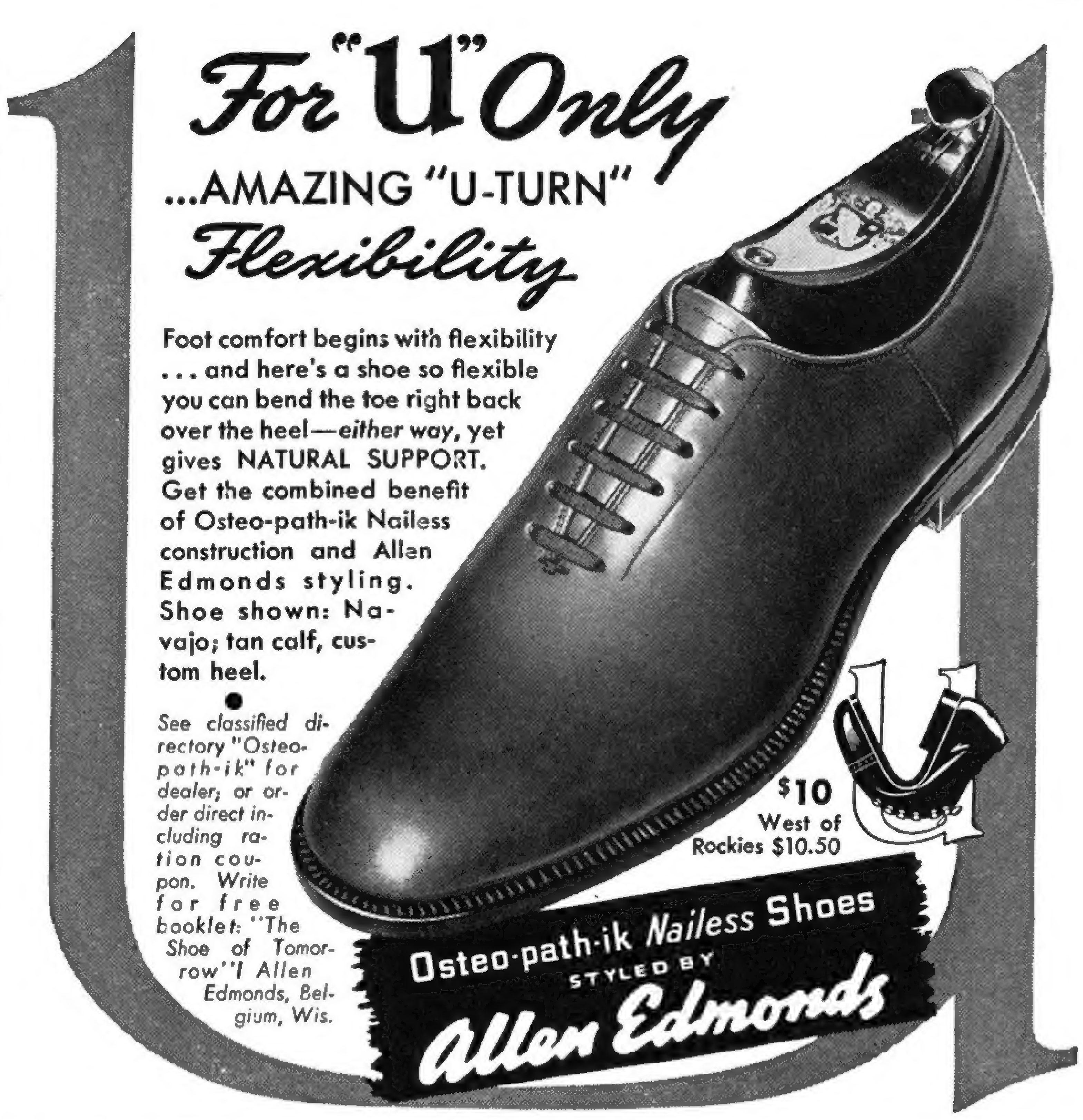
One of the real headaches a corporation counsel faces involves cutting down the effectiveness of the much-condemned "Ambulance chaser." Holding the city was ready to pay all legitimate claims, Hodes nevertheless insisted that Chicago was not going to be mulcted. His system of installing investigators to check on accidents as soon as they occur has materially reduced the number of claims fraudulently collected from the city and has been copied by other communities throughout the nation. One claim of thirty-five thousand dollars, first allowed in a lower court, was thrown out by an appeals judge when Hodes exhibited motion pictures showing that a fall was impossible at the point alleged by the defendant. Fearful of this technique, shyster lawyers who formerly made a practice of seeking undeserved awards have moved from Chicago to more lucrative climes. One claim for five thousand dollars, however, was not contested when investigators discovered that the victim actually had been injured by a loose brick flipped from a city street by a heavy-loaded truck. In another case, a city employee who could neither write nor read, and spoke only broken English, was given an award by the city when he reenacted in a dirt pit the accident that had maimed him while he was digging a ditch for the city.

Hodes once discovered that twenty thousand Chicagoans are observing their wrong birthday. In a 1938 opinion he said that all births were to be recorded by the time in effect at Springfield, Illinois' capital. Springfield, however, had never followed Chicago's practice of having daylight saving time for the five summer months. This meant that births recorded in Chicago as having occurred between midnight and one a.m. actually, by Springfield watches, were occurring between eleven p.m. and midnight. Since legal days start at midnight, the twenty thousand births recorded between May and September, while Chicago's clocks were one hour faster than Springfield's, should have been entered one day earlier than they actually were. The story caused a welter of public comment, and some people took new birthdays.

Time, as a matter of fact, has been one of Hodes' favorite subjects in legal discourse. Seeking in 1936 to have Chicago swing over to Eastern Standard time—one hour faster than Central Standard—he told reporters that "Chicago sees no reason why she should continue to make a sacrifice in having her clock set back one hour. Rather, Chicago believes that she is entitled to not only her own time, but to faster time—a time in keeping with the swift tempo of a new Chicago in a New World." The ordinance putting Chicago on Eastern Time was passed by the city council after Hodes gave legal approval and then came the dawn, according to one newspaper, "for Chicago, fairest of the Eastern Seaboard cities." Six months later the voters refused to approve the time switch and voted to have Central Time restored to the city.

A few years ago Hodes was requested to rule on the legality of women jurors. He not only found statutory approval for feminine veniremen but also praised the "fine logic of the feminine mind in returning a law case verdict." In other opinions, he has ruled that the fire department can not command schools to hold practice fire

Continued on page 172



...AMAZING "U-TURN" *Flexibility*

Foot comfort begins with flexibility . . . and here's a shoe so flexible you can bend the toe right back over the heel—*either way*, yet gives NATURAL SUPPORT. Get the combined benefit of Osteo-path-ik Nailess construction and Allen Edmonds styling. Shoe shown: Navajo; tan calf, custom heel.

●

See classified directory "Osteo-path-ik" for dealer; or order direct including ration coupon. Write for free booklet: "The Shoe of Tomorrow"! Allen Edmonds, Belgium, Wis.

$10 West of Rockies $10.50

Osteo-path-ik *Nailess* Shoes STYLED BY *Allen Edmonds*

FILTER in

ROYAL DEMUTH

makes pipe function superbly

ULTRA FINE IMPORTED BRIAR

FILTER
Royal Demuth

$3.50

FILTERS FOR WDC ROYAL DEMUTH PIPES

Write for chart picturing 18 beautiful all-smooth models, telling benefits of

MARVELOUS PATENTED FILTER

Also same styles, all-etched, with Eagle or "V" engraved PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS specially designed for men in service as well as civilians.

Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., N. Y.

ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

ENGRAVED ON ETCHED BOWL

"Dear Dad: I AM SENDING YOU A DOPP-KIT"

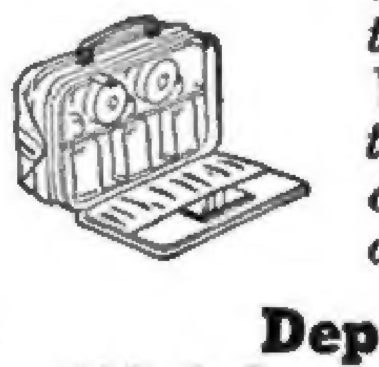
FOR FATHER'S DAY

FOR father in his travels or son in the service DOPP-KIT is the most convenient, compact utility case for shaving and toilet accessories. It opens wide, stays open for easy use—and closes snug and flat. Its smart appearance satisfies the most discriminating—a splendid gift for any occasion. Exclusive. Patented.

For sale at better stores everywhere, priced from $3.25 up.

Send for illustrated folder

DOPP-KITS for the ladies, too, combining style with practical convenience. With or without fittings. As smart on the dressing table as they are useful in travel.

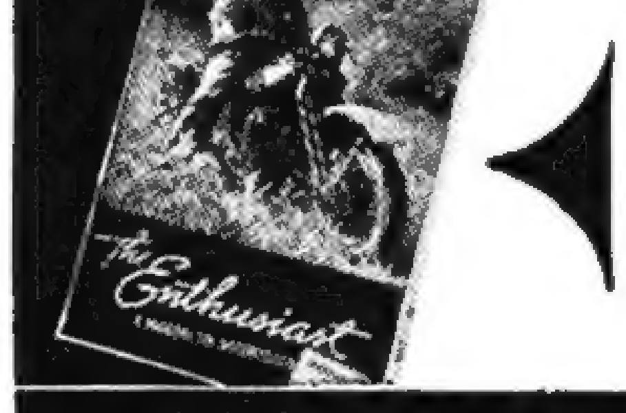


CHARLES DOPPELT & CO. Dept. E-63
412 Orleans St., Chicago

They're "TEST PILOTS!"

The rarin', tearin' motorcycle riders in the armed forces are putting the rugged, dependable Harley-Davidsons to most gruelling tests. And you can count on it that lessons learned on the front line of action will bring still greater Harley-Davidsons for business, police duty, and thrill-packed sport. Buy War Bonds now and ride one of these world-champions when Victory is won!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Department E Milwaukee, Wis.



Write today for your FREE copy of "Enthusiast" magazine, filled with motorcycle action pictures and stories.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

WHAT A PAIR!

Exclamatory remarks are always in order when fellows ease their feet into Weyenberg Shoes. What comfort! Yes, and plenty of satisfactory service — you can depend on that. You'll be proud to turn in your ration stamp for Weyenberg Shoes! See them at your Weyenberg Dealer's store — or write us for his name.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

THE PREP
Model 155-1
In the Military Manner

THE PREP
Model 3440
Cool and Casual

Weyenberg
SHOES FOR MEN
$5⁵⁰ TO $8⁹⁵

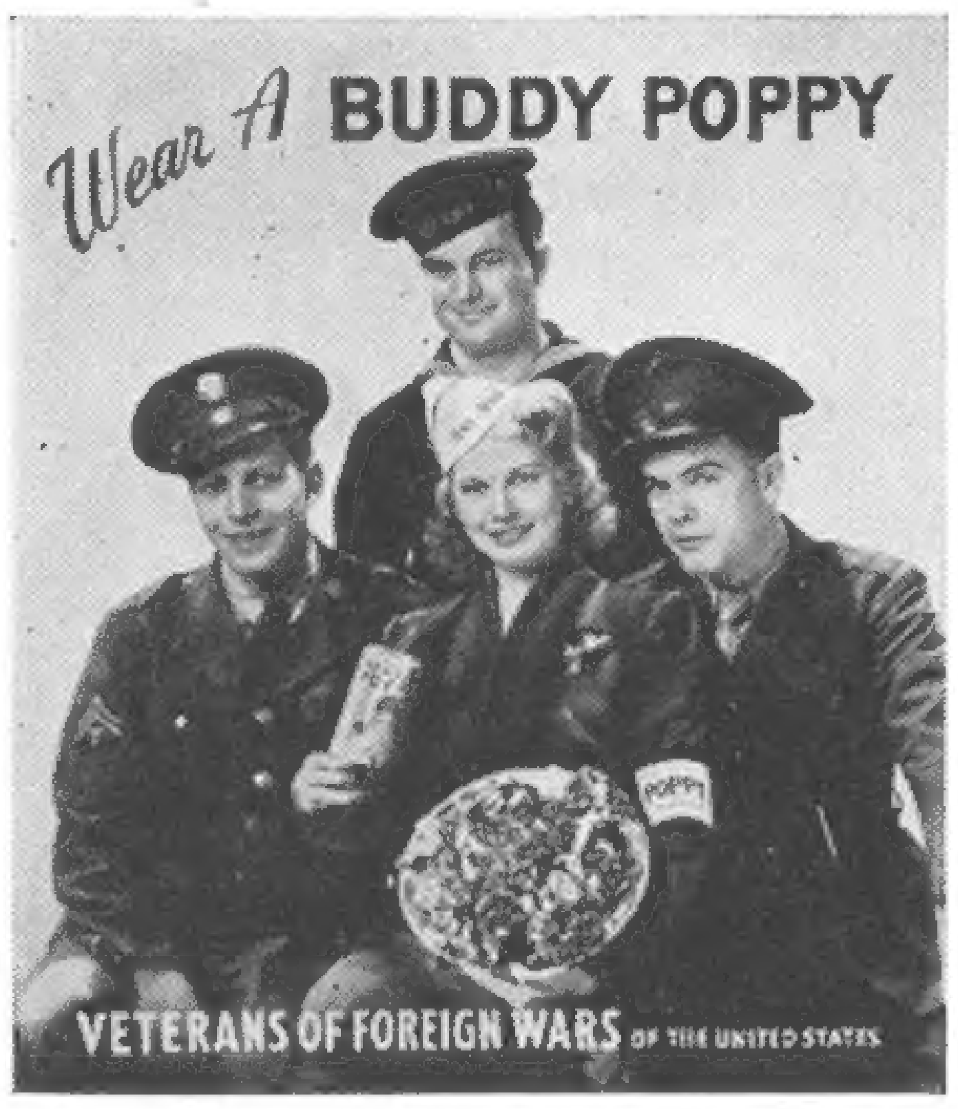
Hodes: He's Your Lawyer

Continued from pages 82-171

drills; that a cemetery enlargement was permissible because psychiatrists testified children would not be harmed mentally by seeing burials, and that an undertaker cannot use the name of a dead colleague in advertising.

Hodes is fond of saying that to be a good corporation counsel a lawyer must be in touch with the "sociological urge" of the people. A friend remarked that "what Barney means is that every sphere of human activity, as it impinges on the people of the community, is dependent for its successful or poor handling on the sociological view or social vision of the person who is in charge of the civil legal affairs of the municipality." As an example, Hodes often turns to his work in housing.

When federal housing projects were being erected in Chicago the story was circulated that because the tenants would be living in federal property they could not vote and would be denied many of the privileges enjoyed by other citizens. Hodes quickly published an opinion branding this false. Later, a movement was started to compel every relief client to be fingerprinted, but Hodes held this unconstitutional and the work of a "native, Gestapo-desiring group." When several persons died from the use of methyl chloride gas in a south side apartment building refrigerator unit, Hodes' investigators were on the job and quickly made a proper assignment of guilt. He ruled the city had the right to require buildings to be rat proof and sponsored an ordinance outlawing trailer camps where improper heat, light and sanitary facilities were provided.


Wear A BUDDY POPPY
VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES

Under his aegis, a commission acquired legal power to regulate slum areas and sponsor redevelopment projects.

"The way I see it," says Hodes, "I could have taken one point of view about those decisions and decided to stick with the reactionary interpretation of the law. I was listening to the sociological urge of the people, and I knew that I would have to take a progressive approach if I was going to do my job to its fullest degree."

Although the Chicago police were criticized by the LaFollette congressional Civil Liberties Committee for their share in the 1937 Memorial Day riot, labor unions in the dispute hailed Hodes for one of his rulings. When the company involved sought to house workers who refused to strike by bringing in Pullman railroad cars Hodes declared that the cars would not meet the city's sanitation requirements while located inside the plant property. The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee praised the ruling as a significant step in American law and held victory celebrations over Hodes' decision.

In March of 1937 Hodes ruled that picketing was a legal device for organized labor—as long as it was peaceful.

Two months later the United States Supreme Court, acting on another case, returned the same ruling, and employed the logic that had been used by Hodes. The Chicago Civil Liberties Committee in 1938 gave Hodes a medal for his picketing decision.

"It all comes down to this," says Hodes. "As a lawyer I am impressed with legal precedent, but Blackstone, Coke and Kent, while they may claim our reverence, were never strap hangers on the elevated train nor ever pushed about in a strike. We are dealing with the human scene, the social scene, and the economic scene as well as the field of law. And that's what all corporation counsels have got to keep in mind when they represent their customers—the residents of their city—in the labyrinths of the law."

As a result of his vitality in representing Chicago's three million, the diminutive Hodes—he's five feet five inches tall and weighs one hundred forty-eight pounds—has been acclaimed by the Chicago Bar Record for his ability to organize and co-ordinate his employes.

The youngest corporation counsel in Chicago's history, Hodes is only forty-three years old, yet has already established procedures for city legal departments that are being adopted throughout the nation. Alert as a time bomb in picking the proper second to act, he has built himself a reputation as being a vital force in Chicago's government. Lawyers have said of him that with his ability to meet on equal terms, politicians, boxers, university educators, and churchmen, he could make six and seven times his municipal salary of fifteen thousand dollars if he were in private practice. "As a matter of fact," one lawyer recently commented, "it's pure philanthropy for Barney to keep on as corporation counsel. He could be one of the biggest money makers in the private law field but he still keeps glued to that city hall office. Every day he works for the city he's just that much more of a philanthropist." When Hodes hears statements like these he shrugs his shoulders and makes only one comment. "Who else in Chicago," he asks, "represents three million people?" ⧺

The very Quintessence of the Fruit
LEROUX
THE DISTILLED SPIRITS USED IN THIS PRODUCT ARE ALL BRANDY
LEROUX Blackberry FLAVORED Brandy
LEROUX

70 proof

ONE OF THE FAMED
LEROUX
Liqueurs
THE WORLD'S FINEST

Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

LEROUX & COMPANY, INC.
New York City • Philadelphia, Pa.

Available at better bars and package stores

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"Destiny Rides Again!"

Interwoven* Socks

*REG. U. S., PAT. OFF.

Now WEAR Counts

You Can't Beat **Interwoven**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
World-Famous
WEAR-RESISTANCE
Little short of
MARVELOUS

SPECIAL QUALITY SERVICE SOCKS

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER
OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

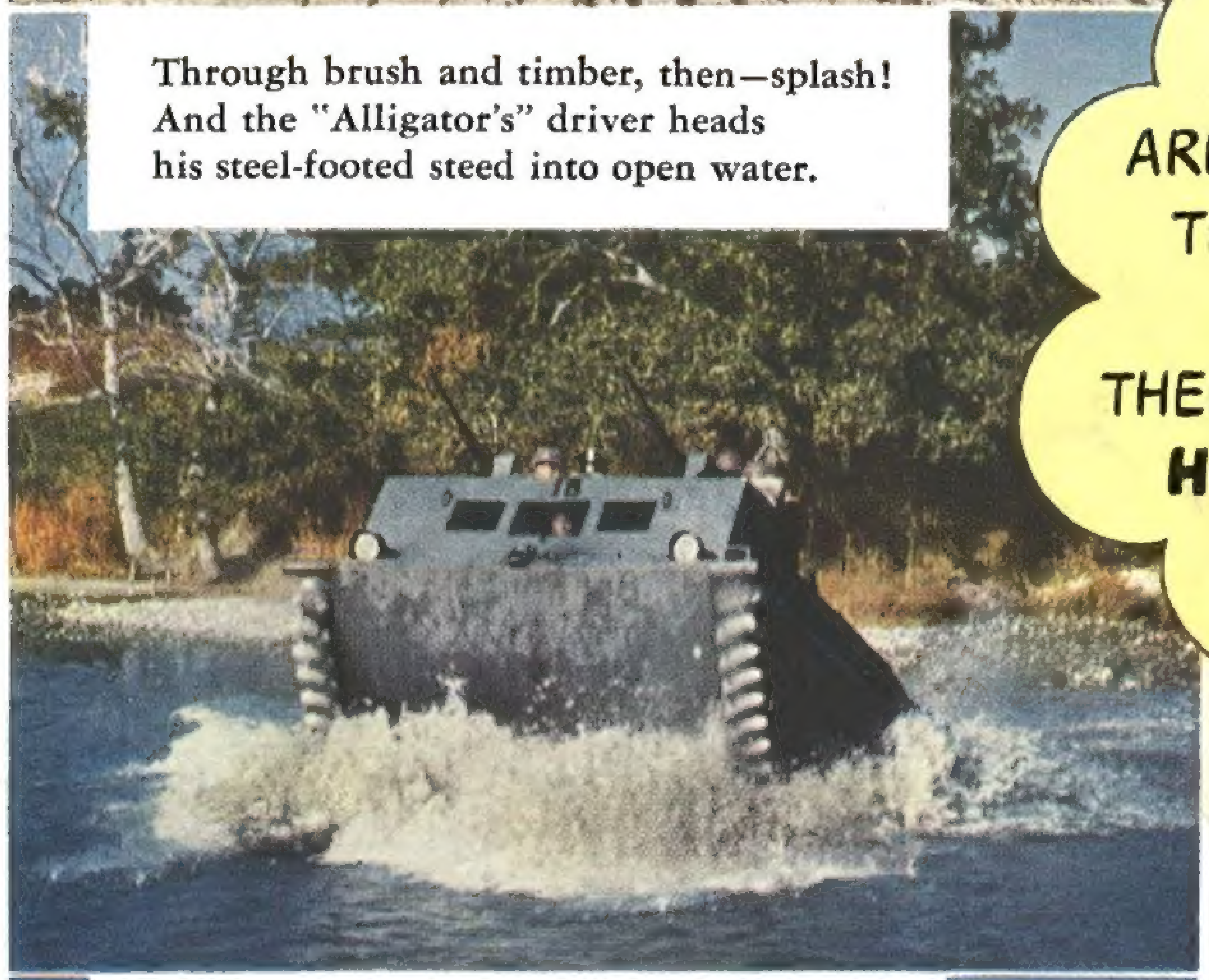
COPYRIGHT BY INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY

"ALLIGATORS" with a bite of steel!

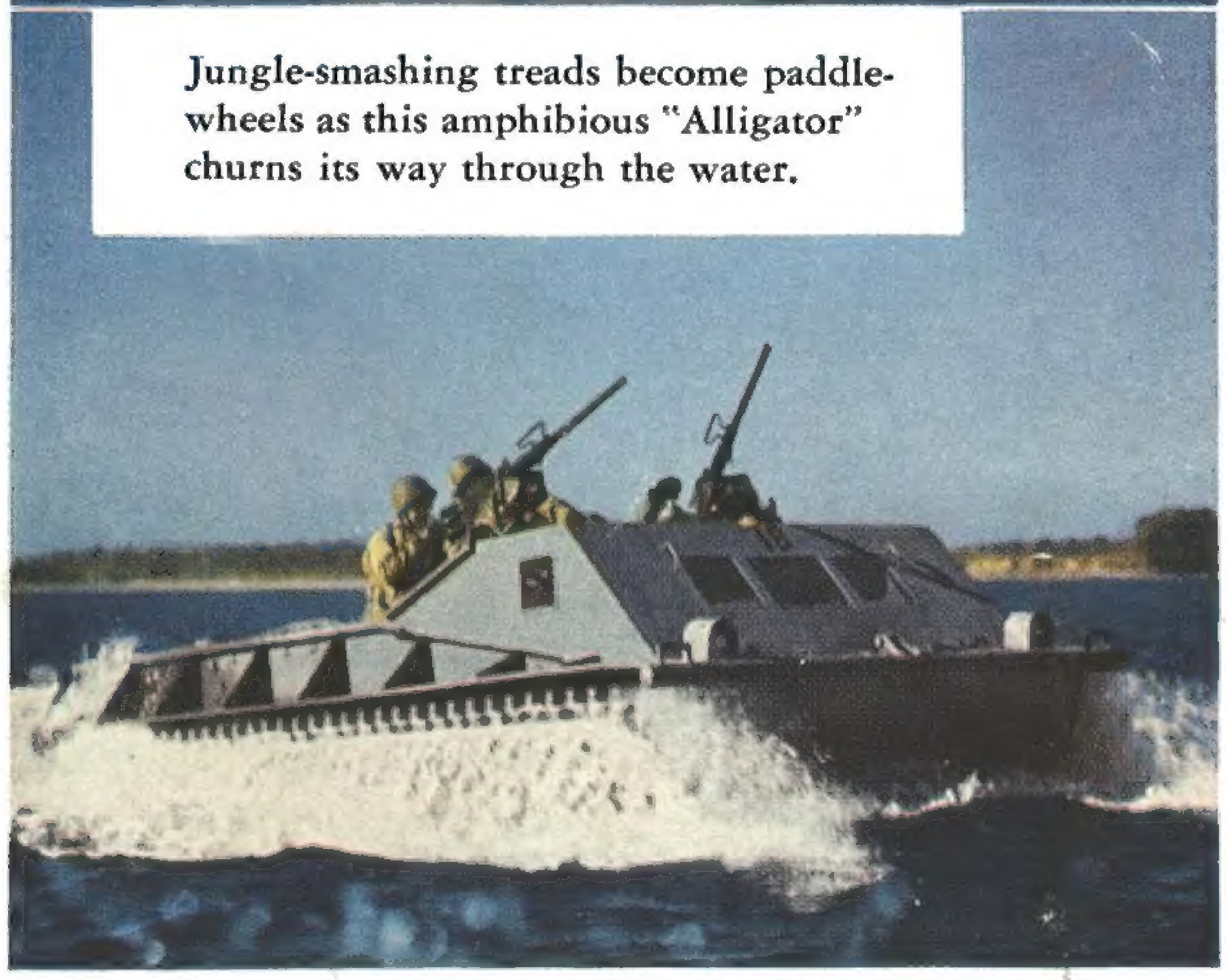
They can crash a jungle . . . swim a river . . . these all-steel amphibious "Alligators." The drivers (see picture below) — they're combination sea captains and tank pilots!

They've Got What it Takes!

At a Marine training center, the Leathernecks climb on the "Alligator's" back for a practice ride with full equipment.



Through brush and timber, then—splash! And the "Alligator's" driver heads his steel-footed steed into open water.



Jungle-smashing treads become paddle-wheels as this amphibious "Alligator" churns its way through the water.

CAMELS ARE FIRST WITH ME. THEY'RE EXTRA MILD AND THEIR SWELL FLAVOR HOLDS UP—PACK AFTER PACK

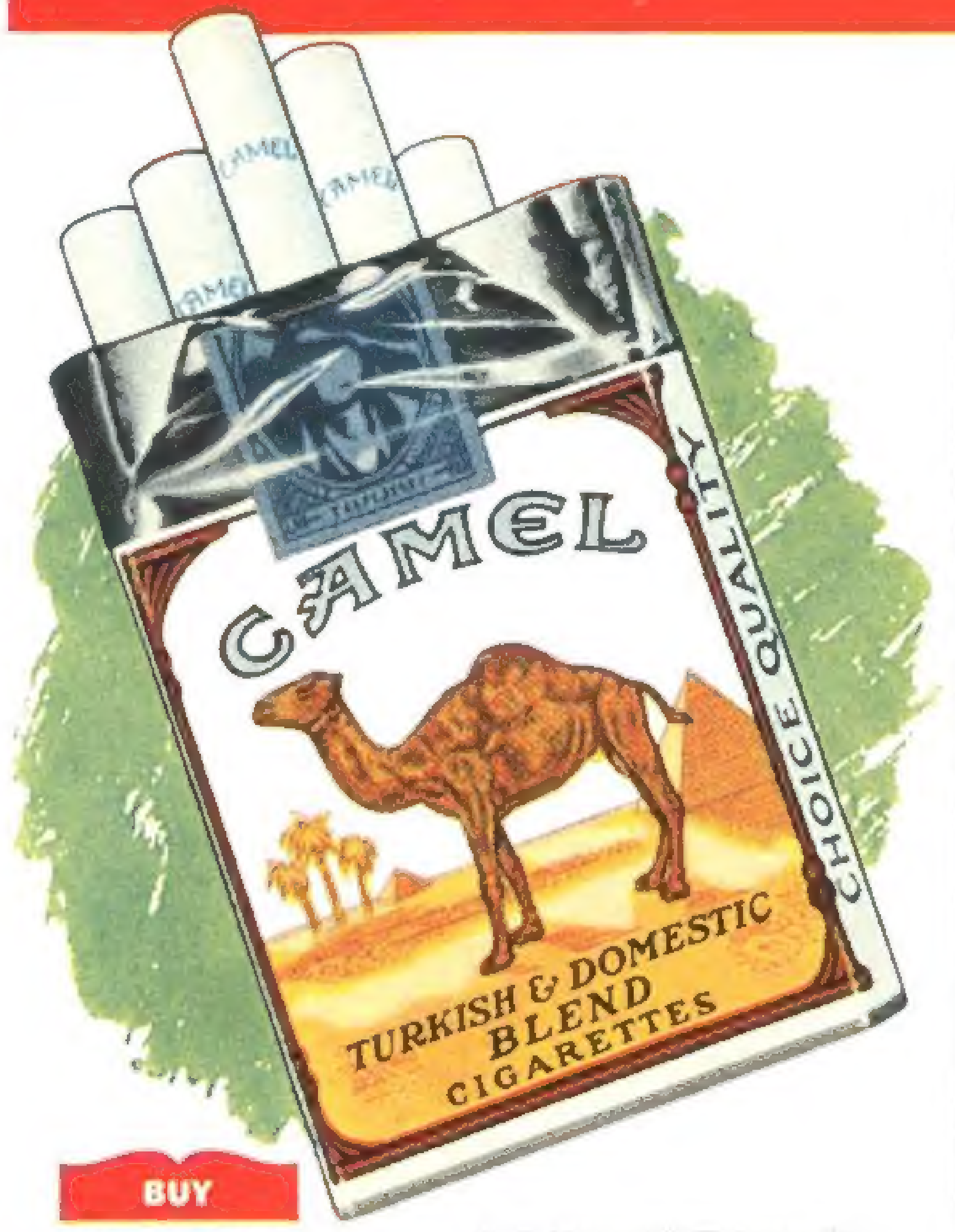
Camels COSTLIER TOBACCOS

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

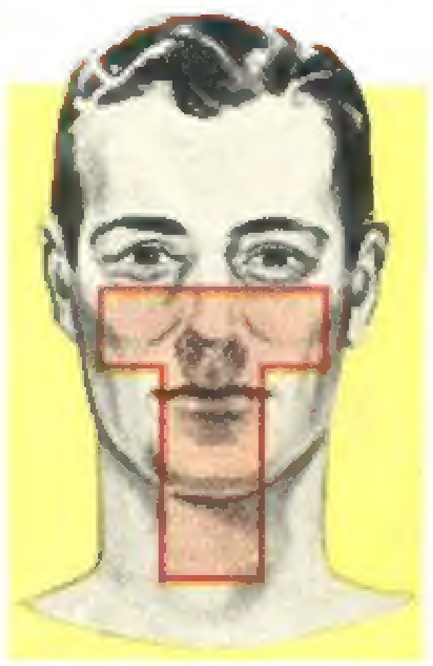
TAKE this young fellow *(above, right)*. His name can't be revealed, of course, but he can tell you plenty about Camels — their extra mildness, their coolness, and the way Camel's full, round flavor keeps on tasting good pack after pack.

But you don't have to take his word for it. Your own throat and taste can tell you more convincingly about Camels than anything else. Try Camels yourself. Smoke them critically. Let the "T-ZONE" test *(right)* tell you why, with men in *all* the services, it's Camels!



BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.



The "T-Zone" — where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**